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Nos Fecchen 17th Aust, 1964

ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

Rev. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

By Rev. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

Cyclopedia of Commencement Sermons and Baccalaureate Addresses

One Hundred Choice Sermons for Children

One Hundred Best Sermons for Special Days and Occasions

The Evangelistic Cyclopedia

Modern Cyclopedia of Illustrations

Sermon Seeds

Beauty in God's Word

The Teaching of Jesus Concerning the Christian Life

The Model Prayer

Journeying in the Land Where Jesus Lived

The Homiletic Year

Christ in the Home

ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

STORY SERMONS, DRAMA SERMONS, OBJECT SERMONS, SERMONS FOR SPECIAL DAYS AND OCCASIONS AND FOR THE ENTIRE CHURCH YEAR BY OVER THIRTY DIFFERENT MINISTERS MOST GIFTED IN ADDRESSING CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

EDITOR OF *The Expositor*

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ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SERMONS FOR CHILDREN
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C-X

DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

FREDERICK M. BARTON

FAITHFUL, DEVOTED, MANY-SIDED CHRISTIAN

FRIEND OF MINISTERS,

FOUNDER OF *The Expositor*

Avant-Propos

It is said that an overwise seminary student at the close of one of the lectures of his professor in Biblical Theology on the Book of Proverbs remarked to his teacher that he did not see anything indicating inspiration in the Hebrew proverbs. The professor returned quick and caustic answer, "You would better write a few proverbs yourself."

If any reader should be inclined to criticise the Children's Sermons contained in this volume, we invite him to write better ones. The art of preaching interestingly and profitably to children is not easy. It is difficult. Yet it is exceedingly important, and it is one that can be cultivated. The very fact that so many ministers have succeeded in it is proof enough.

We commend the more than one hundred sermons in this volume, first, to ministers. They can find in them suggestions for good five-minute sermons for children to precede the longer sermons which they preach to adults. And we commend them to parents. They will find them good reading for their children on Sunday afternoons. We commend them also for use or suggestiveness to Sunday School and Day School teachers and to leaders in Daily Vacation Bible Schools. We commend them, moreover, to older people who feel young, believing they will find them interesting as stories, profitable as sermons and youth-promoting to their spirits.

G. B. F. H.

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ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

1

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

(*Christmas*)

Rev. Alfred Barratt

When Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem he did not have a Christmas tree. The children born in those days were not as fortunate as the children of today. The parents of Jesus were very poor, his home was not a palace, but a stable, his bed was not a pretty cot with a silk floss mattress, but a manger filled with hay, and yet in spite of his poverty and humility he was the only begotten Son of God, who left his throne in heaven above and came to earth in human form to live among the sin-bound people of this world to teach them the love of God, and to show them how much love God has for us. On the day of his birth the heavenly choir of angels gave a grand concert in Bethlehem. They sang their sky-born carols away up in the sky over the place where the lowly Child Jesus lay cradled in a humble cattle shed. One of the most beautiful songs the angels sang on that never-to-be-forgotten day was "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." It must have been grand for those shepherds "who were abiding in the fields keeping watch over the flock by night" to hear such beautiful singing.

They did not celebrate this wonderful event by gathering around a Christmas tree, but they left their sheep, and went down into Bethlehem to seek the newborn King, and when

they found him they worshipped him. The idea of a Christmas tree was not thought of in those days. The first Christmas tree was originated about 732 years after the birth of Jesus Christ. Perhaps the children who are looking anxiously with joy and great expectation to see the Christmas tree may like to hear the legend of the First Christmas Tree, and yet it may not merely be a legend, but history sending forth its radiant light through the dreary mists of tradition.

It is an old German story—that Saint Wilfred transformed the heathen Teuton worship in the forest in the Christmas ceremony. About 732 years after the birth of Jesus Christ he took a band of priests with him and sought to convert the worshippers of Thor. It was on Christmas Eve, while they were fighting their way through the deep snow in the dense forest, that they came upon a savage tribe assembled under a thunder oak tree, symbolic of the god of thunder, Thor. The old, white-haired priest of the tribe was about to offer as a sacrifice to Thor, the god of thunder, the young, beautiful son of the tribe's chief. When Wilfred saw it he rushed forward and warded off the arm that was about to slay the child. The tribesmen were all delighted at the saving of their favorite, and because of this act they very soon became converts to Christianity. Saint Wilfred then took his axe and started to cut down the old oak tree. As it was about to fall, lightning struck it and rended it into many pieces, and in its place there sprang up a slender fir tree green and sparkling. They carried this little fir tree to the chief captain's hall, and set it in the middle of the room, and round it they all made merry. It was about this first Christmas tree that the old story of Jesus and his love was told to the Teuton tribes, and in a short time they all became Christians.

Let us not forget that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, and while we gather around the Christmas tree let us give our little hearts to Jesus as a Christmas present. He says to-day, "Give me thine heart." If you will do this, he will give you in return a new sense of joy and peace that will not only shine through the Christmas season, but will remain with you throughout your earthly life. This would be a very fitting

time to give your heart to Jesus, while the angels are singing again the Bethlehem anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Will you do this for your own sake, and for Jesus' sake?

2

THE GREATEST BIRTHDAY PARTY OF ALL

(Christmas)

Rev. William R. Taylor, D.D.

Christmas is Jesus' birthday, and the celebration of Christmas is his birthday party. And what a big one it is! If you lived in a grand house and had it full of children on your birthday, you would call it a large party, and it would be. But it would be very small beside Jesus' birthday party. But suppose you could invite all the children in Rochester, and all the men and women, too, and all in the United States and Canada, and all in Europe, and lots and lots of the yellow people in China and Japan, and lots and lots of the brown people in India, and lots and lots of the black people in Africa, and lots and lots more that we haven't time to mention—what a party that would be!

Well, that's Jesus' birthday party! All over the world the children and grown-up people come to it. It is certainly the greatest birthday party in the world. Why do so many, many people come to Jesus' birthday party? There are so many reasons that it would take too long to tell them all, so we will just pick out one. What is it? It is because he was so kind. He was kind to the poor. Some people shrink away from the poor, especially if their clothes are ragged and dirty. When they see them, even poor little children, they turn their backs and perhaps hurry away and forget all about them. But Jesus was sorry for them, spoke kindly to them and did what he could to help them. He was always kind to the sick, too, and the blind, and the deaf, and the lame, and to people in trouble. He was very kind to children. He was the children's Friend—he loved them and they loved him. Even when he was being nailed to the cross he did not cry out in pain and anger against

those who were hurting him so, but prayed to his Heavenly Father to forgive them, saying, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

There is no doubt about it that Jesus was the kindest person that ever lived on this earth. It is right that he should have the greatest birthday party in the world, and have it every year, don't you think so?

When you have a birthday, what do your parents do for you? They give you presents, things they know you like and want, and, maybe, they give you a party, inviting your little friends. And then you play games, and last of all you have supper, with good things to eat. And—what is that that makes all the children's eyes sparkle and makes all the children say, "Oh!" and "Ah!" and excites them so that they almost forget their manners and wriggle around in their chairs? Oh, that is the birthday cake, with little lighted candles stuck all around it, one for every year and an extra one to "grow on." And your parents do all this because they want you to be especially happy on your birthday.

The person that has the birthday, then, is the person to be made happy, we think. Therefore, Jesus is the person to be made happy on his birthday, which is Christmas. But how can we make him happy? He is not here any more, and, if he were, he is so rich and great and our poor little gifts would not do him any good.

But, listen! Here's a great secret. (You can tell it, though.) He has told us how we can make him happy on his birthday, and other days, too. Now for the secret. Here it is. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." That's what he said once. That is, "Whatever you do to make other people, even the smallest or the poorest of them, happy, I will count it as if you had done it to me, and I shall be happy too. When you are kind to others, you are kind to me. And I am with you, even though you cannot see me."

So, if we have the right spirit, we shall not be thinking too much about being made happy ourselves by things other people give us and do for us at Christmas, for it is not our

birthday, but Jesus' birthday. And he is the One to be made happy by each of us trying to make others happy.

A little boy I once knew—he must be a man now, if he is alive—had had a very happy birthday. His parents had done a great deal for him. He had had his little friends, I guess, at a party. And now the day was done. The party was over. The friends had gone home, and he was tired enough, as every little boy and girl is at the close of a birthday. He was in his "nitey," I suppose, and before getting into bed, he kneeled down to say his prayer. I don't know all he said. Indeed, I only know one thing. He ended his prayer by saying, "And, dear Lord Jesus, I hope you have had a happy birthday, too."

Let us all plan to make this Christmas a happy birthday for Jesus in the only way we can do it—by making others happy.

3

THREE CAMELS

(Christmas)

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

When you read Matthew's story of the first Christmas, I think you will say that the most interesting callers to see the new-born King were the three strangers who came on camels. There are three points in the story of these three strangers which are so interesting that you have to read between the lines to get all the story in.

The first is the starting point. Why do you suppose those three men, living in the Far East, ever decided to take a long journey over into Palestine to see a new-born King? I think you will have the answer to that question when you answer another question or two. Tell me, who tells the geese in the North to go South when autumn days come? Who is it whispers to the robin, the swallow, the thrush and the lark telling them to spend their winters in the sunny South? Who is it that tells the squirrel he ought to lay away some nuts and acorns for the winter? Who pulls millions of tons of water up on the seashore twice every day at a certain time, what we call "the tide"? Perhaps the same wonderful Power whispered to the three strangers in the Far East and they decided to follow the new star and find the new-born King? God is here in this world, touching, leading, moving and molding more things, creatures and hearts than you and I have ever dreamed of.

The second point in this story where I like to stop and watch the procession is where they reach Jerusalem. Can't you see those camels winding their way through the narrow streets of old Jerusalem as the three strangers were hunting for the king's palace? But why did they stop in Jerusalem instead of going straight to Bethlehem? That answer is easy.

They naturally expected to find the new-born King in the capital city and Jerusalem was the capital. If three strangers should come across the ocean to see our president, of course they would go straight to Washington, D. C. But notice what those three strangers asked. "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East and have come to worship him. When Herod the king heard these things, he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him." Isn't that part of the Christmas story a bit strange? Had the strangers knocked at the wrong door? Yes; and the knocking sounded loud because the king had a guilty conscience. If those three strangers had brought a lighted candle into a powder mill it would not have seemed any more frightful. The people hated the king and he returned the compliment. The king was afraid of the people because of the rights they might claim and the people were afraid of the king because of the wrongs he might commit. It was an extremely dangerous time and place for a baby King to be born.

What did Herod do about it? Did he shut those strangers out and go off to bed to forget them? No, indeed! No, Herod may have been a villain, but he was not a fool. He was mean, but he was not ignorant. He knew that the Jews were expecting a Messiah King to be born, but he thought it was all bosh until now. Isn't it queer how some people pay no attention to the promises and warnings in God's Word until some day they see them being fulfilled, then they make a scramble to get in before the storm breaks. What did Herod do? He called the teachers of the old Jewish law and prophets and demanded of them where Christ was to be born. Could they tell him? Oh, yes, they knew the prophecy by heart. They told him Christ was to be born in Bethlehem, and they read to Herod the exact words of the prophecy. And don't you imagine those teachers of Jewish prophecy almost tumbled over each other in their hurry to get to Bethlehem so that they might also worship their Messiah King that they had looked and hoped for so long? Well, if you think that is what they did, you are mistaken. They

were very ready to teach the prophecy to others, to explain it and to argue about it, but they were not half so ready to turn their words into deeds. Those old Jewish Pharisees are dead and gone and perhaps we ought not to criticize them, but some day you will say, "Yes, the old Pharisees who were more ready to talk and argue about Christ than they were to get acquainted with him and worship him are dead, but, we are sorry to say, their places are never empty." Don't you find it easier to tell some other boy or girl how to be clean and honest and true than it is to be that way yourself? So the old Pharisees did the thing that was easiest instead of what was best. When you and I do that, we are Pharisees too.

Herod sent the three strangers to Bethlehem, saying, "When you have found the young King, bring me word that I may go and worship Him also." He knew he held the old Jewish teachers in his cruel clutch and he fooled the three strangers for a while with his lies, but there was One he could not fool. God knew his wicked heart as he knows all men's thoughts and God frustrated Herod's wicked plans. Whenever we do what is right we can count on God's help, but when we do, or plan to do, what is wrong, we may expect to have God against us.

Now, for one closing minute, let us stand by and see those three strangers when they reached the Baby King they had traveled so far to find. They fell down and worshipped him. They scarcely knew why. Somehow they felt he must be King of kings and Lord of lords, and they were right. Then they opened their traveling bags and presented him with Christmas gifts. They never dreamed that hundreds and hundreds of years after that first Christmas we would be following their example by giving and receiving gifts at Christmas time.

But why did the strange visitors give the Baby King such queer gifts? I don't know. Some men have told us that one of the Wise Men presented gold because gold is always good, whether it is one year or a thousand years old, and it is always precious and is a rich reward to any one who

finds it. And that is the way with Christ and his Gospel. The second Wise Man presented frankincense. Why? I don't know. Some men tell us that frankincense was used in the burnt offerings of worship. They say it was presented to the Christ Child because he was to be worshipped by millions of people through ages and ages. The third Wise Man presented myrrh. We are told that myrrh was used as a medicine to heal the diseases of the people. Was the stranger's gift to stand for all those sick and blind people which Christ healed? That seems good enough to believe. Did it also hint that twenty centuries of Christian living would give us Christian-trained physicians and nurses to help sick folks of all kinds? Did his gift also hint that the Christ Child would some day be called "The Great Physician" because he heals sin-sick and broken hearts? I am glad the three strangers followed the star to Bethlehem, aren't you? Let us make the journey, in our hearts, to Bethlehem to-day.

4

HOLLY AND CHRISTMAS

(*Christmas*)

Rev. James Learmount

Christmas would seem very strange and poor without the dark green leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The love of the "Christ-thorn," as it used to be called in the Peak district, is common to all sorts and conditions of men. Holly, as the name of a tree, is a corruption of Holy, or "Holy-tree," a name first given by ancient monks, who made use of its berried branches for church decoration. According to the late Dean Stanley, the decoration of churches with holly is the survival of the old heathen custom of suspending boughs of green in dwelling-huts, in order that fairies, pixies, and spirits of the wood might find shelter in them.

There is, however, another explanation which seems equally probable. Tradition says that the first Christian church in Britain was built of boughs, partly to attract and partly in imitation of the temples of Saturn, which were all erected under the oak-tree. The great feast of Saturn was held in December, and as then, of course, the oaks were without leaves, the priests compelled the people to bring in boughs and sprigs of evergreen.

For myself, I fancy that mistletoe and holly were the only plants available at that time of the year for decorative purposes, and hence they were used as a matter of course.

In "The Ballad of Aunt Mary," written by that eccentric cleric and poet, dear to the hearts of all Cornishmen as the Vicar of Morwenstow, we have another idea. You should know that the term "Aunt" is one of great endearment in Cornwall, and that the "Aunt Mary" alluded to is the mother of our Lord. Here is one verse:

"Now, of all the trees by the king's highway,
Which do you love the best?
Oh! the one that is green on Christmas Day—
The bush with the bleeding breast!
Now the holly with drops of blood for me,
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree!"

And the thought of the berries as "drops of blood" brings us very near the best reason why we think so much of the holly. It is commonly used as a symbol. The German name for the holly is Christdorn on the supposition that the Crown of Thorns was made from holly. It, at all events, reminds us of that, and of our Saviour who wore that crown for us. Let the thought make your hearts glad this Christmas-time.

The holly is an evergreen, and the Scotch people on the borders when they speak of one who is always telling lies say, "He never lies but when the holly is green"—that is always! Think of that saying when you are tempted to say that which is untrue. The most despicable character is the person whose word cannot be depended on.

For some time I lived in North London, close to a village called Holly Village. There were only eight or nine houses in the village, and they were surrounded by a thick hedge of holly. I had friends living in the village, and I never paid them a visit without feeling better for looking at that holly wall. It used to suggest two thoughts to me. One bright thought was this: I wish I could be always fresh like this holly. Year in and year out it was green, fresh and restful. I always came away with new resolves to be one of God's evergreens, always bright, always restful to those around me. The holy thought was in connection with the holly's old name —holy. I used to imagine all sorts of beautiful things, and holy, pure, sweet people living within those holly walls. I thought of what might be in every house if Jesus, the Tree of Life, was their dear Friend. Once on leaving that village I had such a beautiful vision of the New Jerusalem, the city of God—the holy city—which comes down from heaven, and rejoiced in the fact that it was possible, if we got help from heaven, to make every home holy by being holy ourselves.

Think about it, think what kind of boys and girls you would have to be in the holy city, and try to be those boys and girls of the holy city now.

You remember how God put a hedge around Job. Not a hedge of holly—but himself. When we are holy, and living as God wants us to live, God becomes a hedge around us. He makes us stronger than temptation, and also strong to bless the world. That, after all, is the best hedge. Not the holly, not merely the symbols of his love, but he gives himself, and himself supplies all our need.

5

THE MISTLETOE OF BETHLEHEM

(Christmas)

Rev. J. Ramsey Swain

Text: "Kiss the Son." *Psalm* 2: 12.

I suppose that all our houses are decorated to-day with holly or laurel, with cedar or pine, or with mistletoe. The mistletoe, with its snowy white berries and its waxy green leaves, is the strangest Christmas emblem of them all; so I will explain, this Christmas morning, its Christmas use and its Christmas meaning.

Our great-great-great-grandfathers, who lived across the sea in Northern Europe and in the British Isles, particularly in the latter, used to be worshippers of nature. Their gods were the sun and moon, the rivers and trees; and when they saw the mistletoe growing upon the limbs of the apple and hawthorn, and sometimes on the oak, they thought it so mysterious that it must have some deep religious meaning, and, therefore, used it in their worship. Later, when they became Christians, they brought many of their old customs with them into their worship of Christ; and, like the Wise Men, who brought gold and frankincense and myrrh, they brought their mistletoe as an offering unto the Saviour.

Moreover, these great-great-great-grandfathers of ours, particularly those in Northern Europe, used to tell this story: Once, Liki, the God of the Ground, who was the mischief-maker, cut an arrow out of mistletoe, and persuaded blind Hodur, the God of the Night, to shoot Balder, the God of the Day. Thereupon, the mistletoe was taken away from Loki, the God of the Ground, and made to grow on the limbs of the trees, out of his reach. To celebrate this fact, our great-great-great-grandfathers used to gather the mistletoe in

the winter season and hang it from the ceilings of their homes, and whenever they met under it, they "gave each other the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that the mistletoe was no longer an instrument of mischief."

I. Now that I have told you these things, let us go together to Bethlehem, "and see this thing which has come to pass," which interests all the world this Christmas Day. As we draw near the little town, I want you to notice especially the olive tree that is growing just at the entrance to a cave hard by the village inn. Outside the cave is a little donkey, eating straw from the ground; and inside there is a man and his wife from Nazareth, a group of shepherds, and (in a manger) a little baby boy. As we stand outside and look in upon this lovely scene, notice that on the olive-tree bough that overarches the entrance to the cave is a clump of mistletoe. Its leaves are greener than those of the mistletoe of England and America; and its berries, instead of being white, are reddish; but there can be no doubt that it is mistletoe; for mistletoe grows everywhere in the Holy Land, and particularly around Bethlehem.

Now, going nearer to the entrance of the cave, and remembering our custom of kissing any one beneath the mistletoe, what shall we do? Shall we kiss the baby child? Yes, that is what we do with every baby; and an old Psalm bids us to kiss this baby, the Christ-child, in particular. I will ask you to find the Psalm for me when you go home. It is the first of the Messianic Psalms of the Bible; that is, it is the first Psalm that tells us about the Christ; and the last verse of the Psalm contains these words, which are our text, "Kiss the Son."

II. But do you still hesitate to kiss the Holy Child of Bethlehem, the Son of Heaven? You would not hesitate, if you knew just what the text means. Let me, therefore, explain it:

In old Bible times, that is, in days long before those of our great-great-great-grandfathers across the sea, a kiss was a sign of service and worship. Thus we read that when dear old Samuel anointed big young Saul, the first King of Israel,

"he kissed him," as a sign of his willingness to obey and serve him. Again, we read that in the days of Elijah, many, many people of Israel became worshippers of Baal; but God told Elijah, his prophet, that there were yet seven thousand who had not bowed their knees to the false god, "nor kissed him" (that is, nor worshipped him).

Understanding, then, what kissing the Son means, can we do anything else but obey the words of the old Psalm, and kiss the Christ-child, as he lies beneath the mistletoe-bough in Bethlehem? For unto us, as truly as unto Mary and Joseph, and the shepherds, long ago, "there is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

III. But here some one asks me how we are to kiss the Son, when Bethlehem is nineteen hundred years away. I will tell you one way. Last week there was a terrible fire in our city, and several of our brave firemen were killed. One of them was a devoted member of this church, Mr. John Collins. He died in trying to rescue others, and to-day his wife and five children are to hold, instead of a Christmas festival, a Christmas funeral. The youngest child is a baby boy, born on Christmas Eve, one year ago; and this is what I read in the newspaper about him and his father:

"The last act of his father before he left home was to kiss his little boy, and say to his wife, 'We will have a good time when Saturday comes' (the baby's birthday); and when yesterday came, the brave father was gone, and to-day the little Christmas-eve baby boy and his mother and sisters are alone without him."

What I now want to propose is, therefore, that we have no Christmas candy on Wednesday afternoon or Friday evening, at our Christmas festivals; but that we ask the Sabbath School to send all the money that would have been spent for this candy to the mother for herself and her children; for, boys and girls, that will be "kissing the Son"; because Jesus says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Will you agree? If you will, come to the Bible School this

afternoon, prepared to say so; and bring the text of our sermon on "The Mistletoe of Bethlehem" with you.

(The suggestion made was enthusiastically received and acted upon by Mr. Swain's young hearers.)

6

CHRISTMAS

(Christmas)

REV. JAMES LEARMOUNT

The holidays have come round once more. The sentiment of the day is "Hurrah for Christmas!" It finds, I know, a responsive chord in the hearts of all boys and girls who have been doing their best at school since the summer holidays. The summer holidays are splendid, but Christmas! that is your time in particular. It is the children's innings. And I am glad for your sake, and wish every hard-working boy and girl a good time.

On Christmas eve I know you would like to keep your little eyes upon the fireplace in your bedroom; you would like to catch one glimpse of good Santa Claus with his long white beard, and his dear, kind old face, as he enters through that strange door and leaves behind him so many good things that you will be able to enjoy during all the long winter evenings, as the wind whistles outside and the fire roars cheerfully up your chimney. But see to it that you don't have a fire in your room on Christmas eve, whatever you do; that would be altogether too warm a reception for good Santa.

I wonder what you know about Santa Claus. Your parents —some of them at all events—think that some of their children know too much. But Santa Claus was one of the oldest ideas of the Celtic West in pagan times, as he was of the pagan East before. In Christian times he was still regarded with religious reverence, sitting—as he had sat for ages in Egypt and elsewhere—in the arms of his mother. Santa Claus was, in fact, the Child Jesus in the Middle Ages; and throughout that period the festive creed of Germany, and all Celtic Europe, was that he visited all family dwellings of good Christians on the eve of his anniversary, and brought

with him gifts and presents for the children. The truth of this original belief is seen in that the word "claus" means in the Gothic or ancient German, "Holy Child." And that is the right idea for us now. We have not only our Christmas stockings filled, but we ourselves are filled with good things because Jesus Christ came into this world. I wonder if you grasp the fact; all things and all blessings and all powers are in the hands of Jesus.

A story is told of the head master of a great public school. The boys knew him to be learned, but they thought him severe and hard-hearted, and much too strict. They deceived him as often as they could, and would use the books called "cribs," which saved them study. They disregarded his lectures, and paid no more attention than they were obliged to pay to his orders. But one day a boy in the school was badly hurt in the playgrounds, and some one ran to tell the master. He came instantly, and sent one of the boys to fetch a doctor. While he waited for the doctor to come, he took the injured boy in his arms, tenderly bound up his wound, and comforted and cheered him. The boys looked on in wonder. They had never seen the master in that light before. "Why, he loves us!" one of the boys said in amazement. From that time there was a different spirit in the school. The boys trusted him, respected him, and followed his instructions. They had come to believe in him.

And that is what this glad time ought to do to us all with regard to Jesus. It ought to convince us of his love for us. Jesus came into the world, lived, died, and rose again, because he loved us. And if Christmas is bright he made it so.

I had a letter from a lady last Christmas, and in it she said: "Santa Claus was very good to Alec, brought him a lot of presents, but one book he particularly wanted Santa could not get, so he wrote such a funny little note, telling him he would send it later on. He has sent it on now. Alec had a new Bible, four story books, two drawing books, two boxes of sweets, a box with four tops, half a crown, the game of ping-pong, and right in the toe of his stocking was a pair of slippers. He has a special stocking, I ought to say; the

foot is about twelve inches long and very wide, and such a leg—fit for Jack the Giant Killer. His uncle and aunt made it for him years ago, so I always have to wash it up for Christmas." There is a fine hint for you in that stocking. Stockings are so much better than pillow cases—they stretch. You, I have no doubt, will have a similar experience to that of my little friend Alec. And you will be just as happy over it. But do not forget that all God's love to you is sent that you yourself may become like him, and may imitate his works.

Sarah Keables Hunt has given us a sweet story-poem wherein she shows how all children may keep Christmas:

"Two little stockings hung side by side,—
Close to the fireplace broad and wide,
'Two?' said Santa Claus, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game,
'Ho! ho!' said he, with a laugh of fun,
'I'll have no cheating, my pretty one!
I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here.'
So he crept up close to the chimney-place,
And measured a sock with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low, like a bird about.
'Ah! what's this?' said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
And read the address in a child's rough plan.
'Dear Santa Claus,' so it began,
'The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a girl named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought perhaps you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's. I shall not care.'
Santa Claus brushed a tear from his eye,
And 'God bless you, darling,' he said with a sigh.
Then softly he blew, through the chimney high,
A note like a bird's as it soars on high,
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side of earth's portals.

'Hurry up!' said Santa Claus, 'and nicely prepare
All the little girl wants where money is rare.'
Then, oh! what a scene there was in that room,
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low,
A child's wardrobe from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed as he gathered them in
And fastened one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress,
'She will think it came from the sky, I guess.'
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, 'God pity the poor and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild!' "

7

WHEN THE DAYS TALKED TOGETHER

(New Year)

Rev. George N. Edwards

Psalm 19:2.

Did you ever hear of the days talking together? They do. You will find a place in the Bible where it mentions it. A line of the nineteenth Psalm says, "Day unto day uttereth speech." But you never heard them talk? I don't wonder for "their voice is not heard." They use a kind of sign language. But you can hear murmuring of the seconds, and the whispering of the minutes, and now and then the hours speak real loud. Listen. Tick-tock, tick-tock four times a second.

A clock is a kind of animated sign-post to tell us where To-day is. But Yesterday is hard to find though you can see his tracks everywhere. To-morrow is never seen, but is said to live just over the hills to the eastward. People have always been going that way to meet him. I'll tell you a secret. To-morrow will never be found because he has not been born yet. To-morrow seems to have a queer way of reaching people's hearts. They are always saving things for him, for they feel sure he will come. They are always planning for To-morrow whom they never see and leaving a great many things for To-morrow which ought to be done To-day.

There is one time in the year when Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow all get together for a little talk. It is on New Year's Eve, just about the time when the clock strikes twelve; and some time when your five senses are all asleep you can hear and see them with your sixth sense. Did you know that you had a sixth sense? It is with this that you see things invisible, like goodness and love in other people or in God.

On New Year's Eve in the wee small hours Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow met, and when I saw them I discovered that Yesterday was an old man with long, grey hair, and he bent over a long roll of paper on which he wrote with an iron pen. To-day stood alert with eyes wide open and carried a watch in one hand, and beat time with the other. To-morrow was a little child, and his eyes were closed and in his hand he carried a rosebud. And all the world was asleep.

Yesterday said, "I am Lord of the Past. All men that have ever lived have come under my sway. Every deed they have done, every word they have spoken is recorded in my book. Men may forget me, but they cannot escape me, for I know all their secrets. Their best and their worst are all recorded here."

"No," said To-day: "You do not know what To-day can bring forth. I present a new chance every minute to everybody. With you are the dead, but within me are the living. I am Lord of the Present. Every moment I beat time with the heart beats of all that live. I can see clearly, and where I am it is always light. Men are always glad to see To-day."

"Yes, but gladder still because they hope for me," cried little To-morrow. "What they regret because it was done badly yesterday, what they cannot finish to-day, they still hope to make good to-morrow. It is that, that keeps them alive with hope. I renew the race with my coming. I carry secrets that even Yesterday does not know. To-day is measured by moments. No man can measure me, and yet I am always young. I am the true secret known only to God."

Then Yesterday lifted his eyes, and behold they were sightless. "I bring man," said he, "the gift of forgetfulness. He could not enjoy the present if he could not forget much of the past. I give him also a few leaves of memory, that out of my wisdom he may be wise to avoid the pitfalls where he has once fallen."

"And I," said To-day, "bring man the gift of opportunity. He lives with me, and all the joy or sorrow that he has, he received of me. In my presence he decides every question,

and I alone bring him knowledge. Even when he looks forward or backward I am the eyes through which he looks. If he can forget thee, old man, he will be at peace."

"And I," said To-morrow, "bring him hope, so that he can endure you To-day when you are not good to him. Though he cannot see me yet I touch his hands and he knows I am near, and he is willing to wait for me. I do not live with him as you do, but for my sake he lifts up his eyes and looks out of the windows of his life and sees in the sunset a promise of another morning. When his eyes are on the far horizon he sees the boundary of my world. Every bud I send him, every spring that comes, every child that is born speaks for me to him of the life that is to come. I am stainless, therefore I inspire in him a love of purity."

Then came silence and the vision passed away, but I knew in the night watches that all the days had brought perishable and priceless gifts. Yesterday brings both memory and forgetfulness, To-day brings life and opportunity, To-morrow crowns this day with hope and links my life to eternity.

8

MAKING BOLD BEGINNINGS

(*New Year*)

Rev. W. H. Geistweit, D.D.

Text: "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." 1 *Timothy* 4: 12.

A good start assures the promise of a good ending. A bad start leads away from a right ending. So the question of beginnings is always vital to young people. Will this road on which I am going lead me to a desired goal? Is there anything worth while at the end of this way? It should not be difficult to forecast the end of the way. There is a way that seemeth right, but the end thereof? True, but we should be able to determine between that which seems right and that which is right. And for this reason, there is scarcely a road which opens over which other feet have not gone. The paths before us are made paths. And the right path is not confusing if we are honest with ourselves. Right is right and wrong is wrong—always.

The subject is a call to vigor. We shall not enter on the road in a listless spirit. I do not know a more needful thing to talk about. Wickedness is always bold and arrogant. It holds its head high. Virtue is inclined to be retiring, modest, and sometimes very slow. A lie travels a mile while truth is getting its boots on! True, neither should it be afraid to rise up in its conscious strength, and strike boldly for the right. Silence in the presence of wrong is criminal. I put it thus strongly, for too often are young people silent in the presence of evil when they should take a firm stand for God.

In his letter to Timothy, Paul indicates some things in which the young man should be strong—an example. The things

he talks about are not ancient, but distinctly and decidedly modern. These five things should furnish us with much food for thought; speech, behavior, love, faith, purity. There isn't a soft thing about them; every one of these characteristics will develop a strong, virile life.

I. Speech. "Thy speech betrayeth thee." Verily, it always does. It tells the grammarian; it tells the thinker; it tells the "sport," and the "flirt." Paul pleads for sound speech. "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." "For every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account thereof in the judgment." All this means that we are talking into a dictagraph, and that some day it will speak back to us. "Set a watch over my lips." Let us make that prayer often.

II. Behavior. Do not for a moment suppose that Paul is asking us to be sedate to the point of flatness. Never! But our behavior should be such as becometh the children of God. There need be no sin in our "good times." We do not need to do risqué things in order to give snap and piquancy to life. Whenever you hear men say that the times cannot be run on Sunday School lines you may know that they are pleading for lines of action that will not bear daylight. They insult their times and the Sunday School. Morality is morality—everywhere, whether in a Sunday School or a political meeting; and that which is not fit for a Sunday School is not fit for any other place in the face of the earth. Let your behavior be such as becometh the children of God; and any other behavior is unfit for you and for everybody else.

III. Love. It seems to me that what Paul means here is really sacrifice; for love is not the getting of anything, but the surrender of self to the life of the world. It takes us a long while to learn this, but we should begin to learn it now. If one desires to know the genuineness of his love he can discover it by his willingness to sacrifice. It is the greatest thing because it is the sum of all worth-while things. Love is the enduring quality of human character. "Its holy flame forever burneth."

IV. Faith. It is the orthodoxy of life, and not the or-

thodoxy of statements, that Paul has in mind here. Just now the "faith" of the world is widely shaken. It is useless to deny it, or to close one's eyes to it. We have fought many battles over the orthodoxy of creeds; and we have counted a man "sound" or "unsound," according to the things he said. Let us learn at the beginning of life that there is an orthodoxy of life that cannot be too much insisted upon. Your conduct makes such a noise that I cannot hear what you say with your lips! What, then, is the faith we need? The faith that makes faithful; the faith that makes us do right as well as think right. Before we consider a man's intellectual position we may well consider his faith as expressed in his daily life. The faith that does not shrink is only found in the life that does not yield to wrong.

V. Purity. Perhaps this sums them all—all the virtues Paul is urging upon Timothy, and through Timothy upon all the world. It is a searching topic, this. And the spirit with which these things are entered into will determine the outgoings of life. "Actively good" is the need among God's people to-day. The examination of the underground foundation of our "faith" in these days cannot fail to do us good, if we shall squarely and honestly face the issues that are involved. Some of us need to be made over—to be born again, before we shall see what the gospel really means. Then let us submit to the work of the Spirit, to the transformation of the whole of life that shall hasten the completer sway of the kingdom of God.

9

GOD'S REPAIR SHOP

(*New Year*)

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "He repaireth my soul." *Psalm* 23:3.

Some one has said that New Year's Day is a good time to make good resolutions, and the other 364 days are good times to keep them. That is very true, but we shall need strength—and courage and grace—and faith in God if we are going to keep those good resolutions.

Have you resolved yet what you are going to do in the coming year? There are many things in the past year which you ought to have done, but you did not do them; and you did many things which now you wish you had never done. You made many serious blunders and spent many unhappy days; but now the year has gone, and all those mistakes are still in your memory.

Have you ever read that peculiar and yet very interesting story in the "Arabian Nights"? It is a story without an ending. The king demanded a story of this character from his courtiers. The one who succeeded in telling such a story was promised the king's daughter in marriage; but the unsuccessful ones were to have their heads cut off. Many of the courtiers brought their interesting stories to the king, but they were stories that could be told to a finish, so that when their tales were ended their heads were cut off. One day a handsome, bright young courtier, eager and anxious to marry the king's daughter, came into the king's palace and began to tell a story of a farmer who had a tremendous heap of grain which would take hundreds of years to remove. It was beautiful to look upon. One day a little black locust came there and carried one grain away, then there came an-

other locust and carried another grain away, and another locust came and carried another grain away, then another locust came and carried another grain away— So he recited this for many days, until the king became weary and tired of listening to the story, and ended the recital by giving this handsome young courtier his daughter in marriage. It was certainly a delightful ending for this clever courtier, and doubtless his joys were unending.

Another year has just gone. Old Father Time has been taking away grain after grain of the year—the months, the weeks, the days, the hours, the minutes, and even the seconds. He has been taking them all. I wonder if this story that your life has told during the past year has deserved the admiration and acceptation of King Jesus? I am rather afraid that there are many things that you have said and done that make you feel miserable when you think of them, and you would be happy if you could only forget them—yea, and happier if they had never been done. If you could only tell your story there would be many mistakes and many misgivings. Many words have escaped your lips that never ought to have been said. Many a stain has come on your character, many a sin has blotted the pages, and many times has your disobedience spoiled your happiness and filled the days with sorrow. What a story it would be—and what a record! Well, what are you going to do with this disfigured and impaired record? Are you going to carry it over into the next year and live another impaired life and tell another wretched story? Let us hope not. Failure in the past does not mean failure in the future. Let us begin over again and make better use of the new opportunities that the New Year is bringing us.

I know of a place where our impaired lives can be repaired. It is God's repair shop, where all the broken things of life can be mended, a place where we can go and be made whole again, and then go out into the world ready to toil for the good of our companions. God is the great soul-repairer. David knew this when he said, "He restoreth my soul." That word restoreth means "repaireth."

(I once saw in a shoemaker's window these words, "Old shoes made as good as new." The shoemaker's shop is a place of repair. I know this is a commonplace illustration, but it serves my purpose. Now, the real repair shop that I want to tell about is in the presence of God, where Jesus himself is the great repairer. When Jesus came into this world of ours he came to show man that God could make us whole. He came to seek and to save the lost and broken lives of boys and girls and of men and women. Some have broken wills, they are like broken propellers, or should I say like broken automobiles? Others have broken hearts, broken hands of faith, broken resolutions, broken prayer power, broken cisterns, and even broken chords. God is in his repair shop and is binding up and repairing all these wrecks of time and helping them to produce once more life's sweetest music. I want all the boys and girls to frequent this place of repair. It is the place of prayer where God is waiting our souls to repair. Just one word more. God loves the children, and he is waiting to help you be better and to do better. He wants you to be like Jesus. Trust in him, love him, live for him, and some day you will live with him. Begin now, just now, and make this year the very best year of all your life.)

10

ABOUT GOOD INTENTIONS

(New Year)

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." *2 Corinthians* 6:2.

Little Dot was drawing a picture with pen and ink on a paper. It turned out to be a cat without a tail.

"Where's the tail?" asked the mother.

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Why, it is in the ink bottle yet!"

Many of our good intentions are like that. They are in the ink bottle yet. They are only in the mind. They are not yet definitely carried out.

This may be true in regard to the greatest thing in life. We each intend to become a Christian. But, let us not forget that now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation. Now is the time to carry out our good intentions. This moment is the time to begin.

Young people, we sincerely hope that you have already accepted Christ as your Saviour and Lord. But if any one has been putting it off, only intending to do so, then this little sermon is intended as an earnest appeal to you to carry out your good intentions now.

11

A NEW ROAD

(*New Year*)

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." *Joshua* 3:4.

As we enter the new year we are coming into a new road. We are beginning over again. Every new year is a new beginning. Every new day is a new beginning. Every new lesson and every new task is a new beginning. When God made the world, he made it this way on purpose, so that we could have new beginnings. The journey of life would become a tedious, tiresome, monotonous round if there were no new beginnings, no new changes—no strange surprises at every corner of the road. So in order to make the journey of life interesting, and also to make life worth living, God has filled the world with new things—new beginnings—and countless surprises to be discovered by us when we go out in search for them.

When they are ready to launch a new boat at Noank they have a special man delegated to knock out all the blocks from underneath her, and then

> "She stirs, she moves, she seems to feel
> The thrill of life along her keel."

Now this is just what Old Father Time does every New Year's morning. He removes all the blocks. He clears the way. He removes every hindrance, and gives us the right of way on the new road of the glad new year. So now we have come to a new road, a new beginning, and some of us have made a fresh start from bad to good, and from good to better.

But this is not enough. Let us make a fresh start from

better to best. Let us strive to do something each day, some good deed that we have never done before. If we fill every day of the coming year with good thoughts, good deeds, and good words our life will most assuredly be well pleasing in God's sight.

An Arabian tradition tells of a prince who after wasting his substance in riotous living was led in a vision to dig up the floor of his room, and on doing so discovered a strange apartment. In this apartment he found an urn, and when he opened the urn he discovered a key. This key gave him a desire to find the lock belonging to this key. After searching around the walls for a while he found a secret door in the wall, and with the key he opened the door and was surprised to find that it opened into another chamber containing eleven statues of pure gold, and a pedestal for a twelfth, with an inscription bidding him to search for the remaining statue. This is only tradition, but is it not true that there is always a radiant discovery awaiting those who are willing to go and explore for the things that God has hidden from "the wise and the prudent and revealed even unto babes"? Jesus said, "They that seek me early shall find me." There is a golden opportunity for every boy and girl to go out and seek with the purpose of finding.

You remember Jesus sought Zaccheus while Zaccheus was seeking Jesus, and they both found each other. While you are seeking Jesus, Jesus is seeking you. If you have not yet commenced to seek the "Lord while he may be found," begin the quest to-day, and when you have found him, and made him your choice the new year will be the best and the happiest, and the most fruitful that you have ever known. This is my new year's wish to all the boys and girls:

"May the best of your past
Be the worst of your future"

as you travel along the new road of the coming new year.

12

WATCH YOUR STEPS

(*New Year*)

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "If thy children take heed to their way." 1 *Kings* 2:4.

An interesting speaker related recently, in an effective address, that at the subway stations in New York a man was placed whose business it was to repeat "Watch your step," as passengers were coming to and passing from trains, for a misstep might mean a serious accident if not certain death. This man receives a good salary for the performance of the simple but important duty.

Many an accident might be prevented by watching one's step. It is a true saying that it is "the first step that costs." Why? Because many persons have been started on the road to ruin by carelessness in taking the first step. After the first step downward is taken it is much easier to take the second, third, and so on. The cost of the first step is difficult to estimate, because so many individual interests are involved.

Is not that a good lesson for us all? How important it is that we watch our steps, especially when we are tempted to go to a wrong place or do a wrong thing. Don't make a misstep. Don't take a hasty, thoughtless step. Don't take a wrong step. Watch your steps.

13

NEW YEAR'S DAY

(*New Year*)

Rev. Bernard J. Snell, M.A.

Another year is born to-day. It has come fresh from heaven, from God himself, who gives us life and all that makes life dear to us. It is quite new; no eyes ever saw it before, and it is our own to use and spend.

The old year died last night. It lived longer than most years do, for it was 366 days old when it died, and that is a long time to keep constant watch over the world. It saw us all that time. It saw you go to school, it saw you play, it saw you grow, it noticed that all of you wore longer coats and dresses than when it knew you first. Some, who were here when it came, have gone home to the world that is without years; and it saw bodies that they left behind buried, some under the snow and some under the grass with daisies in it. And some are in the world to-day who were not here this time last year—your tiny little brother or sister. And when the old year died last night, while you were asleep, its little son was born; and the new year's name is almost the same as the old year's name, ——, is not so very different from ——, is it? No, for of course they belong to the same family, and, when the family name is written quite in full, there are these two letters at the end, A. D., which mean that it is just so long since the dear Lord Jesus Christ came to earth. His birthday you kept on Christmas Day.

So we all have a fresh start to-day. Are you not glad at school when you have a new book instead of the old one? The old book's pages were smudged, and blotted, and dog-eared, and torn. You felt it was disheartening to write your best in that book, but you mean to take great care of the clean new book. That is just wnat our Father God, who

has given us this new year, wants us to do with the 365 clean, white days which the year holds in it. And we can all of us improve on the past, if we try, can we not?

I know a little girl, who came down to breakfast and whispered a secret into her mother's ear: "Mother dear, I'll tell you a secret, I'm not going to be cross once to-day." That was a very pretty secret. An angry, disagreeable person makes other people unhappy; yes, and makes it very difficult for any one to love him. Make up your mind that you will be sweet-tempered and unselfish and kind, so that it shall be easy for your home-folk to be in love with you.

I am sure that you will try always to speak the truth, for a story-teller is a liar, and a liar is despised by everybody. Never, never be such a coward as not to tell the whole truth. You need never be ashamed of the truth, unless you have done something really wrong, and then it is still best to tell the whole truth, although it is a great pity that you should have done anything that makes you ashamed. So we must try our hardest, our very hardest, to do only good and kind things. In the old times the knight, who was going to fight for truth and the right, passed a whole night kneeling, alone, clad in his armor, asking God to help him. We all need God to help us, and he helps us most when we pray to him.

A year looks a long time to young eyes. It looks like a long voyage over leagues of unknown seas. When a ship starts on a journey, she always carries a compass to show the right direction, and a chart to show where the dangerous rocks lie, and where the safe channels are, and a captain to see that all is right on board.

I wonder if you can guess my riddle. God has given to each of us a compass, a chart, and a Captain, so that we may not lose our way as we speed over the seas of life. But we must notice the compass, and use the chart, and obey the Captain.

14

THE YEAR'S RECORD

(*New Year*)

Rev. James Learmount

Columbus, when he was homeward bound after that wonderful voyage when he discovered the new world, was overtaken by a terrible storm. He suffered indescribable agony, not because he feared to lose his life or the lives of his crew, but he was afraid that his magnificent discovery of a new world would all go down irrecoverably into the abyss, and that, too, not far from land. He therefore hurriedly committed to the deep entries of his discovery, in bottles, in the hope that some day they might reach land. He had made a splendid record, and he didn't want it to be lost.

I have been wondering whether many of us care to have our record of this year preserved. I believe that most of us would be exceedingly glad to lose much of our record. Many things we have said and done that have not been right.

A German writer records for us a dream he had. In his dream he saw a long procession of men and women passing by his window, and upon looking more closely he was startled to find that those men and women were companions of his childhood. They appeared all to be respectable, and to have done very well in life. He himself was old, infirm, diseased, and his whole life had been wasted, until now he was a complete wreck. In an agony of despair he cried out: "O God, give me back my youth!" and in his terror he awoke—it was but a dream! He was still young, his life was yet before him, and he resolved to live that life better than he had commenced it. His life might have ended like the great poet's who wrote on his thirty-sixth birthday:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

Thankful I am that you boys and girls are still young, with your life-work all before you.

It is not too late to correct your mistakes, and begin your lives on right lines—lines of truth and righteousness.

Do not continue sowing seeds that will provide you future misery. Tom Hood in his poem "The Lady's Dream," tells how this lady saw a long ghostly procession of people that in her life she might have befriended. Her heart was full of sorrow and agony as she saw how much she might have done to help and bless them. Then she is made to say:

"And yet it never was on my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

I daresay many of the undesirable things you have said and done during the year that is almost gone, have been done in the same way. God will forgive you for all your mistakes and sins if you ask him.

But you have many things that you would be glad to have preserved—kindnesses shown, loving words spoken, helpful deeds done—these bring sweet memories to you. When Christian had accomplished his weary journey across the hill Difficulty, and was at length safe inside the gates of the Palace Beautiful, he was asked by Prudence, "Do you not think sometimes of the country from whence you came?" And Christian had indeed such memories. They were his constant sorrow. He had struggled hard to get the better of them. Prudence then said: "But do you not feel sometimes as if those things were vanquished which at other times are your perplexity?" "Yes," answered Christian, "and they are to me golden hours when such things happen."

What things were a joy to Christian? The good things. These are our joy also. And I want you to think of all the

good things you have done, and the days when you have been good during the past year. When you have looked back and made notes of these, ask yourself whether a whole year and a whole life of such deeds would not be worth striving for.

When St. Boniface landed in England, he came with the Gospel of Jesus in one hand and a carpenter's rule in the other, and while he led the people to build up good houses, he also led them to build up glorious lives. Everything done by him was done as to the Lord. What a grand way that is to live—it is the best life possible for any of us. How much better it is to live in that way than to come to say such miserable things as the poet I spoke about a minute ago. Take the golden hours and project them all into next year as a standard for all your hours.

Titus, a heathen Roman Emperor, used to examine himself every day as to what he had accomplished. If a day slipped by without his having redressed some wrong, or without doing some good thing, he used to say to his courtiers, "Alas! I have lost a day." Whatever you see, or hear, see to it that you get all the good out of it that is possible, and when you see opportunities for usefulness, never hesitate to use them.

"Something each day—a smile;
It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

"Something each day—a word;
We cannot know its power,
It grows in fruitfulness
As grows the gentle flower.
It brings the sweetest peace
Where all is dark and drear!
For a kind word every day
Makes pleasant all the year.

"Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
Oh, thus the Heavenly will
We all may do while here;
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year."

15

DO NOT ENTER HERE

(*New Year*)

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

As I hurried down the subway in the city, I noticed a sign hanging across the stairway, in big letters, DO NOT ENTER HERE. The first thought which came into my mind said something like this, "Well, how foolish! Wasn't this subway made to enter? And what is a stairway good for if you can't enter it?" But, tagging along behind the first thought, a second thought came. It is a pretty good thing to wait for the second thought, when you are in doubt about what you ought to do, because our second thoughts are older and wiser than our first thoughts. As soon as I was ready to listen that second thought said something like this to me, "Say, young fellow, if you want to get where you have started to go and keep out of trouble, you had better obey the signs you see. These signs were not put here to hinder you but to help you."

What do you think I did? I did just what you would have done. I backed out of that forbidden stairway, and when I saw another with a sign over it which said, ENTER HERE, I entered. And you are not surprised when I tell you that I arrived where I wanted to go, in good time, without trouble to myself or anybody else.

Did you know you were on the way to that same city where you will have the same kind of an experience? The name of the city is Nineteen Hundred and —— and if you will look at the calendar you will see that we are to arrive at that city in a very few days. You will make 365 trips and every day you will face that subway with its two stairways. Over one stairway will be the sign, DO NOT ENTER HERE; and

over the other will be a sign, saying, ENTER HERE. You will have to decide.

The very first Monday morning after New Year, when you come to the school yard, you will be facing those two stairways. You can look down the street which leads to Truantville. It may look very inviting. (A hunter always makes his trap look inviting to the game he wants to catch.) But if you should go down that way, you will soon see a sign which says, DO NOT ENTER HERE. Yes, you will see it written on the faces of men and women, who took that road when they were boys and girls. In language that is very plain, their disappointed faces say, "DO NOT ENTER HERE. I thought it was the easiest way to take but it has proved to be the hardest. I thought it would take me where I wanted to go but I find I have taken the wrong road."

But, if you will look toward your school house door, you will see a sign which says, ENTER HERE. If that is not what the school house door says, the men of your city, who have spent so much money to build that school and pay teachers to help you get your education, have made a mistake.

Some other day after New Year's, some boy you know will take you by the arm and start to lead you down the stairway to Cigaretville, but if you will look all around carefully you will see somewhere that sign, DO NOT ENTER HERE. On one side of the road leading to Cigaretville, Bob Burdette once wrote this sign, "A' boy who smokes cigarettes is like a cipher with the rim knocked off." And David Starr Jordan, the President of Leland Stanford University, put up this sign on the same road, "Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples. They drop long before the harvest. The boy who begins smoking cigarettes before he is fifteen will never enter the life of the world as a man. He may enter as a miserable, foolish failure. When other boys are studying and taking hold of the world's work, he will be in the hands of a doctor or an undertaker. When you see a boy drawing the poisons of the cigarette down into the 725,000,000 delicate air cells of his lungs, you may be sure he is preparing the way for all kinds of lung and throat troubles. A

lighted cigarette has a fire on one end and a fool on the other." I could tell you many more of the signs posted on that road but what is the use; you won't take a road that the wisest men tell you leads to failure.

One day a business man advertised for a boy. Many boys applied for the position because there were lots of boys in that community who needed to work after school hours and on Saturdays to help them through school. Finally the business man took one of the boys. One of the business man's friends asked him one day why he selected this boy. And this was his answer: "He wiped his feet on the mat when he came in and closed the door after him. He gave his seat to a lame old man who came into the office. He waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding. When I talked with him, he took off his cap and answered my questions promptly and gentlemanly. I noticed that his clothes and shoes were clean, and his hair in order. When he wrote his name I noticed there were no cigarette stains on his fingers and his finger nails were clean."

Just think how many times that boy has come to a stairway with a sign over it, DO NOT ENTER HERE, and he obeyed the signs. Then, when he came to a stairway where his father or mother or teacher or some other good friend had written, ENTER HERE, he entered; and you are not surprised to know that he arrived where he wanted to go.

(The part of Nineteen Hundred and —— which belongs to you is like a long train of 365 cars with you as the engineer. There are open switches and dangerous curves ahead but if you watch closely and obey the signs and signals, you will pull your train into the city which is called, Nineteen Hundred and —— on time and safe and happy. A Happy New Year!)

16

OUR TRUEST RICHES

(New Year)

Rev. Currie Martin, M.A.

Text: "Redeeming the time." *Ephesians* 5:16.

"Use time wisely." These words stand high up in a tower above one of the busiest streets of a great northern city. Underneath them is the dial of an uncommon clock. There are two circles alongside one another. In the first of these, in clear figures, is displayed the hour. In the other are the figures that denote each minute. And as one watches it, the one, two, three, four, etc., succeed each other in regular succession. The first time I saw it, the thought occurred to my mind very forcibly, how long a minute is. I was surprised to find how far I could walk along the street between the appearance of one of these figures and the next. It was a very noteworthy manner of impressing on one's mind how frequently we waste our time.

Perhaps you have all been impressed with it on certain occasions. You may have stood with a watch in your hand trying to time a race, or to see how long elapsed between a flash of lightning and the subsequent peal of thunder. It may have seemed to you then as if even seconds were long, and when we read in certain sciences about seconds being divided up into millionth parts our brain becomes dizzy at the thought of the enormous length of time.

But the more common idea is of time's shortness. I suppose this becomes more and more noticeable the older we get. When we are quite little the hours seem long, and a summer day is like a week. But even children, when they are happy, think that time flies too quickly. There is one phrase people use sometimes which always appears to me one

of the worst and, if they really meant it, most sinful phrases one could use. They speak about "killing time" as if time were some enemy, some evil beast that had to be slain, and these are the people who have least to do, and who make the worst possible use of the time at their disposal.

As a matter of fact, time is one of God's most precious gifts, and, like his other gifts of highest value, it is common to every one. Time is the same everywhere, and we have all the same length of day, hour, and minute; wherever there may be inequality, there is perfect fairness and adequate opportunity here, and it altogether depends upon the way in which we use our time as to how we are going to manage our life. Time is far too precious a gift to abuse it. I daresay you have often heard people say, "Time is money," but have you ever thought what they mean by it? Some one, for instance, has been kept waiting half an hour by an unpunctual friend. To the latter it may not have seemed a matter of importance whether he was there in time or not, but to the former that half-hour may have meant the missing of an important business that would have brought him a large sum of money. Or again, a physician who has been summoned down into the country to attend some serious case of illness charges a large fee for his services. People may think it is very hard that he should do so, but during the ten or twelve hours occupied in the journey he may have missed scores of consultations that might have brought him in a far larger sum.

It is this kind of idea that is in Paul's mind when he uses the words of the text. Ephesus was a great mercantile city, and into this mart poured all the produce of the East and West. Sometimes bales of rich silk or other special fabrics might come on board the ships into the harbor. These would be displayed, and only the merchants who could make up their minds speedily would secure the rich prizes, and be enabled to reap the subsequent profit. Those who dallied with the chance, and delayed their purchase from day to day, would find that when at last they decided to buy, either that

the goods were gone, or that those that were left were not worth purchasing.

"You have seen these men," Paul says, "and you understand how success and failure attend them. Let it be the same with you in regard to the time. Buy up every possible opportunity, and let none escape."

I know one great castle in the south of England, and on its entrance tower there are two sun dials. The one that faces the approach has upon it the one Latin word, "Praetereunt," meaning, "They have passed by," and refers to the hours that the dial has measured. Then, as one comes up to the flight of stairs that leads to the hall, the other dial upon the right hand bears the word "Imputantur," "They are reckoned up," thus reminding every one who enters that the hours one has lived have their chronicle with God. It is a solemn lesson to be taught so forcibly, and impresses at any rate the casual visitor. One wonders whether it becomes so familiar to those who live within the roof of the castle that they do not even notice the words as they go out and in at the door.

It is possible to become so familiar with danger that men forget it altogether, and we may become so familiar with truths like this that they do not impress us. I daresay we have all done our best to save our money in order to get something we desired very much. How many times we have counted it, how often we tried to discover by the very process of counting that we had a shilling more than the sum we knew very well was the correct one. Yet time is of infinitely more value than all the money we can ever get. Some men are so rich that we read about their being worth so many pounds a minute; but in reality every one's minutes are worth far more than can be reckoned in the terms of earthly currency. In reality our time is not ours at all, but God's. He gives it to us, and it is a trust we hold for him. You remember the kind of stories Jesus used to tell about the rich men who left their property in the hands of their servants while they went away on a long journey. On their return they were wont to demand an account of the stewardship,

17

THE PONY ENGINE

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." *Philippians* 4: 13.

Once upon a time a little freight car loaded with coal stood on the track in a coal-yard.

The little freight car waited for an engine to pull it up the hill and over the hill and down the hill on the other side.

Over the hill in the valley people needed the coal on the little freight car to keep them warm.

By and by a great big engine came along, the smokestack puffing smoke and the bell ringing, "Ding! Ding! Ding!"

"Oh, stop! Please stop, big engine!" said the little freight car. "Pull me up the hill and over the hill and down the hill, to the people in the valley on the other side."

But the big engine said, "I can't, I'm too busy." And away it went—Choo! Choo! Choo! Choo!

The little freight car waited again a long time till a smaller engine came puffing by.

"Oh, stop, dear engine, please stop!" said the little freight car. But the engine puffed a big puff and said, "I can't, you're too heavy." Then it went, too—Choo! Choo! Choo!

"Oh, dear!" said the little freight car, "what shall I do? The people in the valley on the other side will be so cold without any coal."

After a long time a little pony engine came along, puffing just as hard as a little engine could.

"Oh, stop! dear engine, please stop and take me up the hill and over the hill and down the hill to the people on the other side," said the patient little freight car.

The pony engine stopped right away and said, "You're

very heavy and I'm not very big, but I think I can. I'll try. Hitch on!"

All the way up the hill the pony engine kept saying, "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can!" quite fast at first.

Then the hill was steeper and the pony engine had to pull harder and go slower, but all the time it kept saying: "I think-I-can! I-think-I-can!" till it reached the very top with a long puff—"Sh-s-s-s-s!"

It was easy to go down the hill on the other side.

Away went the happy little pony engine, saying very fast, "I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could."

Don't forget the lesson, boys and girls. Think you can. Never think you cannot. In your Christian life, too, you have a right to feel the same assurance, because you have a right to say with the Apostle Paul: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Depend on God's strength and think you can. "I can." "Through Christ." God will honor that faith and confidence.

18

THE CONIES

Rev. John Kelman, D.D.

Text: "The rocks for the conies." *Psalm* 104: 18.

This phrase, with Proverbs 30: 26, gives a wonderful account of some very interesting little people. The conies are a race of little beasts, rather like rabbits but quite of different order, creatures whom God has set up for themselves, separate from all other kinds of animals. They are said to be distant cousins of the rhinoceros, but as it would take several hundred of conies to make one rhinoceros in size, the relationship does not count for very much.

They live in the rocks. They do not burrow like rabbits but make their homes in clefts and split places in the sheer faces of precipices. From these homes they come out to feed on the grass in the neighborhood, and an old man cony is set to stand sentinel at the mouth of the crack. Whenever anybody comes near he gives a whistle and all the conies scamper back and disappear through the crack into their queer home.

Suppose you were to catch one of these conies and ask him, "What is this rock for?" Do you know what he would answer? He would say, "Why, of course, for the conies." Children, just think of that! God made that rock out of molten lava, and he flung it about with earthquakes and he smote it with lightnings, and for centuries he beat upon it with rain and wind, and froze it with frost, and warmed it with sunshine, and so the crack grew wide enough to let the little beasts in, and the conies think he did all that mighty work for the sake of the conies! Well, he is only saying what the Bible says in our text, "The rocks for the conies," and he is right. God had many uses for the rock and many thoughts in making it, but you may be very sure that he

who also made the conies with their little beating hearts thought of them among his other reasons.

In the city of Edinburgh there is an ancient castle, and its gray, weather-beaten stones are built into great rigid precipices of sheer rock that rise out of a beautiful valley. Far up on these rocks in places where no foot of man could ever tread, you will see long trails of straw. These are the nests of sparrows who have chosen that wild place for their home, and in the nests are the little children of the sparrows, as cosy and as safe as you are in your bed at night. Supposing you were to ask one of these sparrows, "What is all this rock and castle for?" What do you think he would say? He would say, "Why, of course, for the sparrows!" That rock and castle have been beaten upon not only by the weather of the ages but by cannon-balls in many sieges, and they have seen two thousand years of a nation's history fought for and won and lost and won again; and yet the sparrow is right when he thinks that they were made for him, for God who guides the mighty ways of nations knows also the heart of the sparrows, and not one of them falleth to the ground without his notice.

There is a greater rock than any other in the world, older and mightier by far than the highest precipice or the strongest fortress. It is called the Rock of Ages, and it, too, was cleft like the other rocks. The Rock has many meanings. Jesus has made the world over again in his own likeness and swung to and fro the history of nations and of men. Yet little people when they need a refuge from sin and sorrow, flee into the cleft of that great Rock and are safe forevermore. And if you ask one of Jesus' children, "What is this Rock for?" he will tell you, "Why, of course, it is for me!" And he, too, will be right.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee."

And the great Christ who has borne the burdens and stood against the storms of time has a place in his heart for every boy and girl to make their home in.

19

GOD'S GARDEN

Rev. S. Edward Young, D.D.

Just weeds! And what are weeds? Nice or bad plants. Nice plants where they do not belong—like ox-eye daisies you pick the petals off, saying, "Poor man, rich man, beggar man, thief," or buttercups or dandelions in the hayfield or vegetable garden—or bad plants—like the poison ivy or burdock or smartweed—ugly and ill everywhere. And the trouble of weeds? This: They choke and kill the good plants. They use the place and the strength of soil which would grow wheat or potatoes or tomatoes or peas or pretty flowers.

I. Are weeds much bother? You would not ask that question if you had taken care of a garden. They peep up as soon as the flowers and vegetables and they never give you a day's rest. You must hoe them out. Some of them you must pull out by hand. Maybe they are so close to the corn or beans or radishes or onions that you can scarcely pull out the weeds without pulling up the good plants. Best way to get weeds out? Jerk them up, roots and all. No, simply cutting or pinching off above the ground will leave the roots to eat what the good plants need, and oh, so fast, the weeds will grow up again.

II. Where in the world do weeds come from? From seeds. Often weed seeds are among good plant seeds and get sown with them. The dandelion weed has a tuft for a parachute and sails its balloon away over from its corner until it lights in some other corner and puts its hooks into the ground and stays. That burdock burr—well, if it gets into your clothes or your horse's foretop, you will see how it sticks. After a while the seed will come out of the burr and grow.

III. Are there any other weeds than these? Yes. Thoughts, evil words, harmful habits. They are weeds.

Sometimes they are so like the good that boys and girls have to look hard to tell them apart. They spring up all the time. Some people have weed thoughts, right in church. Some Sunday School trained boys and girls let the wicked words or habits get in—and how they spread and stick tight. Sure enough, many come with the good seed—just an evil grain here or there in the day school or the college or the book or the movie. God give us teachers, parents as teachers, Sunday School teachers, everybody as teachers, who sow only pure seed!

IV. How to get out the weed thoughts or words or habits? By clean cultivation, by cutting down the first peeping weed—that is one way. By pulling them up by the roots—getting out of you the evil thing, the wicked wish, the selfishness, that causes them. God help uproot all these this minute as we stop right here and ask him to do it! Have plenty of good seed in any growing—truths you have learned about God and duty.

"My heart is God's little garden,
And the plants that I grow each day
Springing thoughts that I let harden,
And the words he hears me say."

20

CANNED SUNSHINE

Rev. Edwin Hallock Byington

Text: "We love him because he first loved us." 1 *John* 4: 19.

"Mother is in the kitchen, canning." That is what Helen said when I called at the farm. It was a beautiful autumn day, the trees were loaded with fruit, the vines were bending with great clusters of grapes, and the farm looked like Paradise. Mother was busy canning peaches and pears. Into jars she put them and sealed them safe from air and germs. On a shelf was a long row of cans looking like pictures of dinners in glass frames. "But why trouble about canning a few peaches and pears when you could gather bushels from the trees?" I asked. Helen smiled and answered, "These are for winter dinners." Then she opened the pantry door and showed me the preserves—quince and apple-butter, pure grape-juice and jams—cans, cans on all the stands. Beautiful autumn canned for winter. Helen said they were winners. I am going to accept Helen's invitation to a winter dinner of canned autumn.

We derive our heat from a ligneous substance that has lain for ages deep in the earth. We now take it out in black lumps, or cans, that we call "coal." When we warm up the coal, out comes the sunshine to light and warm our homes. A lump of coal is an old, black can full of sunshine. In the ash-can is what is left when the sunshine is taken out. Thousands of years ago God, like a loving mother, canned this sunshine for you and me.

Some rich men propose to erect a monument of coal to Philip Ginter. One hundred and nine years ago Ginter lived in a rough cabin in the forests of Mauch Chunk Mountain. While in quest of game for his family, whom he had left at home without food of any kind, his foot struck a black stone.

By the roadside, not far from the town of Summit Hill, he built a fire of wood and threw pieces of the supposed stone about it, so that the embers might last longer while he was roasting a fowl. He was surprised after a little while to see the stones glow and retain their heat for a long time. He carried a lot of the coal home and burned it there.

A monument to the man who discovered canned sunshine. On one side of the monument they should put the name God, who canned the sunshine Ginter discovered.

Now, I have a question for you to answer: "Why is love like a lump of coal?" Because love is canned sunshine. The heart is a vessel that God fills with love. When we "warm up" to any one, the can opens, and love shines out to brighten and warm his life. A heart may be black and cold like a lump of coal, but inside there is love. Religion opens the heart and lets the sunshine in. If you want to get light and heat out of a lump of coal you put it into the fire. If you want to get love out of a soul, you must put that soul into the light and heat of friendship and kindness.

A little boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," and he was asked what he meant by the expression. After some little time spent in reflection, he said: "Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live up here on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept 'way down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong, so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty. I lug all the coal up four flights all by myself, and the hod is pretty big. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving mother with all my strength?" The boy's heart was open, and the sunshine of love came out. Once he was a cross and crying baby. His mother took him to the warm heart of her love, loved him and loved him, until she opened his heart. He loved his mother because she first loved him.

At the great exposition it was the custom for the people to sign their names in the different state buildings. People who registered were asked to give their occupations, so that the books read like this: "John Smith, carpenter"; "Thomas

Brown, farmer." A little golden-haired girl asked if she might register. She was told to write her name and occupation. This is what she wrote: "Mary Jones, help mamma."

Christ came into this world with all the love of heaven in his heart for you and me. When we come close to him our hearts open and let love out. Our hearts are opened because his heart was first opened for us. "We love him because he first loved us." He died for us, so great was his love.

Here is a story: In a storm off the New England coast a few years ago a vessel was wrecked. It was impossible for the life-saving service to reach the drowning passengers and seamen. At last one of the men began to drift toward the shore. A line of life-savers was immediately formed, stretching out toward him into the sea. The drifting man came nearer and nearer, until the life-saver at the end of the line was able to reach him and pass him back along the line. He reached the shore in safety. The life-saver, in loosing his hand to catch the man who was floating in from the wreck, was dragged off his feet by the undertow, carried out to sea, and drowned. The rescued man was sick for weeks with a raging fever. When he finally recovered a peculiarity was noticed in his talk. No matter to whom he spoke, or what the topic of conversation, he always closed by repeating, "A man died for me once! A man died for me once!" He never forgot it. He wanted others to know it.

Love is canned sunshine. Youth is the time to fill your heart with love. Then when you grow older and sickness and trouble come, you can open a can to brighten your life.

21

THE MAN THAT SWALLOWED HIMSELF

Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D.

Text: "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself." *Ecclesiastes* 10: 12.

Boys and girls, I suppose you have all seen performers of tricks who pretend to swallow an egg, or a baseball, or even a sword; but I don't believe any of you have ever heard of a man who could begin with his toes and swallow down his entire self. If you will look in your Bibles, when you go home, the Book of Ecclesiastes, and turn to the twelfth verse of the tenth chapter, you will read, "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself." You see, the Bible does not consider this man clever, for it calls him a fool; and surely he is a fool, for who would like to swallow himself, so that all that people saw of him was his mouth? How would you like to be thought of as just a mouth? What sort of a man do you think the Bible is describing?

I. We all know boys and girls who brag. Some boy says, "I can jump two feet high"; and Mr. Bragger at once remarks, "That's nothing; I can jump twenty feet high." A girl happens to mention that her mother has a new dress, and Miss Bragger speaks up, "I don't think that's anything; my mother has a new dress every day." Now, nobody pays much attention to Mr. and Miss Bragger. People say of them, "They're just talk." Their lips have swallowed them up, and people think of them only as mouths.

II. Again, we unfortunately all know boys and girls who say unkind things about others. Nobody trusts them, for you may be sure that the person who says mean things of others to you will say mean things of you to somebody else. You do not want such children for your friends; you do not want to walk with them to school or to play with them.

Their unkind lips have swallowed them up; we think not of them, for they may have some very attractive things about them, but we think of those sharp lips. We lose sight of everything about them and see simply their mean mouths.

III. Again, I am afraid we all know boys and girls who say things that are untrue. No one ever feels safe with any one who has once told him a lie. We have heard men and women saying, "Yes, I know that So-and-So has agreeable manners, and is bright at his lessons, and can be very entertaining and obliging, but he tells stories, and I don't believe a word he says." His mouth, his mouth that lets the truth out so crooked that it is all twisted and bent and no one can recognize it as the truth, his mouth has swallowed him up. There is no boy left to trust, no girl left to respect. What a terrible thing it is to have lying lips swallow you up, so that nothing remains of you for people to admire and honor and love. "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself."

22

THE SWANS' DINNER BELL

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "Give us this day our daily bread." *Matthew* 6:11.

There is a pretty story that is often told about the swans in the moat of the palace of the Bishop of Wells, England. The old gatehouse, with its gray, ivygrown walls, still stands, and the swans sail up and down the dark waters of the moat, which centuries ago was a defense of the castle.

The peculiar thing about these swans is that they ring a dinner bell whenever they are hungry, and expect to have it answered at once. A long string hangs out of the gatehouse window and, as the story is told, when the swans are hungry, the leader swims gravely up to the bell rope, pulls at it, and then waits quietly for the lodge-keeper's wife to bring out her basket of bread.

It is said that fifty years ago the daughter of the bishop who lived there then taught the swans this trick with great patience and care. The swans that have come since then have apparently in turn learned the secret of the bell rope so that one who is able to perceive the connection between the pulling of the string and the appearing of the bread-basket has always been among them. That the swans communicate their demand for bread to their leader, who is always the one to ring the bell, is evident from the fact that after the black swans were introduced into the moat the ringing became so frequent that the housekeeper had to take the string in to secure herself a little peace. Evidently the newcomers were hearty eaters.

We all have a right to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." We are taught, "Ask and ye shall receive." Let the swans teach us this lesson—the lesson of prayer.

23

THE LONGEST CANDLE

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." *Psalm* 90: 14.

An evangelist was talking to a meeting of children. He brought out a row of candles on a board; a very long candle was at one end, a very short one at the other. Between the long one and the short one were candles of various heights. He said that by these candles he wanted to represent the grandfather, father and mother, boys and girls and the baby of a family who never heard of Christ until a missionary came—whom he represented by a lighted candle—and then they all gave their hearts to Jesus, and from that day loved and served him. He then asked which candle they thought represented the grandfather, the mother, and so on. They all thought the tallest candle would be the grandfather, but he told them: "No, that stands for the baby, the youngest member in the family." Presently one little boy said, "I know why; he has the chance to shine the longest for Jesus."

Yes, children, give your hearts to Jesus now, while you are young. Then you can shine for him as long as you live, and you can also have the joys of his religion as long as you live. Pray, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

24

THE UPHOLSTERED WORM

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher. "I can, teacher!" shouted Tommy. "Well, Tommy, what is a caterpillar?" "An upholstered worm."

I am going to talk to you about a beetle and how he acts while he is an upholstered worm and after he becomes a beetle. This beetle, the Tiger-Beetle, he is called, leads a Jekyll-Hyde life. As a beetle, he's a lively fun-maker, enjoying life and spending most of it running about over the ground or dancing in the air; but before he reaches the beetle stage of his existence, when still in the larva state, he's a treacherous cannibal. If he were human, we would call him a Jekyll-Hyde sort of person. Since he's only a bug we name him the cincindela, or the tiger-beetle.

Probably he's most interesting as a cannibal, so we'll describe his life as Hyde first. He lives in a hole in the ground, made like a tiny well. The caterpillar holds fast to the sides of the well by two hooks at one end of his body, which keep him from slipping and keep his head always at the top of the hole.

His head is fitted with a pair of sharp jaws. An innocent insect, taking a promenade, steps too near these jaws and snap! the innocent insect disappears. All day the caterpillar lies in wait and waxes fat off his victims.

Finally he becomes a beetle, and puts on a coat of green or gray, sometimes elegantly spotted, and then he's a dude. He still keeps his jaws, however, and he's just as hungry as when he was a caterpillar. That's why they call him a tiger.

This fable teaches that it is no sin for a caterpillar to be a caterpillar, an upholstered worm, nor for a beetle to be a

beetle; but it is very wrong for boys and girls to live a double life. Some children when they are good they are very good, but when they are bad they are horrid. Be good. Be steadily good—dependably good.

25

LINCOLN TALK TO CHILDREN

(Lincoln's Birthday)

President Lincoln guided our country through hard, sad days. Busy as he was, he was never too busy to help any one who was in trouble. He loved his own children dearly, and he had room in his heart for all children, and they loved him in return. "Tad," was his son, a little fellow devoted to his father. One day President Lincoln was busy in the White House, talking to a soldier, who had brought him important news from the war. There came a tapping on the office door. The President paid no attention, and still the tapping went on. At last the President and the soldier heard a boy's voice calling, "It's Tad, Father! Unfasten the door!" When the President opened the door there was little Tad, all ready for bed. The President brought him over to the table, and took Tad's little hand in his, and began to hit it gently on the table.

"You forgot how to signal, didn't you?" said the President. "This is the way to telegraph me when you want to come in—three quick raps, followed by two slower ones." Soon Tad had the signal right, kissed his father and ran off happily to bed.

Never too busy to be kind! That was one of the reasons why people loved President Lincoln, why this country sorrowed so bitterly when he was shot by a cruel bullet.

While he was a poor young lawyer in Springfield, he was going to his office one morning when he saw a little girl crying at the door of one of the houses. Lincoln stopped to see what was the matter. She sobbed out her story. She was going to visit a little friend of hers in another town. It was to be her first ride on the train, and the expressman had not come for the trunk!

Mr. Lincoln lifted the trunk onto his shoulders and started off, calling to the little girl to "come along." They just caught the train. No wonder the little girl never forgot him! A great, brave, noble man he was—never too busy to be kind.

26

"A SHARP BARGAIN"

U. T.

TEXT: *Isaiah* 52:3.

The other day I saw a set of very curious pictures with the title, "A Sharp Bargain." They represented a German dealer making a bargain with an elephant! Let me try and describe them to you.

Picture I. Here is the dealer with a large pack of goods upon his back. We shall see what it contains presently; but outside it are fastened a saw, a walking-stick, and a top hat.

Picture II. The pack is lying opened upon the ground, and the dealer is showing the elephant a very startling-looking pair of trousers of a "draught-board" sort of pattern, which the elephant is eyeing with mingled curiosity and surprise.

Picture III. The elephant has allowed the dealer to put the trousers on his hind legs (and a pretty sight he looks!), though evidently he is not quite sure if he is pleased or not.

Picture IV shows him dressed up with another pair on his front legs, a coat laid across his back, and the top hat upon his head. But now the dealer is holding the saw in one hand, and with the other he is pointing to one of the elephant's tusks, which, by the way, are of exceptionally fine growth. I suppose he has induced Mr. Elephant to let him cut one off, for Picture V shows him sawing away at it, to the elephant's manifest discomfiture, for he was pulling back, and I see there is a tear trickling down from his eye.

Picture VI shows him waddling off in his strange attire, with an expression on his face which says plainly, "I don't want to have anything more to do with you!" But the crafty dealer has not finished with him yet. He holds up in a very enticing manner the walking-stick and a watch and chain,

and the elephant wavers in his determination, and comes back again.

In Picture VII the dealer is cutting off the other tusk, and Picture VIII represents the silly, disfigured monster strutting off to join his friends, dressed in his absurd attire, carrying the stick in his trunk, with the watch and chain hung on to his tail! And there in the distance the dealer is making off with the two precious ivory tusks, which are worth a great deal of money, and very much more valuable than all the rubbish he has given in exchange. I expect that when the elephant got home he would be met with derisive snorts and blows from his friends, to say nothing of a good round scolding from his wife, who would pretty soon pull off all his finery, and give him a long "curtain lecture" for having made such a stupid of himself! How he would have liked to meet that artful dealer again next day, who at any rate had left him his trunk, with which he could have carried him to the nearest pool of water and dropped him in.

As soon as I saw these pictures, I thought, "There's something for my children—and myself too." I daresay most of us who are old enough have made bad bargains with our playmates at school, for which we have been very sorry when it was too late. I wonder how it is that we so often think that the possessions of others are so much preferable to our own. It is just as well that our parents keep an eye upon us, to prevent our exchanging (or "swopping"—that is the correct word at school, isn't it?) what we have got for something of less value that belongs to another boy or girl. This reminds us of a verse in Isaiah 52:3, which says, "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

No tears or regrets could put the poor old elephant's tusks on again, and I am sure that, although he knew nothing of their money worth, yet he must have missed them sorely when he had to defend himself against the attacks of his enemies or his angry friends.

God has given to each of us qualities that are far more precious than ivory tusks, and of greater value than anything money can buy. Our honor, our good name, our truthful-

ness, our purity, our faith in God—these Satan is always trying to take away from us by some clever pretext, in exchange for some pleasure which can only last us a few moments at the best. These are the tusks with which we can "resist the devil," that he may "flee from us," and if we give them up, we shall fall again and again into his power. Oh, do not forget that the loss of any of them will leave a disfigurement on our character, and perhaps for our whole life we shall bear its ugly mark, to the distress of those who love us, and to our own disgrace and shame and loss. Nothing can ever replace them; and although we may, by God's grace, be forgiven, and have our sins cleansed through the precious blood of Christ, yet it may be years before people can fully trust us again, or we can undo the consequences of the foolish bargain we have made.

Above all, Satan tries hard to make us exchange Christ and our salvation for the tawdry pleasures with which he tempts us. But Jesus says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Isaiah told the people of Israel, "Ye have sold yourselves for nought"; but, thank God, he was able to add, "Ye shall be redeemed without money." That is what Christ came to do, to "redeem us from the hand of the enemy." Will you not come to him and ask him to save you from your sins, to forgive all your past mistakes, and help you to fight and live for him through all your future days? Dear boys and girls, let this story of the elephant speak to your heart, so that you may not make a terrible mistake, and fritter your precious young life away.

27

WHAT AILED THE CLOCK?

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines." *Song of Solomon* 2: 15.

"What ails our new clock?" said father one day, as he came from his work and found mother just putting on the potato-kettle in order to get dinner. "It is twelve o'clock now, and our clock lacks a whole half-hour of the right time."

"I don't know," said mother; "it has always kept very good time until now."

Just then Elsa came running in from school, saying, "Oh, mother, I was late at school this morning, and Miss Prentiss was so sorry because she had been teaching the children a new song that I missed!"

Father moved both hands of the clock around until both pointed straight up. Now Elsa knew what time it was and guessed why she had been late that morning. "Now, Elsa!" said father, "run over to Aunt Jennie's to see if we can borrow her watch for a day. If our clock keeps on telling the wrong time we might be late again to-morrow without the watch."

Elsa skipped away, pleased to help father, and pleased to think that Aunt Jennie might slip the watch-chain around her neck and the pretty watch into her apron pocket, so that she could wear it all the way home. When she came back, the watch was hung up on a nail beside the clock. The next morning when father looked he found that the clock was slower than ever; but he again set it right with the watch. It could not keep up, but grew slower and slower, until finally it stopped altogether.

"Now," said father, "I will open the door that has always been tightly closed, to see if I can find out the trouble with

our new clock." Elsa and mother peeped over his shoulder, and what do you suppose they saw? Why, somebody's little home, all fixed up there among the pretty wheels, with curtains, draperies, and other silken things. The one who made all this was scampering away as fast as his six little legs could carry him.

"That's right," said father, "hurry away; for you have just tied our clock up with so much spinning that it cannot go at all. You and the clock are both such busy workers; but you cannot work together, so you had better fix up a home somewhere else."

Father brushed the spider's work all away, when the wheels commenced turning, and the pendulum said its soft "tick-tock" again. Baby waved his tiny hand to show how the clock goes, for he had been watching, too. Father set the hands again with Aunt Jennie's watch, and the next morning both were together telling the right time. The watch was now carried home to Aunt Jennie, and after this the clock told father just when to get up, mother just when to get breakfast, Elsa when to get ready for school, and nobody needed to be late any more on account of not knowing the right time.

Now, I wonder if it is not possible for us to learn some real useful lessons from this interesting clock.

Let's see. Here is one. You cannot make a clock run right by adjusting the hands. The trouble is inside. I once heard a story of a man who brought the hands of his clock to the watch-maker to be repaired, when the trouble was with the clock itself. When we go wrong the remedy must be inside. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." That is one thing God can do for us and is willing to do, change our hearts, give us new hearts.

And here is another important lesson we may learn from that clock and the little spider web. It is this, that very little things can interfere with the right running of a clock; so very little sins can make a life wrong. What are some of the sins usually thought of as little sins? There are sins which by comparison with great sins people call little. Ill-temper in family life, at school and in other relations; a light and friv-

olous spirit; slandering and back-biting; vanity and folly in dress; careless and impure conversation; pride, etc. There are a host of these "little foxes" we might easily mention.

What is the harm they do? They injure our consciences by hardening them; they keep us from feeling the sweet companionship of Christ; they grieve the Holy Spirit; and, especially, they make way for greater sins.

There is an Indian story of a morsel of a dwarf, who asked the king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king, seeing him so small, said, "Certainly." Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a tremendous giant, covering all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third he knocked the king down and took his throne!

Look out! Make no place in your life for so-called minor evils. Very little things, as a spider's web, can interfere with the running of a clock. So very little sins can make a life wrong.

But here's another lesson, and a very happy one, too. It is this: A reliable clock is a very useful thing. So is a reliable boy or girl.

28

THE PEDOMETER

Rev. John A. McAfee

Text: "Keep thy heart with all diligence." *Proverbs* 4:23.

This summer in the mountains a man showed me a little instrument which to me was very interesting. It was called a pedometer, and it told a man about how far he had gone. The instrument was the size of a watch, and looked very much like a watch. Every time you took a step the contrivance registered one. You may not realize how much of a jar you give to your body each time you take a step, but there is considerable jar. By a delicate arrangement the hand of the pedometer would move by the jar of each step. A man could easily measure about how far he stepped, and in that way could tell about how far he had gone.

When my friend would start out on a tramp up to one of the lakes or peaks or to some beautiful point, he would set this pedometer and hang it from a pin in his pocket. Then when he got home in the evening he could look at it and tell how far he had gone, and then he would know better how tired to be.

It was indeed a very interesting thing to me, for while I had often times heard of a pedometer I had never before seen one. After I had looked at it, I said to my friend:

I. "Will it tell you where you have been?" And he had to answer "No," that the only thing it would tell was how far he had gone. He might have been to a very beautiful place or he might have been to a very ugly place—that pedometer would not show which it was.

There is something more delicate than the pedometer, which will tell us where we have been. Our hearts will tell us whether we have been walking in a good place or a bad place, and it is the only thing that will. I am sure that is one of

the reasons we are told to keep our hearts with all diligence.

II. "Will this little instrument tell you what you have been doing and who your companions were?" Again he would say "No," and to say that it would only tell about how far he had gone. He might have been on a mountain trail with evil companions who would have delighted to push him off a steep place for all the pedometer could tell. He might have been doing great good with those steps the instrument numbered, and again he might have been on an evil errand.

III. That more delicate instrument, which we call the heart, alone can tell us whether our errand is good or bad. It can tell us at the end of the day whether our feet have carried us on good errands or bad ones, whether our steps have done good or evil.

The pedometer is a wonderful little instrument, and if I had one I would surely take mighty good care of it. While I do not have one of them, God has given to me something far more wonderful; a heart which will not alone tell me how far I have gone, but where I have gone, and the thing that took me on the errand. Surely I must take good care of such an instrument.

Keep thy heart with all diligence.

29

STAND ON MY SHOULDER

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

"Come, stand on my shoulders!" I heard a boy call to his brother, as he stood under a cherry tree. He was picking cherries for his mother, but he could reach only the cherries on the lower branches. He wanted his small brother to climb up on his shoulders and pick the ripe fruit which he himself could not reach.

As I walked on past their garden, I thought of another call like that, which we had heard in another neighbor's home. The mother had died and left six children. "What will they do?" friends asked one another. This is what they did do. The oldest girl dropped out of high school that she might "mother" the family. She cooked, washed, sewed and mended and made it possible for the other five to stay in school. That was her way of saying, "Come, stand on my shoulders and pick the ripe fruit which I cannot reach."

Then my thoughts flew away off to a humble log cabin in Kentucky many years ago. There a big, rugged, honest, earnest boy was growing up, with a few companions, no school, no church, and therefore a most unpromising future. Some one must teach him to be honest. Some one must so fire his ambition to learn that he would walk six, eight or ten miles to borrow a book. Some one must make his homespun clothes and mend them while he studied the five books which he read, one by one, through and through, and meditated on all the next day. Some one must teach him to honor God, to believe in right instead of might, to love justice and mercy, and to call all men his brothers. It was a little woman who did all these. It was Nancy Hanks Lincoln. It was her way of saying, "Come, Abe, stand on my shoulders and pick rich clusters which I can never reach." Did he appreciate

what she did? Yes; when he grew up and had proven the worth of all her training, he said, and all the world heard, "All I am, I owe to my sainted mother."

The world is full of mothers like that. Jochebed, weaving an ark of bulrushes for the baby Moses, and later training him in the religion of his fathers, took that way of saying, "Come, Moses, stand on my shoulders and you can climb to heights I never can dream of reaching."

And it was just the same with the boy Samuel. He grew up to be one of the mightiest and one of the best men in his nation, but he got his start when Hannah said, in the language of hard work and tears and prayers, "Come, Samuel, stand on my shoulders and climb up where you can serve God and his people, and write your name high on the honor roll of history."

And we haven't mentioned Booker T. Washington, giving his life to say to his race, as Livingston said in Africa and as John Eliot had said among our North American Indians, "Come, stand on my shoulders and reach even greater heights and enjoy richer fruits than I have been able to enjoy."

Now, let us come to our own heart door. Did any one ever say to you, "Come, stand on my shoulders"? Yes, I know of two. A long time before you started to school, your mother and your father put their shoulders under a lot of burdens and planning and tears and fears, all for what? It was so you could have plenty of good food and clothes, a comfortable bed, a chance to go to school and an opportunity to fill a bigger position and a happier place in the world than they have been permitted to do. Will you do some day as Lincoln did? When you have become an honored and useful man or woman, will you be big enough and good enough to say, "I am what I am because my father and my mother were willing to let me climb up on their shoulders and enjoy fruit which they could not reach, but which they wanted me to enjoy"?

30

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Rev. Alfred Barratt

The text is found in 1 *Peter* 5:7. "Casting all your care upon him for he careth for you."

There are a great many hard things in this life that boys and girls have to contend with. Many things come across their path that tend to oppress and depress them. Some one has said that children do not know anything at all about care and worry and anxiety—but I am still of the opinion this is not true. Some boys and girls find that their lessons in school are particularly difficult, and to learn some things that they have never before been interested in is a trying, toilsome task. And yet if you set your minds upon these things you can do them easily. Then again it is sometimes hard to be good and true and obedient to our parents. It is hard to speak the truth when you are tempted to tell a lie. Two boys were once having an argument, and one of them called out emphatically: "I shan't, I shan't." "What won't you do?" asked a passer-by, as he heard the two boys. "This boy," said the other little fellow, "wants me to tell my mother a lie, and I shan't." The boy who told the truth won a decided victory.

"It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by with a song,
But the boy worth while
Is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

I think the text that we have chosen is very appropriate for boys and girls. It is counsel that is worth listening to —it is advice worth accepting—and the boys and girls who are ready and willing at all times to do as the text says will

never be overcome nor outdone when the hard time comes. We know it is true that we can never do anything in our own strength. It is the love and grace of Christ within us that prompts us when we fail to try, try again. I wonder if you have ever heard this good story I am going to tell you. Listen:

Many, many years ago when there was more romance in life than there is to-day, a certain king had decided to take his people to a new land and was making preparations for the journey. There were many things he desired to take with him, but the most precious thing was a large tree containing many valuable national records which he thought he must not leave behind. Most of his loyal subjects objected to this—they thought the tree was too heavy, and too large, and too much trouble to remove, and very likely would soon die when it was transplanted in a foreign land. The king had almost given up hopes of taking this treasure with him when a young man who loved the king stepped forward and volunteered to take the burden on his own shoulder. The other people did not give him their sympathy nor their help, so he carried it all alone. It was heavy to carry and many a time he was a long, long way behind the other people. In due time they all noticed that he had ceased to grow tired—he was stronger—and could keep abreast with them. He also became gentle and steady and firm in his task and proved superior to the others every day. Those who carried lighter loads grumbled all the time and every day they became more irritable and quarrelsome—as well as weaker and lazier and less beautiful in form. I wonder if you know what made this young man stronger, and better able to carry this heavy load while the others grew weaker? This is the secret: The tree he was carrying bore rich, delicious fruit which he ate, and the fruit of the burden made him strong. No matter how tired he was he could always look up and gather strength and nourishment from the burden he was carrying on his back.

This lesson should teach us to look upon our toilsome tasks as food, and as the things that make us stronger, nobler and grander. If we do the hardest things faithfully and cheer-

fully, looking up to him who careth for us, then we shall be assured that all things will work together for our good, our greatening, our strengthening, and our success in life. When things are hard "Cast all your care upon Jesus for he careth."

31

THE CAMEL'S STOMACH

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby." 1 *Peter* 2:2.

The stomach of a camel is divided into compartments, and the walls of one of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by means of powerful muscles. When a camel drinks, it drinks a very great deal. Indeed, it goes drinking on for such a very long time that really you would think that it never meant to leave off. But the fact is that it is not only satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with the water, and as soon as each is quite full, it is tightly closed. Then when the animal becomes thirsty a few hours later, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells, and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it does day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way, a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel quite easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.

But Christians, young or old, cannot live this way. They must drink often. They must eat often. We need frequency and regularity in prayer, in Bible study, in church attendance, and in the employment of every means of grace.

32

PHOTOGRAPHS

(*Palm Sunday*)

E. A.

TEXT: *Matthew* 21 : 1-9.

Most of you boys and girls have had your photograph taken at some time or another, and you like to have the photograph of your friends, don't you, especially of those whom you very dearly love, and who are far away?

I wonder if you can guess what I mean when I tell you that there is one very wonderful collection of photographs which has yours and mine among the many others; and the strange thing about them is that they were all "taken" long, long ago, before either you or I were born, and yet they are perfectly life-like. I mean God's great picture-book, the Bible.

There is one story, among the many that we love so dearly, about the time when our Saviour was on earth, that has in it a very life-like portrait of you and me. Shall we look at it, and you will see that our Lord was on his way to Jerusalem for the last time before his crucifixion, and as he came near to the Mount of Olives he sent two of his disciples into the next village to fetch a young donkey which they would find tied up, with its mother, at a certain place. And he told them that if any one asked them why they were taking the donkey away, they were to answer, "The Lord hath need of him." You remember the rest of the story, don't you, how it all happened exactly as Jesus had said? The owner of the mother donkey and her colt naturally asked the disciples what they were untying the colt for, but when he heard their answer and who it was that had sent them, he allowed them to take the colt. And on this untrained little animal, that had never been broken in or ridden before, our Lord

made his entry into Jerusalem, surrounded by a crowd of men, and women, and children singing praises to God.

Now, I fancy you are saying, "Oh, yes, we know all that quite well, but what has it to do with us? We can't see anything like ourselves in that story, unless, perhaps, it is in that part about the children singing praises." Maybe that is, sometimes, like some of us, but I am afraid it is not always! We plan a picnic in our summer holidays, and we look forward to having a thoroughly good time. Everything is ready, and we go to bed hoping and longing for to-morrow to come. But when we wake in the morning there is no bright sunshine coming in at our window, and we hear the doleful patter of the rain, and the rain continues to pour down, and we can't have our picnic. Do we "praise" then?

Or we want to sit quietly and read a new story book, and we hear ourselves called, and asked to do something else that will take all the time up, and leave none for our quiet read; or we plan a walk with our special friend, and mother says, "I am so sorry, dear, I cannot spare you to-day." Then do we feel like praising? Are not we, some of us, just a little bit inclined to be cross, and wish things were not quite so tiresome? So that part of the picture is not exactly a true portrait. Don't you think that we are more like the little colt? "Oh," you say, "how? We have not got four legs and a tail and a brown furry coat. How can we be like him?"

Have you ever started for a donkey ride, and the donkey wouldn't go? I was reading lately about two donkeys which belong to a gentleman who likes to drive them tandem fashion in a tiny cart. They are such pretty, well-groomed little animals, and they can trot along quite fast for several miles when they like, but sometimes the leader takes it into his head that a good roll on his back, kicking his heels in the air, would be a nice change from trotting steadily along, so down he goes, without even "By your leave," and his driver has to use a long whip and a lot of patience before the journey is continued.

Now, don't you think that is like some boys and girls? They are very pleasant and obedient and industrious when

they like; but, like Neddy, they do dearly love their own way, and when they cannot have it, they are so obstinate and sulky, and mother and teacher and nurse have to be so patient with them. A baby donkey is very pretty, but a very obstinate little animal, and yet, did you notice, it says our Lord had need of him? Our Saviour needed this untrained, self-willed little creature just at that time for his own special use, to fulfil one of the prophecies which had been spoken more than 500 years before. And so, my dear boys and girls, this loving Saviour has need for each one of you, though you are so often like the colt in your naughty self-will. You, just as you are in the place where he has put you, in your school life and in your home life, may be used by him. Will you, each one of you, ask him to take and make you a little servant of his?

If you look at the last verse of the fourth chapter of Revelation you will find it says that God made all things (and that includes you, doesn't it?) for his pleasure, and Isaiah 43:7 it says, "God made us for his glory." And you know the Bible always means what it says.

Is not that wonderful? To think that the great and holy God made us to give him pleasure—to bring glory to his Holy Name, and that he has need of us!

Shall we ask God the Holy Spirit to show us how our hearts may be thoroughly cleansed by the precious blood of Christ from all stubborn self-will and every other sin, so that we may not disappoint him, but that, having clean hearts and right spirits, he may be able to make use of us to bring glory to his Name and pleasure to the heart of our Father, God, who so loved us as to give his Son Jesus Christ to be our Saviour?

33

EASTER JOY AND LIGHT

(Easter)

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore." *Revelation* 1 : 18.

Easter Sunday is the gladdest day in the Church's calendar. It is a day potent with life, pulsating with love and radiant with hope. It has been named the Day of Light. There are some people who say that the name Easter is of Eastern origin and comes from the Eastern word that means "sunrising." Their reason for this is: when the sun sets it seems to die, and lives again when it rises. So in this way it represents the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. But this beautiful thought is not the origin of Easter. The origin of Easter is the resurrection of Jesus Christ who died for our salvation and rose again in triumph over sin and death and the grave. The sweetest and most cheerful reminder throughout the entire year of the love of Jesus is this beautiful day. It always comes in the spring of the year. After the cold, drear season of winter, when all nature is dead, there comes across the face of the world a new sense of beauty and sweetness. The sun shines brighter, and nature has a resurrection. So in like manner the resurrection of Jesus, who is the Sun of Righteousness, produces beauty and joy, and light and life forevermore in the hearts of his followers. Men who have been dead in sin rise again in newness of life—the life of God. Then they live to die no more forever.

It made a wonderful difference to me when Jesus rose from the dead. It meant that he was alive again forevermore, and could give eternal life to every one of us. There is an old story that used to be told to the children many years ago.

It was about a prince who came and dwelt among men; he was beautiful and kind, and because of his gentleness and love he won a pretty girl—who promised to be his bride. But when he told her all about his history she wanted to know where he lived, and he told her that his home was far away in the center of the underworld, where his father was king, and the palace was magnificent, but the path to it was unknown to the souls of human birth; and the entrance was beneath the waves of the ocean. She must simply place her hand in his with childlike trust and plunge into the deep, deep waters. It would perhaps be a hard undertaking and might give her a few moments of suffering, but in a few minutes they would rise through the beautiful tall towers of his royal residence with its gates of pearl, shining with precious jewels, and illuminated with light which was not of the sun, or moon, or stars. Does not this beautiful story describe the passage through the "valley of the shadow of death"? But it is not quite so hard since Jesus has made it easier.

A little while ago a Sunday School teacher in the last stage of rapid consumption was asked by a friend who visited her, "Are you afraid to die?" "I am not going to die," was her cheerful reply as she pointed to the motto that hung upon the wall of her chamber which read, "The gift of God is eternal life." She believed that those words were true, and so she knew and was confident that for her there was no death. It is Jesus who died. And because he has died and risen again we need never die. Are not these words full of comfort and cheer to those who love and trust in Jesus? Listen—"He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live." For "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Let me ask you now this beautiful Eastertide to accept Jesus as your Saviour—as your life—as your hope—as your joy. Open your hearts, and just let the risen Lord be your Easter Guest, your life-long Friend, and he will give you joy and peace, life and light. With this Friend you will never see death, but like your loving risen Lord, you will be alive again forevermore. Will you do this?

34

SEEDS AND STONES

(Easter)

Rev. Chas. E. Blanchard, D.D.

(Objects: nuts, grains of wheat and corn, seeds of various kinds; also small stones, shaped like the nuts and seeds as far as possible to find them.)

Every child here will readily recognize most if not all of the objects which I have here on the table. This, for example, you will call a—("Walnut"). Yes. And this? ("Hickory nut.") Right. And this a—("Kernel of corn"). Correct. And these are—("Seeds" . . .). Yes, of grain, vegetables and the like. I even have here a seed mentioned by Christ himself. He spoke of it as "the least of all seeds" ("Mustard seed"). Very good. I have also these other objects. They look something like seeds and nuts. What are they? ("Stones, pebbles, gravel.") Yes, they are stones large and small.

Now these nuts, what are they good for? What can you do with them? ("Good to eat." "Feed to squirrels.") Yes, but what else? This hickory nut, for example, what could you do with it? ("Plant it and it would grow.") Good! That is just what you could do with it and with these others also, walnuts, butternuts and the rest. Each one, if you planted it, would grow. How of the seeds, would they grow if planted? Surely. Every spring seeds are planted in gardens and by farmers in the fields and they grow and give us our flowers and vegetables and grain.

But how of these stones? Some of them look a good deal like the nuts. Could you plant them, too? Yes, you could plant them and what would happen if you did? ("Nothing.") Nothing? Wouldn't they grow and raise little stones by and by? No? Well, you are right. Nothing would happen if

you planted a stone. If you put a seed in the ground after a time the plant will come up and grow and produce other seed. Seeds which have lain in dry, dark places, in the wrapping of a mummy, for example, for hundreds of years, have still, when planted under favorable conditions, sprung up and grown. But if these stones were planted in the finest soil and left many years, not one of them would ever show the slightest signs of life. Why is this? (Bring out the fact of life in the seed and its utter absence in the stones.) That's just the point of it all. That one word "life" explains everything. The seeds have life while the stones have none.

Now the central thought of Easter is life. (Evidence: flowers, eggs, etc.) Christ was cruelly put to death and was buried in a rocky tomb, but death could not hold him nor the tomb contain him. Why? Because, just as the Bible says, "In him was life." Buried in the grave he burst every bond and came forth in newness of life from the grave, the tomb and the dead; "he arose" and "he ever liveth." "He is not dead." He lives to-day.

More than that, he gives to us, to all who believe on him this same life. We, too, have life in ourselves. We are not like the stones to lie dead and lifeless in the ground, but like the seeds we shall spring up into a better and more beautiful life through the power of this life which Christ puts into us.

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," said our Saviour. This is the great central truth of Easter.

35

EASTER

(Easter)

Rev. James Learmount

An old Norse king sat one night in his hall when the tempest was roaring and whistling outside. The fire threw its glow far out into the dark recesses of the hall, the brighter for the storm and gloom around. While the king talked to his councillors before the fire, a little bird flew in and passed over their heads and out at the open window.

"Such," said the king, "is the life of man; out of the darkness into the light, and then lost in the darkness and storm again."

"Yes, your majesty," cried an old courtier, "but the bird has its nest beyond."

And the truth could not be more tenderly told. What the old courtier said of the bird is true of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Our nest is beyond—in heaven.

"Where shall I go?" said a dying Hindu to the Brahmin priest to whom he had given money to pray for his salvation. "Where shall I go after I die?"

The Brahmin priest said: "You will first of all go into a holy quadruped."

"But," said the Hindu, "where shall I go then?"

"Then you will go into a singing bird."

"But," said the poor man, "where then shall I go?"

"Then," said the priest, "you will go into a beautiful flower."

The poor man flung up his hands in agony and cried, "But where shall I go last of all?"

Thank God, this Easter time answers that question for us. Jesus died and rose again, and he is now preparing a home for us in heaven; and because he lives we shall live also, and live with him.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer tells a story of how Mr. Summerville, when in South Africa, spoke through an interpreter to two little Zulu boys. When one came back to his mistress, and she asked what he had heard, he said: "Oh, there was a wonderful Man, and the people were very unkind to him, and he died and went up to heaven; but he came down again, and was like a little child in people's hearts."

Then the lady said: "Well, what did you do?"

The little Zulu boy, with shining face, said: "I opened my heart, and let the little Babe Christ come in; and he came in and my heart closed over him, and he is inside."

He went back to his people, that little heathen boy, and he was cruelly ill-treated by them because of his love for Jesus. They tried to get the idea of the Christ-Child out of his head; but they did not succeed. He kept saying, "He is inside, and you cannot get him out, and you must be very careful not to hurt him."

I think that the best way to be sure of the resurrection is to have Jesus as Saviour in your heart. Then you know that he has risen from the dead, because he lives in you.

It is recorded of a certain Spartan in olden times that he tried hard to make a corpse stand; but utterly failing to do so, in spite of every effort, he said: "I see; it wants something within." Now you have what that corpse wanted—life. But I want you to ask God to give you himself, and then he will breathe into you his own life, and like him, you will never die.

36

DANDELIONS ON THE LAWN

(Spring-Time Sermon)

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "Let us not be weary in well doing." *Galatians* 6:9.

A dandelion loves to have her own way, just as you and I do. She loves to grow up tall, with a fine long stem, nodding and shaking her head and swaying merrily in the wind and sunshine. When the storm comes beating down, she draws her green waterproof cloak up over her head, and while the thrush sings so cheerily, she makes merry with the raindrops —gay little dandelion.

But the dandelion cannot always have her own way, sweet as it is, for there is the gardener who comes cutting her down cruelly with the lawn mower again and again.

How discouraging all this is when one feels herself made to live on a long stem with such jocund friends as the rain, the wind, and the sunshine! But the dandelion is not to be discouraged, and in a wise little brown heart she considers how she may best adapt herself to such adverse circumstances as gardeners and lawn mowers.

The next day she comes up as light and friendly as ever, only with a shorter stem. Again she is cut down, and again she springs up bravely with a still shorter stem.

At last she is trampled upon and bruised and crushed under foot to the earth, but the brightness and gladness and beauty are still there in the faithful brown heart, and gazing steadfastly into heaven, she sends up one trustful little bud without any stem.

Her sister dandelions do the same, and they bloom and bloom and bloom until the green lawn looks as if it were buttoned down all over with pieces of brightest gold.

This is a true story; but if you don't believe it, you may ask the dandelion.

Children, you know the lesson. It is "try, try again." It is never give up. It is to keep sweet and beautiful in life no matter what the adverse circumstances. Every time you see a dandelion think of these lessons. Yes, dandelions can teach children—can give them many and meaningful and very important lessons. When you see the dandelions on the lawn think of this one. Resolve never to be discouraged in any way of good. Resolve to try, try again. Resolve to "be not weary in well doing." Look up the verse forming our text and read it all, for it has at the end a beautiful promise that your trying shall not be in vain.

37

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

Rev. James A. Brimelow

The other night I was coming home when an east storm was at its worst, and when it seemed that there was hardly a star in the sky, for the night was dark. I was just wishing that I might get home as quickly as I could and sit by my delightful fire with an interesting book. No one loves to be out in such a storm, and on that night we had our worst storm of the winter. I made my way along as best I could, counting the steps to home. But as I came down the little hill to the parsonage my eye caught the sight of a little light which seemed to be all alone in the midst of one of our hills. I looked at it and just wondered what a light meant on such a night as this. I had seen the light many a time, but I had never noticed it before. You will find, children, as you go through life, that you will see many things which you will hardly notice. You will see them and more quickly forget them, and they become as if they never existed. And though I had seen this light in the window of the cottage on the hill many a time I only came to see it truly on that night of the storm. I looked at it and wondered what it meant, and this it seemed to say to me: The light in that hillside cottage was giving brightness and beauty to a place called home and was scattering its brightness and cheer unto everything around. And so I began to think of that greater light of God which has been put in the window in the person of his Son, Jesus Christ; a light which has been shining ever since the world began, and became so bright when we saw it in the manger of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary; a light which has been given to lead all the children of men home to God. And though many people see not this wonderful light of the love of God and just live as if it never has been or ever could be,

still that Light of Love is shining and will ever shine so that in some way and in some time we all may find our way back to the great home of God.

Children, I want you ever to remember, wherever you go, whatever you do, that God's light of love is always shining for you—shining to lead you home and keep you home amidst the brightness and warmth of the glorious things of his life.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life!

The light in God's window of love is for you.

38

WORTH-WHILE SERVICE

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." *Philippians* 4: 13.

There are two kinds of people in this world—workers and shirkers. Those who sneak away from duty, and difficulty, and those who are ready and willing to accept cheerfully any difficulty that comes into their daily task as a challenge to their faith and strength. They have learned to say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Jesus Christ always admires the heroic boy and girl who dare and double-dare when daring is necessary; who are faithful when duty demands faithfulness; who are not easily discouraged when things go hard with them; who are undaunted by obstacles but are always ready to face resolutely every hard thing for duty's sake. To those who are willing to do worth-while service Jesus stands ready to help to bear their burdens, to endure the pain, to be brave in the conflict, and to conquer.

But it is not always pleasant to do the hard things. It costs something to be heroic, but it always pays in the end. Have you heard the story about that heroic man who suffered torture to save the ship from sinking? It was several years ago on a cold winter's morning when the river was full of floating chunks of ice, a Jersey City ferryboat crowded with men going to their work collided with a passing vessel. The ferryboat at once listed heavily, and would almost certainly have sunk if it had not been for the presence of mind and heroism of a passing tugboat captain. He jumped aboard the vessel, located the gaping hole in the vessel's side, caulked it with mattresses, and bags, and old clothing and everything suitable for the purpose which could be found; then when

there was nothing else to fill a narrow space through which the water was pouring in he cheerfully thrust his arm into the hole. Thus the water could only just trickle in and the ferry-boat was brought safely to its slip. When all was safe, strong men carried the hero to the ambulance and hurried him to the hospital. He was unconscious. The arm he had thrust into the gap to stop the water had been exposed to the grinding cakes of ice and was torn to the bone. This was worth-while service, and after he regained consciousness he was surprised that they called him a hero. The newspapers told with pride the story of his bravery. Everybody was ready to speak a word of praise for this man who did such a noble deed. We need more boys and girls who are big enough and brave enough to do something that will make the world better, something worth while. But there is another kind of service that I want to tell you about, it is that of loyalty to Jesus Christ. We sometimes allow our companions to laugh us out of our fidelity to the deepest and best things we ever knew. We allow them to taunt us until we are afraid to do the right, and our duty to Jesus is left undone. Listen to this story of forty brave men.

When the Emperor Licinius was persecuting the Christians in Armenia, the Thundering Legion was stationed at Sebaste. Forty men in that Legion declared themselves Christians, and were sentenced to be exposed naked all night on a frozen pool, for it was winter and bitterly cold. In a house on the edge of the pool a large fire was kindled, and food and wine and warm baths were prepared under the direction of Sempronius, a centurion, and a guard of soldiers; and it was announced to the forty men that, if any of them left the pool and entered the house, they would be considered to have denied Jesus Christ.

So night came on, and the cold biting wind from Mount Caucasus made the inhabitants close their windows and doors tightly and pile up the fuel on their own fires. On the frozen pool stood the forty warriors, naked, some standing lost in prayer, others walking to and fro, while still others were already sleeping that sleep which only ends in death. Over

and over again as the hours went slowly by these brave men prayed, "O Lord, forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for thee; grant that forty wrestlers may receive the crown of victory."

As the hours grew longer, the night grew colder, and one of the forty could endure it no longer, and he left the pool, and came to the house where Sempronius and his men were keeping guard. But still the martyrs' prayer went up to heaven. "O Lord, forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for thee; grant that forty wrestlers may receive the crown of victory."

The prayer was answered. Sempronius, the centurion, was touched by his comrades' bravery. He declared himself a Christian, and took his place upon the frozen pool. When the cold had done its work, and forty corpses lay upon the ice, forty glorious spirits, with Sempronius among them, entered into the shining presence of their King. Let us imitate their bravery, and whatever happens let us be true to Jesus Christ, and when our life on earth is done, we shall receive a shining crown that fadeth not away.

39

JACK AND THE COLT

Rev. W. H. Marbach

Text: "Be sure your sin will find you out." *Numbers* 32:23.

How Jack wished he might hop into the wagon and go off to town with father that day! Since he could not do so, the next best thing was to see father get started. Just before he drove out of the gate, shouting good-by to the mother and son, he turned to Jack and said, "Now, son, above all else, be sure to keep the orchard gate fastened, for sure as you live the colt will get in and nip and spoil the young fruit trees."

With good intentions Jack promised to keep the gate locked. But soon he became interested in his play. He roamed all over the farm, then in the meadow. Soon he was having a fine time in the orchard. Then mother called. Off he was to the house. But one thing he forgot!

He never thought of that orchard gate until his father spoke to him at the supper table. "How about the orchard and the young colt, Jack?" Poor Jack! He did not mean to forget! Soon after supper he went out with father, and to the dismay of both of them they found that the young colt had slipped into the orchard and peeled the bark from most of the young fruit trees. There was little hope that the trees would ever grow again. Then it was that Jack's father came to the rescue and told Jack of a sticky, gummy paste that might be smeared over the scars. He made some of this and covered the scars. Several weeks later both Jack and his father were delighted to find that the trees were growing and blossoming.

Time went on. Jack grew older and larger. He soon went off to college. He came home only during the vacation periods. It was many years after Jack the lad had left the orchard gate open that Jack the young man sat by the fireplace with his mother and father. It was a stormy night. The windows

and shutters rattled. The rain and hail beat against the windows. The wind roared furiously. Suddenly there was the sound of the crashing and cracking of wood. It seemed as though most of the orchard trees were being torn down. Nothing could be seen that evening. The next morning would tell the story.

Bright and early the next morning Jack and his father went out to view the damage done by the storm. To the orchard they went. Most of the trees were down. Strange to say, they had all broken about the same place. Looking very closely Jack and his father were surprised to find that every tree that was broken was one that had been nipped and peeled by Jack's little colt years before! The scars on the trunks had been covered. But the pitch and tar which had been painted over them did not strengthen the trees. When the stormy winds blew the weak places gave way.

Boys and girls are often careless like Jack. Before they know it they have allowed themselves to tell just a little lie. A little tar and pitch can cover it, they think. But years later the day comes when the winds blow, when the storms of life come. Then the covered lie causes the boy to fall. He loses a good position because he has been covering up lies rather than telling the truth. Or perhaps a girl says an unkind word to her friend. Years pass on. The harsh word is covered over. The girl does not ask to be forgiven. Then later in life one day the girl, now grown a woman, finds that instead of being loved by people, those who know her would rather not have her around. She wakes up to find out that the covered scar of her sharp speaking has caused the downfall of the tree. The scars made by Jack's colt are bad habits and sins. It will never do for us to cover them over. The Bible tells us the meaning of this story in one verse, which we will repeat together: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

40

FLOWERS

Rev. E. P. Visard

Text: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—*Canticles* 2:1.

What an element of beauty and blessing in the world are flowers! How much we should lose if we were without them. It is very significant that the earliest representation of happiness and innocence for man should be connected with a garden. How often have these little things of beauty been made the means of pointing some lesson, or illustrating some truth; how often been tokens or messengers of love, or the souvenirs of old memories, places, or friends.

I. The chief thought in connection with flowers is beauty. We want higher ideas than are often held as regards the beautiful. We often think of it as something trivial, evanescent, standing alone, a mere external thing. But true beauty is always closely allied to the Good and the True. Look at a flower; the beauty of its form and color is not something put upon it from outside that has no necessary connection with it; it is part of the essence and nature; remove it, and it ceases to be a flower to you.

We get this thought, too, as we look upon the beauty of a flower—a thought of work done, object accomplished, victory. How much has been gone through before this stage could be reached, and the flower appear—all previous stages; germination, growth, budding, etc., with all the manifold checks and hindrances that all life has to contend with.

And so in the Christian life we want to cultivate and love the beautiful. Not the false, but the true; not tinsel, but reality; not the lower, but the higher; not physical beauty, but spiritual—that which constitutes the highest and truest beauty

for man—"the beauty of holiness" (Psalm xxix. 2); "the beauty of God" (Psalm xc. 17).

This beauty is within the reach of all, whatever the bodily form, color, or expression.

And, like the flowers, this glorious possession cannot be suddenly put upon us, but it is the result of toil, and opposition and struggle, and onward progress.

Is it asked, "How can I thus become beautiful?" There is One to whom the words forming the text above are often applied—"the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Take his yoke upon you and learn of him.

II. Note another lesson from flowers. Their beauty is not a useless, idle, purposeless thing. It exists with an ultimate object—Fruit. No flower, no fruit. And the beauty of Christian character is not true beauty unless it bring forth the fruits of Christian life (see Gal. v. 22, 23).

III. Enemies that spoil and destroy the flowers. How annoying it is to find the beautiful buds, leaves, or petals spoiled by the attacks of some of the numerous garden marauders—insects, blight, grubs, drought, etc. How numerous are these. Every flower that comes to maturity does so in the teeth of innumerable dangers and adverse conditions. And how truly is this paralleled in the Christian life. And what can be a sadder sight than to see the fresh, beautiful, budding promise of early youth marred by some moral or spiritual caterpillar? The name of these grubs, these "foxes that spoil the vines," is legion—vanity, impurity, idleness, selfishness, etc. In one hour one of these, as with a flower, may destroy the work of years.

"Consider the lilies" (Matt. vi. 28). And as we consider them, what do they teach us? That if we do not work, but sit still and trust God, that God will feed us? Certainly not; few can be so foolish as to see that lesson in the beautiful lilies. But this they teach us: to avoid all anxious worrying care—care and worry that come after we have done all that we can do, all that pertains to our part, care that trenches on God's province, and should be cast on him (1 Pet. v. 7).

How foolish would it be in the lilies to try "to toil and spin,"

to make their own lovely garments. They can only drink up the moisture with their roots, take in the carbonic acid with their leaves, and lift up their heads to the sun. This is their work, and God does the rest.

So let it be with us; let us do the work God has given us to do, and leave the rest to him. What a simple rule, but how hard to keep! If we could act upon it, what innumerable unnecessary ills and worries we should be spared!

Flowers may be used as an emblem of prosperity, wealth (see Isa. 27:6, 35:1; Hos. 15:5).

Also as an emblem of frailty (see Job 15:2; Psalm 103:15, 16; Isa. 11:6, etc.; James 1:10, 11; 1 Pet. 1:24).

41

THE SIGNBOARD

Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison, D.D.

Out in the country at almost every crossroads there is a tall post and at the top of the post a signboard, telling people where the road leads and how far it is to the nearest towns. Often strangers are driving through the country. All at once they come to a crossroads. They do not know which way to turn, and there is no one there to tell them. But they look up at the signboard and there it is. They follow the direction that is given and very soon they reach their destination.

But sometimes the signs are wrong. One day a man wanted to go to a town called Charlestown. He did not know the way so he stopped and looked at a signboard. It read "Charlestown seven miles," and pointed toward the south. So he started off in that direction. After he had gone a long way he began to feel that he must be on the wrong road. He stopped at a house to inquire and was told that Charlestown was miles and miles back the way he had come. So he turned around and went back. When he reached the place where the signboard was he looked at it again. Sure enough it pointed the way he had gone. He couldn't understand it so he asked a man whom he saw why the signboard pointed the wrong way.

"Why," he said, "you know a few weeks ago a storm blew a tree down across the road here, and as it fell it broke down that signboard. When the tree was removed, the workmen set up the signboard again, but they were careless and they put it up pointing the wrong way."

Every day there were travelers coming along that road and going astray because that board pointed in the wrong direction. Long ago the apostle Paul said, "Ye are living epistles, known and read of all men." This is what he meant. We are like

signboards. People are looking to us for direction as to how they are going to live. If we live the right kind of life and point the right way, they will go that way, too. But if we point the wrong way, then they will go astray, like the man who traveled so many miles in the wrong direction.

In one of our western towns a few years ago a clock in a jeweler's window along the main street stopped for a half hour at fifteen minutes to nine. I couldn't tell you how much trouble that clock caused because it had gone wrong. Children were on the way to school. They looked at the clock and saw that it was fifteen minutes to nine. They thought they had time to play, and so were late to school. Men on their way to catch the eight-fifty-five train saw that clock and thought they had plenty of time and missed it. Professional men saw the clock and tarried to talk in the streets and were late for the first time in their lives. The whole town was upset that day because one clock had gone astray.

There was a little boy in school once. His teacher said, "John, if your father had twenty sheep and one were to jump over the fence, how many would be left in the field?" John answered, "None." "I am surprised, John," said the teacher, "that you do not know your arithmetic better." "I may not know much about arithmetic," replied John, "but I know something about sheep. If one sheep jumps over the fence, all the rest will follow."

Boys and girls are much like sheep. What one does the rest do. Others are looking to us, watching what we do. If we do well so will they. If we go wrong they will follow. Let us try to keep the signboard pointing in the right direction.

42

WHY THE CROWS SAY CAW

(Children's Day)

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

I have a very strange text. It is not a verse from the Bible, as most texts are and ought to be. It is a living creature God has made, and a not very popular one, either—a crow. At Children's Day services I have seen birds, canaries, and have heard them singing there. They seemed to sing especially well when the little children were singing or some one was playing on the organ. But my text is not a happy canary, but a crow.

Do you know why the crows say "Caw"? That is my question. Why do the crows say "Caw"? I once read a little story that was written to explain, or rather give an imaginary explanation, of why the crows say "Caw."

The story says: Once upon a time seven little crows lived in a nest and they were as black as any crows you ever saw. In these days crows could talk and I'm going to tell you how it happened that they do not talk still.

These little crows formed a very bad habit; they disliked to be asked a question by any one and were very rude in their replies. One day when they were near their home nest a woodpecker came climbing up the tree and stopped to speak to them.

"I wonder why your feet are so different from mine," she said socially, showing one little foot to the crows. Now the little crows knew all about it, for their mother was very wise and had told them that morning while they watched Mrs. Woodpecker climb a tree near by, but they did not care to be troubled to explain and so only said, "Because."

Then Mrs. Woodpecker told them about the nest she was making in a dead tree near by; how she dug and dug into the

soft wood of the trunk with her strong bill hammering by the hour until she had a beautiful room ready for her babies where they would be quite safe. "Why do you not build such a nest," she asked, "instead of a great one on a platform like this?"

The crows looked very disagreeable at that and said as before, "Because," and nothing else.

So it was, day after day, no matter what question was asked of these birds, there was always just the one answer, "Because."

After a time "Because" seemed too long a reply to make and they would answer only "Cause" and fly away.

They became so disagreeable and stayed so much by themselves that, in time, they quite forgot how to talk, and could only say the one word "Cause," and even this they later shortened to just "Caw," which seemed easier. They became so afraid that some bird would stop to ask a question of them that they began to cry, "Caw, caw," when they saw any one coming. They said it so much and grew so ill-tempered that their voices became harsh and finally the other birds ceased to speak to them and often avoided them.

All this was years ago, but the crows even now have few friends among the birds and, if you will listen in the spring or summer, I'm sure you will hear them cry, "Caw, caw," in the meadows.

I read this story from Sophia Wyckoff Brower, and thought that it might contain the very lesson some of us need—a good one for us to learn on Children's Day. It is a warning against becoming cross and short and ill-tempered. It tells us how these things can grow on us gradually till we hardly know it, and we have no friends left. I declare, I hear the crows now in the treetops. Well, every time you hear them think of how their voices got so harsh and learn to be kind —to feel kindly and speak kindly. It is right. And it pays.

43

THE FLOWERS

(Children's Day)

Rev. James Learmount

Text: "Consider the lilies." *Matthew* 6:28.

The other day I was walking through a lovely conservatory, and with me there was a little fellow not quite four years old. For some time I did not notice him, but suddenly dropping my eyes down to his level, I saw him in the act of kissing one of the flowers that stood low down within his reach. I said nothing, but watched his reverent, sweet little face, and whenever a flower or a plant with sweet foliage came within reach, I saw the little man kissing them all so tenderly, and evidently his little soul was happy in a love of beauty which he was too young to understand, but which he evidently felt in every fibre of his being. The little fellow was a sweet flower of God himself.

That incident reminded me of another pathetic story told in a recently published book, entitled, "Lights and Shadows of New York Life." It was about another sweet, old-fashioned boy, who had all his life lived in a dull, cold, old street, in the older part of New York. A cousin from the country went to visit this dull home, and begged that the little boy might be allowed to return home with her for a time. After many difficulties to the proposed visit to the country had been overcome, he was allowed to go. He went into the country with its blue sky and flower-strewn fields, and the beauty everywhere held him a willing captive from the moment of his arrival.

One day he was sitting beside a bed of spice-pinks, looking at them "in an ecstasy of adoration."

"Pick some," said his cousin; "pick as many as you want."

"Pick them!" repeated the boy. "I am afraid to. Aren't they God's?"

"And this," adds the writer, "was the supreme moment of his life. They could not keep him in the city again. To-day he ranks high as an American artist, dating his birthday from the time he first saw the glory of God in flowers."

The other day I stood before just a bush of common broom, with its sweet, pure, intense yellow flower, and its purity and beauty impressed me almost as much as the burning bush must have impressed Moses. It was "afire with God." I felt that the place whereon I stood was holy ground, for God had been there before me caring for and painting that broom with a glory that no artist could reproduce.

I wonder what you think about the flowers. I often wish I could look at a daisy with a child's eye again. Do you ever think about the flowers and who made them, and how beautiful God must be, who writes in loveliness so sweet? It would do you good just to stand and look at the flowers until you see their beauty, and if you could get a magnifying glass the wonder and the glory would be greater still.

Not long ago a children's flower service was held in a Yorkshire village. A prize was offered to the boy or girl who should send in the best collection of wild flowers, with their names. The winner of the prize, a girl—I almost envied her—sent in thirty-four different species of flowers, of which twenty-seven were rightly named. That would be a good exercise for you, even if you got no prize. You would gain knowledge, and a love of the beauties of nature would be created, and that would be a great prize in itself. Make much of the trees and flowers in these glorious days of summer sunshine. They will speak to you of God, the Creator of them all, and of his overflowing love, his marvellous skill, and will lead you to trust him more who takes such infinite pains and care with the flowers. "How much more shall he clothe you." God who clothes and cares for the flowers will not forsake one of his own children, for he tells us that the whole world is not worth as much as one soul.

"Flowers—wherefore were they made, all dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace, upspringing day and night,
Springing in valley green and low, and on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness, where no man passes by?
To speak to man—to bid him hope, whene'er his faith is dim,—
That He who careth for the flowers will care much more for him."

These flowers and plants come out of apparently poor surroundings—black, dirty earth. And the most unlikely children often grow up to surprise the world with their beauty. Charles Dickens was a flower that blossomed in unlikely soil. He carried a man's burden when he was but a child, his was a hard lot, and he had no love to sweeten it. But he grew amid all that, and his life charmed the world. Charles Lamb, with his wonderful messages throbbing in his heart, was compelled to see his poor, crazy sister do violence to his own mother. He gave up his literary and social ambitions to watch over his sister, who had lost her reason. His life was full of tragedy. But out of all that there came fruit and flowers that made the world glad. Make up your lives and minds for all they are worth, and God, who cares for the flowers, will help you to bring forth much fruit and much beauty.

44

MOTHS

Rev. Clinton Blatzell Adams

Text: *Matthew* 6: 19-21.

For our text we turn to St. Matthew's Gospel, and read in the sixth chapter, from the nineteenth verse to the twenty-first, where our Master talks about treasures and thieves and rust and moths. He tells us of something which never wears out, though the moths do their best to eat it up. He tells us about good character.

You know about moths, I'm sure. In the spring mother takes your winter clothes out in the sunshine, examines them carefully, puts them on the clothesline, whacks them severely, and then smothers them down in camphor, so as to protect them from these little enemies.

Did you ever see a moth-eaten dress or coat? It's most always places you can't hide that are damaged, too. But a moth-eaten garment is a sad as well as an ugly sight, because it shows that somebody has been careless. And that's why the Bible speaks of bad people as being like a moth-eaten garment. Bad people ought to have been good people, but they let the moths get in and spoil them.

Boys as well as girls like fine clothes. But did nobody ever say to you when you were all dressed up in your best and happened to say or do something mean or unkind: "That doesn't look nice"? Of what was mother, father, or teacher speaking then? Not of your clothes, for they looked very well indeed. They meant you did not look nice. They were talking about the clothes the soul wears, the name of which is character. The moths I have in mind seek to ruin that most precious garment.

Moths are great mimics. They cling to a piece of cloth or leaf that is the same color as themselves, and think, as they

crouch there motionless, you will really believe them to be a part of the cloth or leaf. If they happen to have brilliant wings, as some of the Italian sort do, they'll fold the bright edges under them. And that is exactly the way it is with these treacherous moths which try to eat all the good out of your hearts. They may not seem to be so bad at all.

For instance, there's fibbing. It looks very mild, and maybe you would not call a fib a lie. But a fib is a lie—a lie all dressed up in its best Sunday clothes and looking so nice you scarcely recognize the rascal. A fib is the old wolf dressed in Red Riding Hood's Grandmamma's clothes.

Then there's pouting. The reason pouting is so wicked a moth is that it eats patience out of the cloth of the soul's garment. Stop pouting, or you'll be one of those unfortunate people who are the unhappiest in the world—touchy people. They wear their nerves outside their clothes. Of course, their feelings are always being hurt.

Another moth is tattling. Tattling children are liable to make the most dangerous people on earth. People who do more damage than all other mischief-makers combined, and they are called gossips and busybodies.

Putting on airs is the moth that devours sympathy. If you don't destroy it, it will make you jealous and vain, silly peacocks that all sensible people pity.

Shall I speak of the moth called greediness? It consumes generosity and leaves one selfish.

The most important thing to learn is how to get rid of the moths, if they are in the clothes your little hearts wear—if already any of these bad habits have clutched you. Remember mother's way—the fresh air, the whacking, and the camphor. First find the moths and then get after them in earnest. You'll have to give yourselves a good shaking indeed, but, if you mean business, you can overcome the pests. Camphor is not a sweet-smelling odor, but in the New Testament we read about a life, the fragrance of which is sweeter than roses and purer and more healing than the breath of

spring. When we learn more and more about the life of our Lord Jesus, and get really to love him himself, somehow it comes to pass that these moths of bad thoughts and desires are not as plentiful and powerful as they used to be.

45

A CHILDREN'S SERMON, WITH WHITE MICE AS A TEXT

Rev. J. G. Stevenson

Of course you have all of you seen pictures of submarines; and maybe when some of you have been at sea you have watched them pass under the water or your quick eyes have picked out a submarine's tower showing just above the waves. It cannot be very nice to be inside one of them. But if you went for a little voyage in one you would find plenty to interest you. Among other things you would almost certainly find some white mice; and I am sure you would wonder why they are there. This would be the reason. In submarines they carry gasoline, which spreads out and loses itself in ordinary air when it has the chance; and to prevent its escaping and perhaps being harmful, it has to be specially cooped up. Even then, unless everybody is careful and all goes well, the gasoline escapes, and the white mice are kept because as soon as any gasoline escapes they smell it and begin to squeak. And, of course, the moment the sailors hear the squeaking they know something is wrong and they hurry to set everything right.

I am rather sorry to say that some clever person has invented a machine for detecting the escape of gasoline; and so the order has gone forth from the Board of Admiralty that soon no more white mice are to be carried on submarine craft. But for all that it is good to think of white mice warning great sailor men of danger, and so sometimes even helping the crew to save their lives. It shows that whether we are small mice or small children we can always do something to help others. Also it sets me wondering whether all my little hearers have the sense and the courage to cry out whenever anything is really wrong and likely to harm other people.

Of course, we all call out when we ourselves are hurt, just as white mice squeak if their tails are pinched. But do you call out when anything seems likely to harm others?

1. A lie is always harmful. Do you call out when you hear a lie?

2. Cheating and bullying and using words that are not clean are all of them sins that do more harm than an escape of gasoline.

3. Do you call out when any one plays unfairly or hits some one smaller than himself, or talks filth?

4. Of course you cannot say anything if you are always doing such naughty things yourself. But if you are wise you will refuse to do anything that harms others; and if you are as wise as white mice in a submarine you will call out the moment there is danger to other folk.

46

"YOU'RE A BRICK"

My text for you this morning is not to be found in your Bible, though I daresay you have all heard it before. The other day I heard some one say to a boy who had done a kind and manly deed, "Herbert, you're a brick!" and that's my text —"You're a brick!" "Oh," you will say, "that's slang, and we must not use slang." Well, I think you will agree with me when I have finished that this, if it is slang, will not do you any harm at all.

I am going to tell you where this phrase came from. It was used a very long time ago by a Spartan king, whose name was Agesilaus. We are told that there visited him an ambassador from another part of Greece, and the king showed him the wonders of Sparta. Now, this ambassador had heard how great and mighty a man the king was, and he expected to see the towns surrounded by great, high walls and towers to keep off the attacks of the enemy. And he found none at all. So he said to the king: "O king, I have visited the towns over which you rule and though I have looked, yet have I seen no walls to defend them against an enemy. I am amazed." "Why," said the king, "you have not looked carefully enough, Sir Ambassador; come again to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta." And the Ambassador went away more surprised than ever, and was very curious the next morning when he returned to meet the king.

Then the king led him down the plains, where his army was drawn up in full battle array, with their spears and their shields shining in the sunlight. Pointing to the battle lines, he said proudly to the Ambassador: "There, sir, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!" Every man a brick—every man loyal and true, ready to defend his country and fight for his king.

And so my text is, "You're a brick," and I say it to every boy and girl here. I want you each to be a "brick," to be loyal and brave, and true—not to the king of Sparta, but to the King of Kings, to God—fighting for him and defending his name. You remember when Jesus came to earth, men expected him to build a great throne and to establish himself as King of the Jews. But Jesus said: "No, I will not build a throne, nor a city of bricks or stone. My kingdom is made up of men and women, boys and girls, and I will reign in their hearts. My kingdom is within you." Jesus relies on every boy and girl to defend his cause, to be loyal to his kingdom, to be his walls of defense.

I want you then to take this text away with you, and when any one says to you, because of some kind deed you have done, "You're a brick," remember that you really are; for Jesus has chosen you to be loyal and true to his cause, and to his kingdom. Every kind word, good deed, loving thought, every battle against sin, temper, disobedience—all these will please your King and win for you a crown of eternal life.

47

MESSAGE FROM A POSTAGE STAMP

Rev. George Henry Coman

I want to talk to you to-day about a postage stamp and the message it has for every one of us. It is just the common, two-cent stamp, issued by the government of the United States, which we place on the letters we mail to friends and relatives.

1. The stamp, children, has no value except that given to it by the maker. If it was not for the fact that the stamp is made by the government of our country, the little square of paper would not have any value. It must have the imprint of the government upon it to make it worth anything. So with our lives. It is only as we bear the Divine imprint that our lives are of any real value to ourselves or others.

2. Again, the stamp accomplishes the task assigned it. Here is an important lesson for each of us. Sometimes we are apt to object to the task given us. We either will not attempt to do them at all or only half do them. But when you place a stamp upon an envelope it fulfils its task by carrying the letter to the person and place addressed. We ought to do as well, and cheerfully fulfil the task required of us.

3. Then, too, the stamp does all expected of it. When I buy a stamp and place it on a letter it belongs to me and I expect it to carry the letter to its destination, and that is just what the stamp does. God, through Jesus Christ, has bought us, we are his. Do we do all he expects of us?

4. The stamp carries whatever message is entrusted to it. Sometimes it is a message of joy or of love. Sometimes it is a message of sorrow and trial. Sometimes it is just an invitation to some society affair. Then again it may be a business letter. Whatever the message is, the stamp carries it. The message of the Christ is entrusted to us. Are we faithfully carrying it to others?

5. A very good trait of the stamp is that it does not give up when it gets a licking. The facts are it sticks still closer. So criticism, trial, temptation and hardship should cause us to stick all the closer to our Saviour, Jesus Christ. How quickly we become discouraged in Christian work! How prone we are to give up when the tasks are hard and results do not appear as quickly as we desire! Let us learn a lesson from the stamp and stick to our tasks no matter how difficult they may be.

6. Did you ever hear of a stamp getting into a fight and striking at any one? When we place our letters in the post-office, before they are sent to their destination, the canceling machine hits the stamp right across the face, but it never strikes back. Many of us, if some one was to strike at us, would at once think the proper thing to do was to strike back, and if possible just a little harder than we were struck ourselves. What a lot of misery, trouble and bloodshed would be avoided if men and nations would only do as the stamp does in this respect.

7. The stamp is also noted for attending to its own business. I lived in a small town some years back where everybody seemed to know everybody's business. A lady once said to me while I was living there, "It is not necessary for a person to attend to his own business here, there are so many persons who will attend to it for you." Now the stamp tends to its own business, and so should you and I.

8. Another fine thing about the stamp is, you can tell by its face what it is. This ought to be true of all Christians. We ought to bear the imprint of the Christ-life to such an extent that it will show in our faces.

9. Again, the stamp never gets discouraged. If you change your address and some one writes to you at the old address, if it is at all possible that letter will find you, no matter how often you may have changed your address. So Christians should persevere in their efforts to do the will of the Master. Do not allow anything to discourage you. "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

10. A fine thing about the stamp is that it never gives up until it is dead. It keeps trying to do its duty until it finally lands in the Dead Letter Office. So God expects you and me to labor. We ought to keep everlastingly at it until death claims us and we are called upon to lay down the working tools of life.

Now I hope that every time you may see a stamp it may remind you of some of these truths we have spoken of to-day. Try to keep them in your minds and live as happy and as useful a life as one of our little red, two-cent stamps does.

48

HE CALLS THEM ALL BY NAME

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

I saw a sight that made me glad when I visited one of our public schools recently. My surprise began when I asked the teacher to tell me some of the children's names.

The boy in the front seat was George Alden; I knew his great-great-grandfather came over in the *Mayflower*. Of course, his great-great-grandfather, Alden, was an immigrant who wasn't wanted here by the old pure-blood Americans—the Indians—but the Alden family call themselves the old pure-blood Americans now and they sometimes forget they are the children of an immigrant. In the next seat behind George was Olaf Larson, and I knew his parents were proud to name their boy for Saint Olaf of Norway, even though this boy was born in America and might some day be president. Maggie O'Brien sat in the third seat and when I heard her name I knew that the priest at the church, with the gilt cross on its spire, was glad to christen her "Margaret," for Saint Margaret is one of Ireland's patron saints.

In the next row was a curly-headed boy called Tony Braggazi, whose father kept the fruit store at the corner. And near Tony was Otis Seibert, whose father and mother came from Germany, and next to Otis was Elizabeth Carson, who was taught at home to reverence the Union Jack next to the Stars and Stripes; and behind Elizabeth was Robert La Valle, who loved best of all the story of how Lafayette helped America to be free.

There are scores and scores of schoolrooms all over our great America with just such a mixed lot of names. But this is what made me glad. They all spoke good English and when they sang "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," I knew where all those young men came from whose names

we read, and tried to pronounce, as they left for camp or were killed or wounded in France during the World War.

But best of all were the words that came into my mind as I walked home: "I am the true Shepherd and I know my sheep and my lambs and I can call them all by name. And there are other sheep and lambs that do not belong to this fold. I will call them and they will hear my voice and little by little they will learn that there is one Shepherd and that they all belong to one big flock. Then all the world shall see and know that the Heavenly Father sent me to be their Shepherd and that they are all my sheep and my lambs."

49

WHO FLIES THE KITE?

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

Who flies the kite?

"I," said the boy, "as I run along, I fly the kite."

"I," said the wind, "I am great and strong, I fly the kite."

"I," said the tail, "I, without fail, I fly the kite."

"I," said the sticks, as all voices mixed, "I fly the kite."

"I," said the string, "though I am long and thin, I fly the kite."

Some fine day in March when you get your kite up high and it is going steady, take a minute to settle this argument between the boy, wind, tail, sticks and string. Which one do you say really did fly the kite? I think I can guess what you will say as you render your decision, like a Judge on the bench of a court.

You will say, "All of them were wrong, and all of them were right, for they all worked together to fly the kite. And if any one of them had failed, the kite would have come tumbling down in a heap of ruin and failure."

Now I have guessed correctly what your decision would be, then won't you sit on the Judge's bench again and decide another important case?

A famous musician was one time playing a wonderful and difficult selection on a large pipe organ. In the very midst of the performance, suddenly the organ began to wheeze and groan, and then it choked down as if it were dying. The musician was enraged and the audience astonished.

Opening a door, at the side of the great organ, they found that the boy who pumped the organ, to fill the bellows with air, had gone to sleep at his post and so the whole affair was a failure. Now this is what I want you to decide. If that musician had been able to finish his musical selection and the people had cheered and cheered, and afterward had

congratulated the musician and praised the great organ, who would really have deserved the honor and credit? Would it have been the musician or the organ or the boy? I can guess again what you will decide. I think you will say, "It was not the musician nor the organ nor the boy, but all of them working together."

Isn't that what you boys call "team work" in baseball or football? Do the fellows call you a good "team worker"? If you are, there is an important place for you in the business world and the church when you grow up. You don't think much of the pitcher who tries to win the game all by himself or the outfielder who fails to catch a "fly" that comes his way just because he is not down in the center of the diamond where all the folks in the grand stand can see him and cheer him. You like the fellow who plays his own part the very best he can and helps every other fellow to do his part and lets the credit come to the whole team. When Harvard beats Yale at football or Yale beats Harvard in their annual boat race, you will hear those who know the game saying, "It was good team work that won."

One of the first men who was killed for being a Christian preacher wrote a letter one day to a little church in the great, busy city of Corinth where this man had been pastor. Some of the people in that little church had been talking and acting as if the work they were doing was the really important work while the kind of service that some of the others were doing didn't amount to very much. So this wise old pastor told them in his letter that a church is like the human body. And this is about the way he told it. "The foot doesn't dare to say that because it isn't the hand it is not necessary to the body. And the ear can't say, 'If I can't be the eye, I won't be anything.'" Then their old pastor added in his letter, "Don't be foolish church members. The body does have many members, even as the church, but the body will tumble down in a heap of ruin and failure unless the hand, foot, ear, eye and all the other members work together in 'team work.'"

What a fine team captain Paul would have made! He knew the secret of success. Would you have made a good member of his "team," do you think?

50

LESSONS FROM A LEAD PENCIL

Rev. A. M. Reach

Text: "My heart is inditing a good matter; I speak of the things which I have made touching the king: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer." *Psalm* 45:1.

The pen and the pencil have been of incalculable value to the human race. By them the gains of the past have been recorded and handed down to us.

The lead pencil is a very common article, but an exceedingly useful one. The artist and the architect, the business man and the schoolboy, the doctor, and, in short, all classes and all people, use the lead pencil.

It is very close to human life in its everyday work and may teach us some worth-while lessons.

I. The value of a pencil depends most on the quality of the inner elements.

The thing that counts most in a lead pencil is the quality of the lead. If it is hard and crumbly or gritty, no matter how fine the outside is in the quality of wood or the color or varnish, it is not of much use. So it is with people. The body may be almost perfect in stature and physique, yet, if the soul or character is defective, that life will not count for much. King Saul was a fine-looking man, but he had a very defective soul. David was much less imposing in appearance, yet God chose him because he had a good, honest and humble heart. It was his inner life for which he was accepted.

II. The outside must be sacrificed before the pencil can be of any use.

Jesus said: "If any man would be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me." That is, deny himself. Just as the wood must be whittled away, so the selfishness and pride and all that is of self-will must get out of the way be-

fore we can be of any use and cast an influence which will count for Christ.

If the pencil could feel when the knife cuts away the wood, it would be hurt. But the cutting gives it a finer point. This is what trial and discipline do for us; they give us a clearer edge and point.

III. Many pencils are fitted with a rubber—to erase mistakes.

Mistakes are inevitable and provision must be made to correct them. That is the work of the rubber. This speaks of forgiveness. "There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." Yes; our nature is such that we make mistakes and fall into sin, but "he remembereth our frame; he knoweth that we are dust." He has made a complete plan by which "our sins, though they be scarlet, shall be as wool, though they be as crimson, they shall be as white as snow."

IV. The pencil is useless except in competent hands.

A human life is never in competent hands until it is placed in the Master's hand. "No one shall pluck them out of my hand." Paul, until he gave himself into the Master's hand, was a blasphemer and a murderer in heart. When he said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and became obedient to Christ, he became one of the greatest of men. The secret of Dwight L. Moody's life was just here. He put himself fully into the hands of God.

V. A pencil indicates great usefulness.

The new pencil looks the best and seems more desirable. But after all, the stub shows that much work has been done; and who can tell how important it may have been. The lesson is, to keep on in our work clear up to the end. There is more honor in an old age after hard work than in the life that has never soiled its hands in service.

VI. The latest pencil—an eversharp pencil.

The "eversharp" pencil reminds us of "everlasting life." Ordinary lead pencils wear out, are lost and finish their career. The "eversharp," as it is called, might last for a lifetime. These lives of ours, like the lead pencils, wear out and come to an end. But the Saviour came to tell us that

we "might have life and have it more abundantly." This is the everlasting life.

Unlike the pencil, which must be what it is, and cannot change itself, we may be what we desire to be so far as the life eternal and Christlike character are concerned. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

51

LESSONS FROM THE DANDELION

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "The wind passeth over it and it is gone." *Psalm* 103: 16.

Once upon a time, in a tiny green camp by the roadside, lived a soldier all alone. He had traveled a long way from a dark underground country, and meant to see something of the world. The first thing that he saw was a broad field, full of waving banners, and he thought what a beautiful place he had discovered and pitched his tent among the green grasses.

Soon the raindrop elves saw how tired and dusty he was from his journey, and they soothed him with their musical stories, and gave him a refreshing shower bath. Through the clouds came the sunbeam fairies, bringing him a beautiful uniform of green and gold, and a quiver of golden arrows. Then the soldier was very happy, and smiled out at passers-by, and cheered many a weary traveler with a glimpse of his sunny face. By and by Spring went away over the hilltops, the birds had finished their nesting, and the butterflies came to herald Summer. Then the soldier began to feel tired, and knew he was growing old. His gray uniform had faded, and the golden arrows had turned to silver, and the wind brownies shot them far away. So the soldier crept down among the grasses, and his green camp was left vacant. But everywhere his silvery arrows fell there blossomed bright, golden flowers, and the little children loved them, and called them dandelions.

Some of the Indians tell to their boys and girls this story about the Prairie Dandelion. In the Southland, the lazy old South Wind was resting on the ground. One day, as he looked across the prairie, he saw a beautiful girl with yellow hair. For days he saw the maiden, and every day he said, "To-morrow I will go and ask this beautiful girl to come and

live with me." But the South Wind was lazy, and put off going. One day he saw that the maiden's hair was white as snow. "Oh, the strong North Wind has put his crown on her head!" he sighed, for he thought that he had lost her. But it was not an Indian maiden he saw. It was the Prairie Dandelion, and she vanished one windy day.

Let us do the good things we intend to do now. Opportunity passes. Life is fleeting. Be good now. Do good now.

52

A LOOK AT THE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

You have seen Mr. Turtle or his cousin, Mr. Tortoise, walking about near some creek or pond carrying his house on his back. If you disturb him he will pull himself inside and close the doors and lock them on the inside. We think him a queer creature because he lives in his house all the time and carries it about with him. But we do the same thing. This house we live in is made of bones, muscles, nerves, and skin. The bones make the joists, the crossbeams and the rafters of the house we live in. The muscles make a great rope-and-tackle outfit that enables us to carry our house around with us and to work and play. But the muscles would never know when to act if each one did not have a telegraph wire attached to it. The telegraph wires we call nerves and they carry messages as quick as lightning. If you touch something very hot, the nerves in your fingertips flash a message to "central"—your brain—and instantly the muscles in your arm are notified to take your finger off the burning object, and it is done. Sometime you cut your finger. The "wrecking crew" is notified immediately.

Truly, this is a wonderful house God has given us to live in, to carry around, and to do our work for us! Let's not forget that the body is only the house we live in. One second after a person moves out of his "earthly house," the eyes can't see because it really isn't the eyes that see. They are just the lenses through which the person looked. The ears can no longer hear because it really isn't the ear that hears. The ears are the speaking tubes by which the person living inside may hear. The ear-telephones God has put in your flesh-and-bone house are more wonderful than the Bell telephone in your wooden house. A telephone is no good except

when some one is at each end of the line. So your ear would be no good if there wasn't a person living inside this flesh-house to hear the message.

If I should try, it would take a long time to tell all the wonders of this house we live in. It has a heating plant to keep it warm. It has a system of canals to carry food, done up in red packages, around to the hungry muscles. It has a sugar factory, where starch is changed to sugar. It makes its own oil to keep the hair alive and the skin soft. It has a drainage and sewer system. It makes its own medicine. It does its own repairing, if we give it good food, water and air for material. When you mash your finger-nail, it slowly pushes the old nail off and puts a brand new one on. It has hands that can be trained to do wonders with a needle, saw, hammer, knife, brush, shovel, fork and pen.

Such a wonderful, complicated house, so well equipped, was planned by our Heavenly Father. Just as you can learn how skillful a man is by looking at some piece of work he has done, so you can learn somewhat of our Heavenly Father's wisdom and power and loving forethought by studying the marvelous house you live in. Many, many years ago David said: "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are Thy works." We could and should tell our Heavenly Father the same thing.

53

THE CHILDREN'S TEN SERVANTS

Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D.

Text: "Servants born in my house." *Ecclesiastes 2:7.*

On my way to church I passed a house in which a child lives alone. He has ten servants to wait upon him, all born in his house. His father is a king, and he sent his son here to be educated as a prince. No one has seen the child, and all messages are sent from and to him by means of the servants. Two of the servants show him all the things that he wants to see. Two other servants listen for him and repeat the messages and music that he desires to hear. He has two servants who carry him wherever he wants to go. Two are busy doing his work. One is a specially bright servant, a real genius, who praises him when he does right and has authority from his father to scold him when he does wrong. As I passed the house, the child told one of the servants to say good-morning, and another one came out and shook hands with me.

You are the child. Your Father in Heaven sent you to this country to be educated as a prince or princess. Your body is the house, and you, who came into the house through the door of birth, and will some day go out of it through the door of death, have never been seen by human eyes. Your ten servants conceal you, reveal you and stand for you. Your body is the home that God wants you to occupy and beautify. A fable tells us of spirits from the other world coming here to find a body. One took the body of a king and did his work. Another took the body of a poet and did his work. After a while one came and said:

"Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me."

He was told that the best one was left for him—the body

of a common man, doing a common work for all in need of his help. Train your ten servants to serve and honor you, as a prince or princess. You are the child of a king.

I. Two servants, your eyes, are looking for things worthy of a king's child. "Mr. Titbottom's spectacles" were supposed to enable the owner to see people in their real character. A well-dressed man was seen as a dollar. One man was seen as a ledger and another as a pack of cards. A society lady was seen as a fashion plate, and a housekeeper as a broomstick. One person was seen to be good and another bad. Children like or dislike people because the child of the king sees them as they are. Do not cloud these servants with sin.

II. The two servants, your ears, must be carefully trained. Sometimes the ear becomes deaf to everything that is good, and hears only what is bad. With such servants no one can remain the child of a king.

III. Your two servants, your feet, are very useful if well trained. Always send them on an errand when you pray. In a home for destitute children there were twenty cases of diphtheria. One of the managers went to her room to pray for help. Another said: "A little foot power will be needed." Then she set about doing something for the children. When you pray, send your feet to bring back an answer to your prayer.

IV. The hands are two of your most useful servants. The child of the king can use them to bless and beautify the world. A German legend says that when the full moon casts a silver bridge across the Rhine, the spirit of Charlemagne comes forth, and, standing midway on the bridge, lifts its hands and pronounces a blessing on the homes and fields and rivers of the Fatherland. Stretch forth your hands and bless your native land.

V. Probably the servant needing most your special care is the tongue. It is an unruly member. "Therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men." He is the one servant kept in a room by himself and guarded by two doors, the folding doors of teeth and lips.

VI. The tenth servant is the brightest and most useful. He is in the throne room, and is a servant so long as we obey, but becomes a master when we disobey. The servant who praises the child when he does right and blames him when he does wrong is conscience. When this servant leaves you, or falls asleep, you are no longer the child of the king.

The child that I passed this morning lives in a magic house. Every time that he forgets others and gratifies himself, the house shrinks and selfishness brings the walls closer and closer until his life is in danger of being crushed out. Every time that he does some good deed for others, and acts as the child of the king, the house grows larger and grander. Some day it will become the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

54

FAITHFULNESS

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "Be thou faithful unto death." *Revelation* 2: 10.

This is a command that lasts a long time, "unto death," especially when you are young, because death is a very long way off—is that what you are saying? We are none of us sure how far away death is, and even if it is a long way off, then your faithfulness to God and duty should be long also, even unto death.

You are to be faithful in everything all through life. The word that you should never forget is Faithfulness. The men and women who make a success of business are the men and women who are faithful. And then in our text we read that the people who receive a crown of life are those who are faithful. When we are faithful to God and faithful to duty and faithful in all our attempts to carry out our best purposes, then we are making a success of life.

Gerhardt, a German shepherd lad, was tending his master's flock in a valley near the edge of a forest, when a hunter came through the woods and asked him, "How far is it to the nearest village?" "Six miles, sir," said the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track." The hunter looked at the narrow, crooked track and then said, "Will you leave your sheep and show me the road? I am hungry and tired and thirsty. I have lost my guide and missed my way. I will pay you well for your trouble." The boy replied, "I cannot leave my sheep, sir; they would stray into the forest and be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers." "Well, what of that?" replied the hunter, "they are not your sheep, and your master would not miss one or two even if the wolves or robbers did happen to get them. I'll give you more money than you ever earned in a year if you will show me the way."

"I cannot," replied Gerhardt firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time to you, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be just the same as if I stole them." "Well," said the hunter, "will you let me look after your sheep while you go to the village and get me some food and drink and a guide? I will take good care of them while you are away." The boy shook his head. "The sheep do not know your voice, and," he said slowly, "you tried to make me false to my trust and wanted me to break my duty with my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?" The hunter only laughed, but he knew, after all, that the boy was right. Then, turning to the boy, he said, "I can see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will never forget you. Show me the way and I will try and follow it myself."

Gerhardt opened his dinner pail and offered the humble contents to the hungry man, who ate them gladly, coarse as they were. A' few days afterward Gerhardt heard that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country as far as he could see. The duke was so pleased with the boy's faithfulness that he sent for him shortly after, gave him a nice home, sent him to college, and in a very few years Gerhardt became a wealthy man and a trustworthy and influential citizen.

Faithfulness is a beautiful thing to possess. The grand duke remembered and rewarded the boy's faithfulness. God always remembers and rewards faithfulness. When you think of this it will help you to be faithful, even in the midst of difficulties, and when things are hard you cannot help but succeed if you are faithful. Set the text before you always and try to live up to it and you will receive a "crown of life."

55

GOD SEES

Rev. Frederick T. Bastel, D.D.

Text: "Thou God seest me." *Genesis* 16:13.

One of the most difficult things for any boy or girl to realize is the fact that God can see us, no matter where we are, and hear our conversation and even read our thoughts. I want to tell you a story that beautifully illustrates the words of my text.

Once a bunch of boys, walking along a country road, chanced upon a deserted farm. The windows of the house were broken, the yard overgrown with weeds, and the gate was hanging on one hinge. There was no sign of life anywhere. On one side of the house was a large tree, laden with apples. Oh, my! what a temptation the boys had! One of them suggested that they fill their pockets with apples. Others, however, expressed their fear that some one might chance to pass that way and see them. Finally one of them hit upon the idea that they visit the orchard at nine o'clock that evening.

They did so. One boy climbed the tree and shook down the apples, while the others gathered them in little bags they had brought with them. All of a sudden a man appeared on horseback, and, jumping off at the gate, made for the apple tree. This he did so quickly that the boys did not know of his presence until he stood before them.

Now, how did that man know about these boys? Did he overhear their conversation? No. Did he see them enter the farm? No. Did he happen to pass that way at the time? No. Well, you might be guessing till midnight without success, so I will tell you. Seven miles away an astronomer, sweeping the heavens with his telescope, saw what was going on under that apple tree. He thereupon telephoned the news

to the owner of the farm, whom he knew well, and he, mounting a horse, galloped to the scene a mile and a half away.

Now, there are two things I want you to remember:

I. How terrible the words of my text are when boys and girls do wrong. If an astronomer, by the aid of his telescope, could see those boys seven miles away, surely God can see us anywhere. Let us, therefore, never do evil, for "thou God seest me!"

II. What comfort and joy these words must be to those who try to do good. Has any one of you, Boy Scouts, ever led a blind man safely across a busy street? Remember, God has seen the good deed and he will never forget it. Have you, girls, ever tried to be helpful to your mothers, or done a kindly deed that nobody took any notice of? Remember the words: "Thou God seest me," and will surely reward you some day. Has any one of you been kind in word or deed to some one who did not appreciate your kindness of heart, and gave you a scowl in return? There is one, at least, who did appreciate it, and he said: "Whatsoever ye have done to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Let the words of my text be ever present in your minds, and they will keep you from doing wrong and help you to do right. Surely, "thou God seest me!"

56

LOST CHILDREN

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "Until he find it." *Luke* 15:4.

A large number of children are lost in New York every year. The largest number ever sheltered at police headquarters in one year was in 1892, the year of the Columbian celebration, when over 5,000 children were lost. More children are lost in summer than winter. During the time of the Italian feast of St. Rocco, celebrated in June, many children of Italian parents were lost. The star day of all the year is said to be the first opening of the public schools after the summer vacation. Many little ones go to school for the first time, and are too small to find their way home. They wander aimlessly about, sometimes covering most surprising distances and finally, tired out and discouraged, they begin to cry. Here some officer takes a hand, and the child is brought to the central office.

So, indeed, it is with God's children. They wander about aimlessly for a few years, some many years. Sin burdened and discouraged, they sink down by the wayside with bitter weeping. Here they find a hand that has been secretly following them stretched out to help. They never realized before that help in time of need was so near at hand. Many travel the way of life and reach almost the end before they discover that God is so near.

Let us all, young friends, accept God as our guide. Let no one put off the day. Put your hands in his now. Lost children! Are these not awfully sad words? Saved! Saved! We all may be saved to-day.

57

THE MAN WITH THE OIL CAN

Rev. William Harrison, D.D.

What a commonplace look the ordinary little oil can has! Nothing wonderful, imposing or attractive in its appearance. A little can of oil, in its dull gray dress, standing in its own little corner, where hands can be readily laid upon it when it is needed. And yet what fine things the tiny can can do when the hour for its use arrives. The great engine draws up to the station after its run of fifty or a hundred or more miles and one of the first things we notice is the engineer stepping down on the foot-board with the oil can in his hand. He goes here and there, where there is danger of heat and friction, pouring in the tiny stream of oil with the confident air that it will do a most important work and save friction and perhaps breakdown, and it may be disaster, of the great palpitating steed he is driving on the road of iron and of steel. What a kindly and splendid mission this apparently insignificant object has in the mechanical world and wherever wheels and pistons and cylinders do their work!

How heat, friction, disappear when this little commonplace agent gets in its kindly work, and without noise all manner of accidents and losses are prevented. But this is not all that the small object can do or suggest, for we are in a world where there is much heat and exasperation and thousands of things going wrong in the home, in the church and in the nations because of anger and passion which have not been smoothed out and subdued. The irritation, the friction from high-strung and excitable persons and situations have been the cause of many of the ruinous and painful disasters which have made such havoc in the home, society, the church and the nation. There are, however, those in every community who, like the engineer with his oil can, are constantly at

their noble work endeavoring to cool the dangerous passions with their oil of kindness, patience, good judgment and fine consideration and charity. How much splendid work has been accomplished by these oil bearers will never be fully known. The kind, soft voice and equally kind and healing words in times of dangerous excitement and irritation have prevented all manner of destructive consequences of which no records have been made. In times of bitter trial, of perplexity, in crushing burdens or sorrow, in hours of heart-breaking calamity, what an opportunity for healing and soothing work opens up before all who would desire to help the suffering all around them! There were never so many on this mission with their oil of sympathy and kindly feeling and Christian good cheer as at the present time. The jars of costly and precious healing ointment are being emptied with a devotion which is splendid indeed. What this means in sick rooms, in hospitals, on the battlefields and to the crushed and hurt everywhere would make one of the finest pages in the history of the world. We all cannot be great, but all can be good and bearers of the little oil can, which has a mission that angels might covet.

58

QUICK OBEDIENCE

O. W. P.

A voice is useful only as it is obeyed. Take the voice of the alarm clock: it may be the making of a boy or a girl or it may be the most useless thing in the home. I once knew a boy who found it terribly hard to get up in time for school, so his mother gave him an alarm clock for his room. The first morning it sounded bright and early and Frank was up with a bound and off to school with time to spare. The next morning the room was cold and the bed was warm. He decided to lie a few minutes after he heard the alarm. He was almost late for school that morning. The third morning he shut off the alarm, went to sleep again, and was late for school. Then his mother took the clock back to the store and changed it for one of the big, intermittent kind. It worked well for a couple of weeks, but Frank was soon able to sleep right through its pounding. Finally his mother brought a big dish-pan to his room and put it over the clock. That combination made a terrible noise, but in a few weeks even that wouldn't get Frank out of bed. To-day it takes almost a brass band to get him up, and his failure to obey the voice of the alarm clock has cost him some good positions.

The voice of the alarm clock, however, is not the only one which you must obey promptly. There is the voice of mother who commands you because she loves you. There is the voice of father who knows what is best for you. There is the voice of your teacher who is developing your mind and your character. There is the voice of conscience telling you what is right and what is wrong. Best of all there is the voice of Jesus.

In Acts 26: 19 a man named Paul tells us what he did when he heard the voice of Jesus. He had been obeying the

voices which he had heard, but now the voice of Jesus came to him louder and clearer than any which he had ever heard. "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," he says. Paul was just that kind of a man. He was ready to obey as quickly as any soldier could obey his captain's commands. If he had not obeyed, the world would be much poorer to-day. Because he quickly obeyed, the way has been made easier for thousands of others.

The voice of Jesus is the most important voice that you will ever hear. That's the reason we want boys and girls in Sunday school and church. It is there that you can hear Jesus speaking most plainly. And the way in which you obey his voice will in the long run tell what kind of men and women you will become. The most useful people in the world to-day are the ones who can say with Paul, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

59

THE BEST ERRAND BOY

Rev. S. Edward Young, D.D.

Here is the best errand boy. Do you know, he is never out of sorts. Never says he is tired. Never whines, "Why can't somebody else do it?" Never talks back. Almost never loses what I give him. Always goes as fast as anybody could. Always costs less than any other. Why, he will go from here to San Francisco, and then over two thousand miles to Honolulu, and there he will deliver what I have handed him, and I pay him less than the price of a good lead pencil—not so much as it costs to ride one block on a street car. This errand boy will go for me clear into Africa and get on a camel and ride as far as the camel goes, and then get on the back of a man so black that a piece of charcoal would nearly make a white mark on him, and keep on going till he places in a missionary's hands what I send.

How does this errand boy do this? Well, he works with lots of other errand boys, all of them following the best rules and each doing his part just right and every one helping each other all he can. When I give this errand boy anything he goes into a green box and then into a kind of a sack and with a whole lot of other errand boys is tumbled onto a table and then tossed into a sack and then hauled in a truck and then whizzed along on a train; and if I want him to go to a little town along the railroad he is pitched off in a sack as the train rushes on; but if he is going to Honolulu or Africa, he stays on the train and at the ocean takes the first steamer.

Some people like to have homes for these little errand boys from all countries. There they are in the home, which is usually a kind of book. They have come from many far-away places and have some strange faces. Some of their faces look like King George's, some like King Emmanuel's,

some like King Albert's. This errand boy's face looks like George Washington's. Now you know that the name of this errand boy is Postage Stamp. I do not know whether the name of this one is Johnny or Billy; but I rather think it is Sammy. Now you know that the way to get the most wonderful things done is to work with other boys and girls who try to do good things and to follow the best rules and to do each your best. Which are the very best errands? God's errands—the things he wants done. What was it Jesus said when he was a little boy? "I must be about my Father's business." So should we.

Which are the best rules? God's rules, written in his Book. Let us learn them better every day. Which part should we do? Just the part that belongs to you; just taking God's message where you can. Splendid! Each of you God's errand boy or girl, going with his message, working with others who do the same.

60

WORKING WITH A PATTERN

Rev. Frederick W. Raymond

Text: "See that thou make all things according to the pattern that was shewed thee." *Hebrews* 8: 5.

Things do not just happen! Before we can have clothes to wear, tools to use, books to read, or houses to live in, somebody must imagine the thing that is to be; somebody else, perhaps, must make a pattern of it; then other workmen follow the pattern and make the thing as nearly like it as they can. What is true of things is true of people. The good and great men and women, whom you know or whom you have read about, did not just happen. They dreamed dreams; they took a pattern of what they wanted to be and to do; then they grew to be like that pattern.

Some time ago I visited a great factory where a great many hundred workmen are busy making all sorts of scales and weighing machines, from the very delicate one that will tell you the weight of a pencil mark on a piece of paper to the great one that will weigh a loaded freight car or a locomotive. In that factory I got a sermon that I would like to pass on to boys and girls everywhere. A strange place to get a sermon, but ministers seldom have a chance to hear a sermon in a church, so they must listen for them in all sorts of places.

First we went into a great building where there were nothing but patterns, more than thirteen thousand of them, made of wood and of metal, in all kinds of shapes and sizes. There I got my text, you see! As we went on from one building to another the sermon was growing.

Before any of these patterns were made somebody had to see in his mind what was wanted. A man in China, let us say, wanted to weigh goods in pounds and by his own Chinese

system at the same time. So somebody must think out just how it should be done and what sort of machine would be needed. A draftsman must draw very accurately on paper a pattern of the machine just as it should be when finished. Following carefully the directions on the paper pattern, a pattern-maker must make a pattern in wood. This pattern must be perfect, for you cannot have a perfect casting or a perfect machine without a perfect pattern.

There is a surprising thing about this pattern. For, though it must be perfect in form and finish, it must be slightly larger than the part of the machine that is wanted, to allow for the contraction of the metal when it cools and hardens.

After you have the perfect pattern, then the work of making the machines has begun. With the pattern a very careful, skilled workman must make a perfect sand mold. Meanwhile all sorts of material—old stoves, car wheels, scrap iron, pig iron and coke—must be melted together in the hottest of fires and the white-hot liquid must be poured carefully into the sand mold and allowed to cool. After some hours the mold is taken off, the sand is knocked away, and, last of all, comes the process of finishing—smoothing, polishing, painting—until the parts are ready to be assembled in the completed machine. When I saw the finished machines, all prettily polished and decorated, it was hard to believe they were just the result of the processes I had been seeing.

All the time I had been seeing these things in the factory I had been saying to myself what you have just been thinking —"This is so very much like life."

What a strange lot of things and experiences go into the making of what we call a life, and what unsatisfactory things people make of life when they have got hold of the wrong pattern or have tried to live without any pattern at all. We all need a pattern, and a good one. Even now you have probably chosen one. It may be your father or mother; it may be an Indian chief or a great athlete; it may be some famous hero of whom you have heard or read. It's a fine thing to have a hero and to grow like him. But there will come a time, if it hasn't yet, when no human being will seem

quite great enough or good enough to be the pattern for your life. Then you will want the perfect pattern, and you will want it a little larger than you can expect to become in this world. You will want the perfect pattern God has provided in Jesus. It is never too soon to begin following the right pattern. Why not choose now the best pattern you know and try to make your life in all things like that pattern? You will find in it all the best things you see in all your heroes. God will help you to grow, as boy and as man, into his likeness.

61

THE MYSTERIOUS RING

Rev. T. W. Rainey

Text: "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him?" *Jeremiah* 23:24.

All of you, I am sure, have seen rings, and perhaps some of you have one upon your hand now. If you study their history you will learn that they have been used in every age and country, and for a great many purposes. Kings used to wear signet rings and on the gem with which they were set they had engraved some character or device which no one else was permitted to use, with which they sealed their letters and decrees. We are told in Genesis that when Pharaoh took Joseph out of prison and made him the second ruler of the kingdom, he drew his ring from his finger and put it on Joseph's hand that every one might know that he must be obeyed and honored. Rings have been used to cure disease, to ward off evil spirits, and to poison those who were marked for assassination. Hannibal, the famous Carthaginian general, committed suicide by slipping a poison ring on his finger which he carried with him when he invaded Italy. There are rings of gold, and silver, and platinum, and brass, copper and iron. There are rings set with diamonds, or rubies, or pearls. Some are worth ten cents and some are worth ten thousand dollars. But the ring I wish to tell you about would be worth to some men many millions of dollars, and would be sought for and fought for if it were known to exist to-day. No doubt, as has been the case with some noted jewels, a good many crimes would be committed by men who wished to have it.

There lived once upon a time, many centuries ago, a shepherd named Gyges. He kept his flock with other shepherds in the mountains of Lydia, and was a servant of the king

of that country. It seems that once a year all the shepherds came together and chose one of their number to go as a messenger to the king to bear the report of their work, and of the state of his flocks which were scattered through the mountains feeding in the green valleys.

One day not long before this meeting, Gyges was walking along the edge of a deep crevice in the rock which had been opened by an earthquake, and out of curiosity he determined to climb down into it to look about. He made his way carefully to the bottom, and when his eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the darkness he saw something glittering at his feet. He stooped down and picked it up, and found it to be a curious and very beautiful ring. Slipping it on his finger he made his way out and returned to his flock. When the shepherds were called together at the appointed time, Gyges met with them, and sat down in the circle listening to what was said, and twirling his ring on his finger. Suddenly he discovered a startling thing. When he turned the set inward he became invisible, and when he turned it out again he was visible as before. The others soon noticed this too, and were greatly astonished and frightened. But Gyges was filled with delight, and persuaded his companions to make him their messenger. This they did, and he started off on his journey. Arriving at length at the king's palace, Gyges made his report. But instead of going back to his work he made himself invisible, managed to reach the queen, and winning her affections away from her husband, he plotted with her to kill the king and seize the crown for himself. This he did, and being able to protect himself from the consequences of his evil deeds by becoming invisible at will, he committed many crimes, plunged into a life of vice, and became a terror to all just men.

Now, children, suppose you had a ring like that? What would you do? Suppose no matter what you did no one could see you, no one could punish you? Would you be selfish, and impure, and cruel, and vicious just because you couldn't be found out? Or would you be true, and good, and always do right because it is pleasing to God and com-

manded by your own conscience? Should we do right only because we are afraid of being caught and punished?

But suppose we had such a mysterious ring, and could do anything without fear of being seen by any human eye. Is there no other eye that sees us? What about God? Did the ring of Gyges which kept him from being detected by those who were about him, and saved him from the wrath of men, cover him from the sight of that one who in heaven beholds the ways of men? God says, "I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them." "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him?" We may be able to cover up our sins from our father and mother, from our sister or brother, from our schoolmates, and the policeman, though that would be very hard to do without Gyges' ring. But we are all "naked and open" to the eyes of God. We should fear to do wrong because it grieves our Father in heaven, whose eye is upon us not to frighten and awe us, but to guide us in the path of righteousness for his name's sake.

62

"TOO BUSY"

Rev. A. J. Traver

Text: "The first said, I have bought a field and I must needs go and see it; I pray thee have me excused." *Luke* 14: 18.

Young ladies and gentlemen, our text is taken from one of Jesus' best stories. You like good stories and good story-tellers, don't you? There is nothing better than a story from father or mother. How I used to like to draw up my little stool close to mother's feet, and how I used to fairly hold my breath for fear I would miss one word! Now, fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers like stories, too. If father is a good story-teller, folks like to stop him on the street and invite him out to dinner to hear him talk. So it was with Jesus. He was the greatest story-teller that ever lived. Even people who did not like him very well invited him to their homes just to hear him talk. It was while Jesus was at dinner with a rich man he told the story of A Certain Man. A Certain Man, he said, planned a big supper. He thought he would surprise his friends and did not invite them till the tables were all ready. Then he sent his servant to invite them to the feast. You and I would like to be surprised in that way. But this man's friends all began to make up excuses. What do you suppose one said? "Thank your master very much for the invitation. I'd like to go real well. But you see I am so busy. I just bought a field and I have to go out and see it. I'm real sorry, but you see I'm too busy to go." Well, when the servant came back and told his master it made him angry and he said to himself, "I guess that fellow wouldn't have been too busy if he had wanted to come." Then word came from all the rest that they were too busy to come, so he sent out and brought in all the poor folks, and they—how they did enjoy the feast! And I just think that

all those friends were pretty sorry when they heard what a grand dinner had been waiting for them.

This reminds me of a story that comes from the East. Many, many years ago three Wise Men came to a little Russian village. They traveled by night, for they followed a star. They told of a wonderful child who was to be born somewhere in Judea. Their star, they said, would lead them to the very house where this Baby King lay. They were tired and hungry and asked for a place to spend the day. No one offered them shelter, so they started on their way, but in the edge of the village a poor woman named Babouschka, who had heard their plea, stopped them and offered them a place in her little home. After they had eaten and slept she asked them many questions. They told her of the wonderful child they were going to worship and asked her if she would not like to go with them after the star. She was glad and happy in the thought of seeing the little Christ-child, but she remembered her house and then she was sad. It was not swept and dusted and the kitchen was all out of order. It was only an hour till the sun would set and the Wise Men would have to go on their way. They told her to clean up a little and then get herself ready and go out and wait by the gate. They had to go back to the town and buy some things at the stores and they would be coming back in an hour. So they left her and she went merrily at work, cleaning, dusting and washing up. No sooner was one thing made clean and shiny than everything around it looked dull and dusty. Time flew faster than her broom and dustcloth. At last she had her house in order, and putting on her things she made a little bundle of food and clothing and went to the door. The sun had set. The Wise Men had gone. Oh, how she cried! Back into the house she ran, and shaking her fists at the walls she sobbed, "House, I hate you! I was your slave and didn't know it! You made me busy, busy every day, cleaning and scrubbing, till now you have made me too busy to go with the good men who were going to take me to the King." Her neighbors thought she was crazy. She went to the rich man of the town and sold her house

and everything she had, and bought a camel and a lot of pretty things that babies like. Then she rode off after the Wise Men. But she never caught up with them, so to this day she has been riding up and down through the East looking into every cradle and giving pretty gifts to every baby in the hope that among them all she would one day find the dear little Christ-child. And, instead of Santa Claus, little Russians expect Babouschka to bring them gifts on Christmas. But poor Babouschka never found the baby Jesus.

Too busy was the man in Jesus' story, and he missed the feast; too busy was Babouschka, and she never saw the Christ-child. So busy are we, playing, working at lessons, so busy at this and that all day long! Too busy to study our Sunday School lesson, too busy to learn Bible verses, too busy to go to mission band, too busy to say a nice word to the new little girl or boy who has just come to our school, too busy to help mother, too busy to run errands for father, too busy to try to be the kind of girl and the kind of boy that makes the heart of Jesus proud. Oh, dear ones, let us promise Jesus never, never, never to say, "I'm too busy to accept your invitation."

63

MAKE-BELIEVE DIAMONDS

Rev. John F. Troupe

The other day as I was passing down Eighth street, I was attracted to a store window by the headlines of a large sign which read, "One Hundred Dollars Reward." Upon reading further, I learned that the sign was a "make-believe" diamond advertisement. The window was filled with "make-believe" diamonds. In the center of the window was a genuine diamond, directly above which was the large sign, "One Hundred Dollars Reward will be given to any one who is able to tell any difference between this genuine diamond and the rest of the stones in this window."

The point was this, boys and girls. These "make-believe" diamonds could be bought for twenty-five cents each, which is, of course, far too low a price for which to buy a genuine diamond. But these "make-believe" diamonds looked so much like a genuine diamond, that after people had bought them they could wear them and make their friends believe that they were good stones for which they had paid large prices. There was one way, however, by which I could have picked out the good diamond from all the rest of the stones. Do you know how I could have done it? No! Well, then I will tell you. If I had taken the genuine diamond and a "make-believe" diamond into a very dark room, and laid them both in the palm of my hand, and then turned on the light of an arc lamp, the real diamond would have sparkled with even more brilliancy than before. But the other stone would have appeared to be just what it really was, namely, a piece of glass with a little shiny paste smeared on the back of it, and not a real diamond at all. The strong light showed the difference.

So it is with our lives. If we pretend to be what we truly

are not, the arc lamp of time will sooner or later reveal our real selves. If a boy or a girl makes mamma believe he or she is reading the Bible and saying a prayer every night before going to bed, and is not doing so, it will soon tell in his or her daily life. He will first be unkind to sister or brother, then he will begin to quarrel with playmates, and so it will continue to go until it will soon be discovered that that boy or girl is not doing what mamma is made to believe.

A number of very wicked men came into a Rescue Mission in Philadelphia one very cold winter night, to keep from freezing to death. Before they were given beds for the night they were all asked how they had gotten into that low-down condition. Quite a number of different answers were given, but they all agreed in this one particular, namely, that every man started on the downward path by making those about him believe he was living a life which he really was not. Some of them, when they were boys, found it too troublesome to read their Bibles every day, but allowed their mothers to believe they were reading them. On account of neglecting this very important thing they forgot what God requires good people to do, so they gradually drifted into sin. Others had been church members at one time in their lives, but they made people believe they were living clean, pure lives when they were not, so they were found out and good people would not associate with them any more. On this very cold winter night, as they stood up before the superintendent of the Rescue Mission, their ragged clothes and hard faces distinguished them as much from good people as the "make-believe" diamond could be distinguished from the genuine diamond under the light of the arc lamp.

Remember, boys and girls, if we try to make others believe we are living good lives and really are not, we will some time be found out.

64

RUNNING AFTER THE ARROWS

Rev. Frank N. Merriam

Text: "And Jonathan's boy gathered up the arrows." 1 *Samuel* 20:38.

I. This boy had his work and he did it well. It was only running after the arrows, but he ran swiftly and as soon as he found the arrows brought them back to his master. Whether the arrow was shot at a tree just for practise or at a partridge or a deer for game, the boy was ready to do his part and, of course, he was glad to serve his master Jonathan, the son of King Saul. The boy had his work to do and he did it well.

II. But the boy did better than he knew. One day he went out with Jonathan as usual, not knowing a secret plan which Jonathan had made with his friend David. David was in great danger. He knew that the king had been angry with him and that he was not to blame. He told Jonathan that he thought his life was in danger and that he would have to run away.

So, Jonathan, like the true friend he was, proposed a secret plan. David was to hide behind a certain rock in the field at a certain time, and Jonathan, having found out how his father, the king, felt, would come out that way, as if he were going hunting with his bow and arrows. "I will shoot three arrows," said Jonathan, "as though I shot at a mark. And I will send the boy, saying, 'Go, find the arrows.' If I say unto the boy, 'See, the arrows are on this side of you,' then come back home. But if I say to the boy, 'See, the arrows are beyond thee,' then go, run for your life."

So when the day came, David hid himself in the field and Jonathan went out hunting with his attendant. And when he came within calling distance of the rock where David was,

he said to the boy, "Run, find now the arrows which I shoot." And as the boy ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. David could not see, but he listened breathlessly, and pretty soon he heard Jonathan's clear, strong voice, "Is not the arrow beyond thee?" And then Jonathan called again, "Hurry up, be quick," and when the boy came, Jonathan sent him with the bow and arrows back into the city. Then Jonathan and David had a good talk together before their long separation.

"But the boy knew not anything; only Jonathan and David knew." It is always so. The boy did better than he knew, and we all never can tell how much good we do by simply doing our duty.

One evening, coming out of a church in a strange city, I wanted to hurry to the depot but hesitated, not knowing the right way. A Boy Scout stepped up and offered to go with me. I expressed surprise as well as pleasure, but he said, "This is my business." Yes, only his "business," but he didn't know how much he helped me. "Only Jonathan and David knew"; it is always so. And, of course, God knew. We always do better than we ourselves know, when we do our duty.

65

THE STORY OF A JITNEY DRIVER

Rev. George E. Bevans

The other day while I was riding in a trolley car a jitney driver entered and took the seat next to me. I had met him once before, and in our conversation he told me a story which contains a message I want to bring to you boys and girls this morning.

He said that in a large city where he drives his car, there is a splendid avenue which tempts almost unconsciously every automobile driver to quicken the speed, so that some of the cars seem to go like the wind. Now for the safety of the people who cross that avenue, the law requires that the automobiles shall not exceed a speed limit of twenty miles an hour, and to see that the law is properly enforced an automobile policeman, dressed in citizen's clothes, is kept on duty riding up and down the road.

And how do you think the jitney driver said the policeman used to catch the law-breakers? He said that he rode in a small Ford car, and when the speeding automobiles, the touring cars and the racers would find this wide, open avenue ahead of them and only a Ford car in sight, they would have a sort of contempt for the Ford machine and put on full speed to make quick time, knowing that they could easily get away from such a car.

But here is where the jitney driver laughed when he told me how the policeman fools them, for he said, "Do you know that Ford car holds a Packard engine in it and can go sixty-five miles an hour whenever necessary, so you can imagine the surprise of the speeding automobiles to find the Ford overtaking them and that they are under arrest for breaking the law."

I wonder if you can think of a good text for the jitney

driver's story? Let me suggest one to you and let us always remember it. The words are those of the Apostle Paul, "I can do all things through him who strengtheneth me." Paul meant that to have the mind that was in Christ and to have the spirit of Christ to rule in his life, he was made a better and nobler man, just as the Ford car made a different automobile by having in it a Packard engine.

I want to be changed by Jesus Christ as Paul was changed, don't you? And just to think that Christ can take your life and mine as he did Paul's and help us to overcome all that is little, or weak, or bad! That means if a boy has an ugly temper, gets angry quickly, says unkind words, is disobedient to parents and teachers, or tells an untruth, when such a boy asks Jesus Christ to become his friend and to help him to overcome all of his faults and littlenesses, well, a wonderful change takes place and that boy grows every day more manly in character, noble and strong, with his friends admiring him and speaking well of him.

Let us never forget that the secret of such a character lies in the engine which drives the life. We will not forget the Ford car with the Packard engine, and we should always remember that "we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us."

66

NATURE VOICING GOD'S LOVE

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." *Psalm* 19: 1, 2.

Children, how do you listen to the voices of nature? The heavens declare the glory of God. The firmament sheweth his handiwork. The things that God has made tell of his wisdom and power and love. How do you look at the wonderful and beautiful things God has made? How do you listen to the voices of nature?

I have read of a little girl. Her name was Gloria. Is not that a beautiful name? One morning little Gloria, three years old, stood on the back porch listening to the birds singing in the branches of the pretty evergreen trees. For some time she listened very quietly, then she turned and said, "Mamma, the birdies are talking to me."

"Are they?" said Mamma. "What are they saying?"

Then she smiled sweetly and showed her pretty dimples as she answered, "Why, they are saying, 'Gloria, I love you.' "

Children, it is good to look on the bright side of life. Try to think that the trees are waving their hands to you, that the flowers are nodding and smiling at you, and that the birdies are always saying something pleasant, and it will help you to be happy. And, remember, too, that God made all these things for your use and pleasure, and it will deepen in your hearts every day the consciousness that God is love and that he loves you. That will help you to love him and serve him, because you love him.

67

HOW THE CEDAR GROWS

(Object Sermon)

Rev. J. Ramsey Swain

Text: "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." *Psalm* 92: 12.

(Objects: A cedar branch and a colored photograph of the cedars of Lebanon.)

I hold in my hand a branch of a cedar of Lebanon; I brought it with me to America from my summer camping place in the Holy Land. Near one end of it is a large cone, as fragrant as a flower and something like what you have seen on the branches of our pine trees. Of course, you have all heard of the imaginary witch that rides through the sky on a broom. So I wish each one of you to get on this branch to-day and go back in an imaginary way with me from our church to the most famous woodland-temple in the world, a grove of very ancient cedar trees growing at the foot of Jebel-el-Arz, the Cedar Mountain of Syria.

We are now there, and this photograph will acquaint us with our surroundings. We cannot all see every detail of our picture, but we can all see enough for us to recognize, here in the green color, a clump of giant trees, about four hundred in number, and in the purple and white colors above, a high mountain, with here and there great patches of snow upon its sides and summit. The trees, as you have guessed already, are the cedars of Lebanon, probably the most noble trees in all the world—trees which the Bible calls "the trees of the Lord," a tree which in Jotham's parable is called "the king of trees."

Now there are forty-nine texts in the Bible which speak of the trees of the Lord, but we have time for only one of

them this morning. Here it is in Psalm 92: 12,—"The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." I like the text for juniors, because it has the word "grow" in it. All of us are growing, both good and bad, and it is because I want you to grow aright that I am to tell you this morning how the cedar grows.

I. The cedar tree grows downright. It sends its roots deep into the earth and grips the great rocks, so that you cannot find in the picture a single tree overthrown by the storms.

Did you know before that the word "tree" comes from a very old root, and is the most typical of all trees in this as in so many other ways, because it is always well "rooted and grounded."

Now that is the way that the Psalmist says the righteous grow. They grow downright. "Rooted in Him" is a fine phrase which the Apostle Paul uses. He himself was like a splendid cedar tree, and he would have us rooted in Christ, in his teachings, in his redemptive work, in his life; for, rooted in him, then no storms of temptation, no sudden gusts of trouble can overthrow us, "nothing shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus."

Is it not a sad sight to see a great tree torn up by the roots and lying prostrate on the ground? But is it not always a sadder sight to see a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, overthrown by evil? Why should any of us ever be uprooted if we have been planted where our thoughts and our affections and our wills can lay hold of the Saviour, who gives nourishment and life to us all as we "grow up in him."

II. The cedar trees grow upright. The cedar tree of Syria often reaches a height of eighty feet. That is higher than the ceiling of our church. In India, it often grows to one hundred and fifty feet, higher than the tower of our church. And when it grows up in the midst of a lot of other trees like itself, it not only grows very tall, but also very straight. It was because it is such a tall and straight tree that the ancient merchants of Tyre and Sidon used the cedar for the masts of their ships, just as we use the chestnut tree

to-day for our telegraph poles. For this reason also, in part, it was used for beams to support the ceiling in Solomon's magnificent temple at Jerusalem.

Now there are trees which sometimes do not grow upright, and they are a picture of a wrong life. What do you boys and girls think "wrong" means? Literally, it is "wrung," and is therefore that which is crooked and twisted. It is lying. It is stealing. Surely, if we grow like the cedar, we will not be wrung from the straight and the true. We will be upright in all our ways. "Taking root downward, we shall bear fruit upward."

III. The cedar tree also grows outright. We read of the far-reaching cedars of Lebanon. Their huge trunks, from forty to fifty feet in circumference, send out great branches that cast cool shadows and fill the air with their fragrant and healing balsam. They are the shelter of the birds of the air and of the beasts of the field, and it was when we ourselves were weary after a year's work, that we went there for rest and invigoration. Truly, a cedar tree is a beautiful type of a righteous life, a life that shelters, a life that blesses.

Such a life has been that of Florence Nightingale, a woman who did so much for the poor, suffering soldiers of the Crimean War in particular. Such a life also was that of Mr. George C. Thomas, who died in our city the other day, and one who did so much for every good cause among us while he was alive.

This was the life of Christ pre-eminently. He came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and so for this reason, as well as others also, he is called fourteen times over in the New Testament, "Jesus Christ, the righteous." He also grew, as we read in the story of his boyhood, and we know that he grew out-right because of the great blessing which he wrought. Let us grow to heal and not to hurt, to save and to serve, so that even the dumb animals as well as our fathers and mothers, our sisters and brothers—all who come near us—will take delight in us. And then we shall also glorify God.

IV. But there is still another way in which the cedar tree grows. It grows on-right. That is, the cedar does not de-

cay. It is one of the trees of the wood which is almost indestructible. These trees in the picture are thought by some to be as old as Solomon, and perhaps older. Therefore, you see, you must measure the age of a cedar, not by years, but by centuries. Indeed, I have seen a name cut into the bark of one of these trees with the date 1769, and yet it looked as though it had been cut there the day before I saw it.

And the righteous also grow on-right. They grow on forever and ever. They never die. The wicked die. "They are like the grass," says the Psalmist, in the seventh verse of this Psalm. "They are destroyed forever."

In conclusion, I would not have you go away from your visit to the cedars thinking it is easy to grow to be as symmetrical as the trees in Lebanon. It is not, for there are many things which will spoil our growth if we let them. All of you know how that our maple and poplar trees in West Philadelphia have caterpillars for enemies. But what do you think is the worst enemy of the cedar tree? Strange to say, it is the goat, for that animal eats up all the cedar trees that it can find when they are young and tender, and does not allow them to spread over the mountain sides as they would otherwise do.

But see, in this picture there is a wall. It has been put here to protect the trees, and in particular, to keep away the goats. Is not this an illustration? We have our enemies,—creeping, crawling enemies, not caterpillars, but the brood of "the old serpent"—a hungry, devouring enemy, not a goat, but Satan, "who goeth about like a lion"—and God, in his mercy, also puts a wall around about us. The church, the Sabbath-school, all the means of grace are given us that our enemies may be kept away and we may grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Climbing back upon our cedar branch, let us now return home again to our own church, and while we sit here together and look around on these walls, let us also look again into our Bibles and read the verse which comes after our text in this Psalm. "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." Ah, we

may then be planted here just as the cedar trees are planted upon the sides of Lebanon, and we may grow here like the trees of the Lord and make this a Woodland church indeed, as we all grow right in every way,—down-right, up-right, out-right, and on-right—for have we not learned from the cedar that it is in all of these ways that the righteous grow?

68

SINGING IN A STRANGE PLACE

Rev. James Stalker

Text: "And the prisoners heard them." *Acts* 16:25.

Some of the best men the world has ever seen have spent their time in prison. There was that friend of all children, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," who lived for twelve years in a prison. Joseph, you remember, spent long and dreary years in the prison of Egypt. Jeremiah, the prophet, was not only put in prison, but let down into a miry pit, in the center of it, and nearly killed there. Daniel and the three Hebrew children were put in prison. Peter the Apostle was shut up in prison till the angel came and opened the prison gates and let him out.

But none of the great heroes of the Bible was more familiar with the inside of prisons than the Apostle Paul; and to-day we have to consider one of the strangest scenes of his prison life.

I. The Singers. Here, then, the two servants of God were immured. The heavy doors were shut upon them; the darkness surrounded them; the fetid odors of the dungeon rose and caught their breath; their backs leaned against the damp wall; their feet could not be moved; their wounds, in which the clotted blood was hardening, rent them with pain; and in their hearts there was a bitter sense of wrong, for they knew that they had been imprisoned for no crime, but for a deed of kindness. And outside their cell door, in the large outer room, the blackguards and vagabonds of Philippi, who had been imprisoned for all sorts of crimes, kept up a din, with oaths and coarse laughter and ribald songs.

But the hours wore by, and the night fell over the city and over the prison. The darkness in the cell of Paul and Silas could not be deepened; but in the room outside the red glow

faded from the window, and the noise of the prisoners sank to silence as they flung themselves on their pallets to sleep. The gaoler and his family were asleep; the prisoners in the large room were all asleep; midnight and silence and sleep enveloped the prison building.

But what sound is this which steals out in the silent midnight? It fills the large room where the prisoners are sleeping. One after another awakes; he never heard such music before; he sits up on his couch and listens. Is it angels pouring their songs on the midnight, like those who sang on the plains of Bethlehem? Where can it be coming from? Is it possible that it is coming out of the inner prison? Are these two broken, bleeding men, whom they had seen thrust in there, singing?

Yes; it was even so! Paul and Silas could not sleep. Their smarting wounds would not allow them. But how did they spend the long and heavy hours? In complaining to each other of their misery? In cursing the injustice of those who had imprisoned them? In weeping and groaning over their pains?

No, no; they talked to each other cheerfully and pleasantly, till they forgot their misery and their wounds; they prayed together until they felt as if they were in heaven rather than in a dungeon; and at last their hearts grew so full and so happy that they could no longer restrain themselves, but broke out together into the song which awakened their fellow-prisoners.

But what was it that made them able to be joyful and to sing for joy in such circumstances? It was not that they were brave men, though they were very brave. It was not that their friendship for each other was so strong that they were able to drive care away from each other's minds, though they were the best of friends. These things would not have been sufficient to make them triumph over pain and gloom and wrong as they did. What was it, then? I think I know. There was a third person in the cell. If the gaoler had opened the door and looked in, he would not have seen him. But Paul and Silas saw him. It was Jesus. He was with them;

and his presence and his love made the midnight bright, and changed the clasp of the stocks into perfect freedom, and made them forget their pains and their wrongs, and changed the dungeon into a temple, and the groans of pain into psalms of praise. It was for his sake they had been beaten and imprisoned, and that was enough. He was with them, and all was well.

II. The Listeners. Our text says, "The prisoners heard them"; but it ought to say, "The prisoners listened to them." They sat up on their pallets, and tried to catch the strange sounds. They rose and crept to the door of the dungeon, and bent their heads toward it, eager to catch every word. There they stood, an awe-stricken group, listening breathlessly in the darkness.

The silence and the midnight hour heightened the effect. Have you ever heard a nightingale sing? If you have not, you cannot conceive what a flood of song it is, twittering and shaking, and piping and soaring, running over all the notes of the scale from the lowest to the highest. But much of the extraordinary effect of this bird's music is due to the circumstances I have just alluded to, that it sings at night, when all the other songsters of the grove are hushed, when the world is wrapped in silence, and the mind, undistracted by sights and sounds of the daytime, can listen with all its faculties. So the Psalms of the Apostles gained much of their effect from the silence and the midnight hour.

What chiefly riveted the prison audience was wonder at the joy and cheerfulness of Paul and Silas. This was the miracle. How, after the treatment they had received, and in the circumstances in which they were, could sounds so calm, so cheerful, so joyful, come from them? What was the secret these two men possessed? The prisoners knew they had nothing which could make them glad in such circumstances. They had sought happiness in revelry and abandonment, but they had discovered none like this. Ah, this is always what rivets the attention of sinners, when they see that Christians have a joy that is far better than any other happiness in the world. I wish that Christians would let

the bird which sings in their breast be heard by others as well as themselves.

There is an exquisite sketch written by the hand which penned the immortal story of "Rab and His Friends," and now, alas! lies still forever in the grave, of a quaint old character of other days, well known to Dr. Brown, because he was his father's beadle. The sketch was written with the love and humor of which the author's heart was full; and among other traits of his humble friend he gives this touching one: He had been married in his youth, but after a year his wife and their one child died together; but always afterward he kept up the practice of family worship, though quite alone, giving out the psalm and the chapter, as if his dear wife had been there. He lived in a high story in the Canongate, and his voice, in the notes of Martyrdom or Coleshill, sounded morning and evening through the thickly tenanted land; and many a careless foot was arrested and many a heart touched by that strange sound. I hope there are doors in our large blocks of houses where the passers-by are impressed with the same grave, sweet melody.

I wish you to sing. Ah, but I wish most of all that you should have the joy which gives birth to song. It is the heart, and not the throat, in which song has its true habitation. It is in this cage the bird of song resides. When you sing of free grace and dying love, do you feel what you are singing? Do you feel these things so much that you cannot help singing? This is the right kind of song. If you can sing thus, then you will sow the seeds of joy wherever you go, and you will see them springing up in the new and happy lives of those who listen to you.

69

A LESSON FROM THE LILIES

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." *Matthew* 6:28.

Consider the lilies. They can teach us many things. Consider their growth. Consider their beauty. Consider their unselfishness. They are clothed with beauty. They grow without anxiety. They never fret because of heat, drouth, rain or cold. God takes care of lilies. They do not grow by chance. These are all lessons from the lilies. But there is a special lesson, sometimes overlooked, we ought to learn. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." Yes, that is it, how they grow.

A visitor to Morningside Heights, New York City, casts an admiring glance upward to the "Cathedral of St. John the Divine," now rising slowly but surely to its magnificent completion. But to simple admiration would surely succeed a wonder beyond power of expression were the beholder as he stands gazing, to see the sublime structure, wall and arch and dome and tower, going higher and higher all of their own undirected and unaided accord—no architect, superintendent or workmen in sight; no scaffolding, and not only no derrick with its long sweeping arm stretched out to lift huge blocks and beams, but no beams or blocks in sight to lift.

Yet how, again, must both admiration and wonder mount to almost incredulous amazement were the already rapt beholder to be assured that all that the architect had done was to bury his plans and specifications at foundation depth, having first imparted to them the power to do as they would like with the earthly material around them; to change that formless material into bronze, marble, steel or wood; to give to

each product thus transformed its own fit and size and shape; to lift each to its own proper place; and, to crown all, power to drop from turret-top and pinnacle fully formed and safely folded plans and specifications for other like and alike self-erecting cathedrals!

In such case, supposing it to exist, will not this wondering beholder feel himself constrained to pause a while and very thoughtfully to "consider" this building—"how it grows!"

Lilies grow. Cathedrals do not. Oaks grow. Church buildings do not. How wonderful the power of God! The lilies grow. "They toil not, neither do they spin." They just grow. They grow the way in which God intended they should. No wonder when Christ wanted us to think of God's power and providence he said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow."

70

GOOD MORNING

Rev. James A. Brimelow

The other day I was awakened by what seemed to be a wonderful melody of voices outside my bedroom window. For just a few minutes I hardly knew whether I was dreaming or whether I was in some fairyland listening to music which belonged not to earth. I just listened, and I kept on listening. It was all so wonderful, that I felt that if I moved I would break the charm which seemed to be over everything in the room. So I continued to listen and I was not long in finding out the great secret of the voices. Those voices were not dreamy ones, neither did they belong to heaven, or to some fairyland, but were simply the voices of birds which were uttering their morning's notes of thankfulness and praise in the ear of heaven and in the ear of their Creator God. Oh, I wish I could just translate that music for you, for it seemed to me the most delightful music that I have ever heard!

So I have been thinking about the voices of those birds and this is what voices have seemed to say to me—that those birds were just singing their notes of good morning into the life of the new day which they felt had dawned for them and for the world. And the notes of their good morning were making a sweeter and lovelier place for many people, for their notes of music never left me through that day, and I hope will never leave me as long as I live.

So, children, I want you to learn the way of greeting each new day with a glad and joyous welcome. Never be ashamed to say good morning to mother or father as you greet them each morning. Do not forget others who may be in your homes, and when you go to your school never forget your teacher. And, above all, never forget your Father in heaven, who, to make a joyous good morning for you, sent his Son

into our world and who in the end died on a cross so that we all might come to know the glad and joyous good morning which he has waiting for us in his larger world of heaven.

I want to read you some words which I have come to love because they were written by one who had heard the voices of the birds singing their glad and joyous good morning into the ear of the world.

> The little birds sang East,
> The little birds sang West,
> And I smiled to think God's greatness
> Flows round our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness his rest.

So my text, if I may have one for you, is this: "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer to thee, and will look up."

71

THE TWO MONKS WHO TRIED TO QUARREL

Rev. Frank T. Bayley, D.D.

Text: "Love seeketh not her own." 1 *Corinthians* 13:5.

Have you, children, heard of the monks who used, many years ago, to live all by themselves, far from towns and cities, in lonely buildings that were called monasteries? They had no wives, and children, and their big houses could hardly be called homes. I think they must have been very lonely! And I am sure they might have been happier and have done more good if they had lived with other people. You know Jesus said his disciples were to be the "salt of the earth." And the place for the salt is not on the top shelf of the pantry, shut up tight in a box to be safe, but in the midst of the cooking to flavor it.

Yet many of these monks were good men, who lived as they really thought was right and best. They used to rise very early in the morning and work in their gardens, after they had prayed; and they made beautiful copies of the Bible, using bright colors that are still beautiful to-day. They were fond of music too, and used to sing and play together a great deal. I have heard an interesting story of two of these old monks. They had lived together in the same monastery for a good many years, and always lived in love and peace. Indeed, those who live in love always live in peace. One day one of them said to the other, "Let us have a quarrel!" But his friend replied, "A quarrel? I don't know how to quarrel!" "Well," said the first, "I will show you." So it was agreed that they should try it. And the first undertook to show the other how to begin. "I will take this brick," he said, "and put it down on the ground between us. And when I say, 'This is mine,' you must say, 'No, it is mine.' Then

I will insist that it is mine, and so we will get up a quarrel." "Very well," said the other. They were smiling as they looked into each other's faces and the first laid the brick on the ground. I think we should have laughed had we seen them, don't you? It seems queer to begin a quarrel in that way! But they had agreed on the plan, and so they began. "This brick is mine!" said he who was to commence. "No," said the other; "it is mine!" "But I say it is mine!" the first replied. "Well, then," said the second, "well, then—take it!"

And this is the history of the quarrel; the whole of it, for of course they couldn't quarrel after that. Really, the first monk didn't want the brick at all as soon as he found the other didn't! But I think they might have really quarrelled if the dispute had gone on.

I think the story is a good illustration of something which Paul says about love: "Love seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked." You may find this, with much more that is beautiful, in the first letter which Paul wrote to the church in Corinth. Ask your father to read it to you. Perhaps he will tell you, too, of some quarrels over just as silly matters as the question who owned the brick. There have been many such quarrels in families, quarrels among neighbors and even wars between nations, sometimes costing millions of dollars and the loss of many lives. You see, dear children, that when each one is thinking only of what is his, and is determined to have it, it is easy to get up a quarrel over a very small thing. But when each is thinking kindly of his neighbor, too, a little yielding is not hard, and is sure to prevent a quarrel.

Three things I ask you children to remember: how many it takes to make a quarrel; how a quarrel may be stopped, and, above all, our beautiful text, "Love seeketh not her own."

72

GOD'S WHISPERING GALLERY

Rev. James A. Brimelow

Not so very long ago I was in the great cathedral called St. Paul's at London. I was greatly interested in many things —in the inscription over its door to its architect and builder, Sir Christopher Wren, which says, "If you seek my monument, look around you"; in the delightful music which I heard; in the beautiful painting of Holman Hunt's Light of the World; and, above everything else, in the wonderful Whispering Gallery in which the lowest whisper can be heard distinctly. It was all so remarkable that for a long time I was greatly entranced, and even to-day as I think of it I am just as much delighted as I was on the day I was there. But it was that Whispering Gallery which held my attention, and I want it to hold yours to-day.

God has made us such wonderful beings, given to us such wonderful bodies and has put us in such a wonderful world that we are and will forever be under obligation to him. But there are so many times when we just think that what we do concerns no one but ourselves, and that no one hears or sees us in the things we do. We forget that the world is just one large whispering gallery in which the faintest and smallest things are seen and heard in their loudest notes, and whether they are good or ill it matters little, and it behooves each of us to be very careful what we say and what we do.

And there are just two things which will help us to be and do the things which are right and which tend for the world's right, if we will only follow them. The first is this: We should never say anything but what we should like our parents to hear. Second: We should never say anything but what we should like God to hear.

I was speaking to a boy only the other day about some

words which he had spoken, and I just said: "What would mother or father say if they knew what you had said?" "Oh," said my boy friend, "they will never know." Ah, but in some remarkable way things do get round to father and mother, and, what is more, they reach the ears of God; and, oh, what must he think at some of the words we speak?

It is God's Great Whispering Gallery in which we all live. Our faintest whispers are heard by him, and those whispers are tending for the gladness or the sorrow of the world, and even his Great Eternal World.

73

THY WORD IS A LAMP

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." *Psalm* 119:105.

When you enter any harbor in the world, where the channel is marked by buoys, you will find that those on your right, as you pass in, are painted red, and those on your left black. If you should see one painted in red and black horizontal bands, the ship should run as close to it as possible, because that indicates the center of a narrow channel.

Buoys with red and black vertical stripes always mark the end of spits and the outer and inner ends of extensive reefs, where there is a channel on each side. When red and black checkers are painted on a buoy, it marks either a rock in the open sea or an obstruction in the harbor of small extent, with channel all around.

If there are two such obstructions and a channel between them, the buoy on the right of you will have red and white checkers and the one on the left will have black and white checkers.

If a wreck obstructs the channel, a green buoy will be placed on the sea-side of the wreck, with the word "wreck" plainly painted on it in white letters, provided there is a clear channel all around it; otherwise, an even number will be painted in white above the word "wreck," when the buoy is on the right side of the channel, and an odd number if the buoy is on the left.

The ocean is charted. Buoys are placed to tell where to avoid rocks and shoals and where the safe channels are. Life is charted. That is, the ocean of life is charted. The Bible is a buoy. Yes, it is a series of buoys or system of buoys, telling where are the rocks on which young people and older

people too may wreck their souls. But, better, it tells where the safe channels are. The God of grace is the God of the Bible. He is our Father who provides that we shall know the evils to avoid, how to avoid them, and the best ways to sail in the channel of safety. Let us think of God's goodness in warning us so plainly from the wrong, and so graciously guiding us in the way of right and safety.

Some buoys in the ocean are lighted. God's word is a lighted buoy—it is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path.

74

PAINTING THE FACE ON THE INSIDE

Rev. James M. Farrar, D.D.

Text: "Saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." *Acts* 6: 15.

Your face has two sides—the outside and the inside. It is like a stained-glass window—needs a light inside to reveal its beauty outside. Education lights your lamps. The school work lights the intellect, the church work lights the soul. These lamps shine through what is called character. If the character is beautiful, the face is beautiful; if the character is not beautiful, the face is ugly.

The creation of man was God's best and greatest work. The face is the most beautiful part of his best and greatest work. In an old legend we read that when Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden he asked the angel who kept the gate, "What shall I bring back to God when I return?" The angel replied, "Bring him back the face he gave you in the garden, and I will let you in." A child's face is like the face God gave man in Eden. Keep your lamps burning and your face will be your "pass" into God's garden.

Children of a larger growth sometimes paint their faces on the outside. Their lamps need trimming. Stephen's face was painted on the inside. His brain lamp and soul lamp were shining through a beautiful character. Those who watched him when he was being stoned "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Before the beautiful face the gates of heaven swung wide open.

I found a story for you in "Zion's Herald." Shall I tell it?

"Painting, are you?" asked Uncle Jim. "Well, well!" and he studied Patty's rose and Betty's morning-glory with the eye of an art student. "How would you like to paint bottles as the Chinese paint them?"

"Do tell us about the bottles," shouted the twins, for they hoped a story was coming.

"Wait till I go up to my trunk," said Uncle Jim. And they did wait, for so many pretty and interesting things had come out of Uncle Jim's trunk since he had been visiting them. He soon came down, holding a little bottle not more than three inches long, and its neck so small you could not possibly have thrust even a very slender lead-pencil into it. It was painted beautifully, too, the twins thought. On one side a Chinese lady with flowing robes of pink and blue and green, carrying gorgeous flowers, and with a long-legged bird nestling against her; and on the other side a vase of cherry-blossoms and a whole group of curious pieces of Chinese pottery. Then there were decorations in black all around the edges and side of the bottle, a Chinese lettering that the twins looked at with wonder.

"And what a lot of painting to go on such a little bottle!" exclaimed Patty.

"In the bottle," corrected Uncle Jim. "That was all painted on the inside of the bottle, and I saw the artist doing it myself."

"Oh! Oh!" said the twins together.

"There is just one place in the world where they do this," Uncle Jim went on, "a town in China that I visited to see them work. The artists are in a room that has no side windows at all, but is lighted by glass overhead. They lie on their backs, on a mass of green branches and hold these little bottles up against the light. The glass has been carefully ground inside, and they use very slender-pointed brushes. You can see what a tiny opening the bottle has. Think of putting your brush through that and then managing to paint from the inside. Yes, the bristles are curved a little, or they could not possibly do it. Pretty neat piece of work, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes!" Patty drew a long breath, and Betty drew another. It was all so true and exact. Not a slip had the brush made. Patty and Betty are now coaxing Uncle Jim to get them a tiny electric light put inside the bottle—they

want to see the pictures at night when they wake up after a dream.

Character is painted best when you are on your back looking up to God. The best light comes from above. The brush is made from your thoughts, the colors are found in your conduct, and the pictures are sketched by your imagination. The transparent something upon which the pictures are painted is called character. The lamps back of and shining through character are your intellect and your soul.

If the angel looked at your face, would he pass you into the garden?

75

ECHO HOLLOW

Rev. Eugene C. Carder

On a recent Saturday morning the Scout Master of the Boy Scout troop of our town accompanied about twelve or thirteen of the boys on a "chestnut hike." Each boy took his own lunch along, not forgetting to provide steak, chops, or sausages that could be cooked over the camp fire that was built at noon.

But it is not the camp fire or the lunch that we are interested in at this time. While the boys were "beating up" the woods, being spread out in a long line to make sure that no chestnut tree should escape making tribute to the common store, two of the boys became so far separated from the others that they could not be located for a time and the boys began systematically calling their names as they tramped along. Finally the main group came out into a piece of land that was shaped very much like a saucer, the rim of the hollow, or basin, being thickly wooded for half of the circumference and the remaining portion being free from trees and brush.

As the boys mounted the bare side of the hill and continued to call for their companions they suddenly became aware that their calls were being echoed back to them from some point apparently in the heart of the woods and off to the north of the place where they had come out into the open. At some points the echo was very distinct, while at others it was not so clear, though easily distinguished. It was observed also that the voices of some of the boys were thrown back in much more distinct tones than was the case with others. This led the lads to attempt to discover the point on the hill at which the best echo could be obtained, and also to discover which boy's voice was most nearly in tune with the echo. All this was accomplished by spreading out in fan shape around the

hill and calling in turn until the best focus was revealed, and then, in turn, having each boy stand at that vantage point and try his own voice out.

One boy in particular got far better results than any of the others. It seemed that another boy with the same pitched voice and using the same volume was speaking back his words to him from somewhere in the woods. He had found just the place where his voice was in tune with his surroundings. It was his focus-point in Echo Hollow, for that is what the boys named the place they had discovered.

As the experience was talked over on the hike back to town the Scout Master pointed out to the boys how much like "Echo Hollow" life itself is. There is a focus-point in life, a place where we get the best possible response from the world around us, a place in which we really fit. We have not found it yet, but we will if we persevere.

The boy whose father owned the farm over which the scouts had been hiking that autumn day had never discovered "Echo Hollow," and though he had lived on that farm all of his life he never had heard the voice of the boy who had been always ready to speak to him out of the woods if he would only call to him from the hillside. We all get a sympathetic response from the world around us when we stand in the right place, speak the right word, and use the right tone. Somewhere there is such a place for each of us, and it is not very far from home.

76

FORTY MARTYRS AND FORTY CROWNS

Rev. W. Douglas Swaffield

Many years ago it was harder to be a Christian than it is to-day. People were killed by cruel tortures for being Christians. Once in the days of Rome forty Christians were taken prisoners and because they would not go back on Jesus were sentenced to stand naked upon the icy river till they should die. A Roman soldier was placed on guard and told that if any one would forsake Christ he would be spared. Soon the wintry cold began to do its work and at last one brave soul sank upon the ice in death. But when he fell it seemed as if every one heard strange music singing, "Forty martyrs and forty crowns, be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Again a Christian fell, and again the same song. One by one through the night they died till all but one had gone. This one, brave till now, looked about him, saw his thirty-nine brave companions lying still in death, the wintry wind pierced his heart, he thought of the freedom that might be his, and cowardly decided to forsake his Lord. He rushed from the ice, threw out his hands to the Roman guard, and claimed the promise of pardon. But the soldier had heard that chant all through the night, "Forty martyrs and forty crowns, be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." The faith of the brave had won him. "Here is my robe, take it, and I will take your place upon the ice." And the brave Roman ere long heard that song as the angels sang it for the fortieth time when he paid the price of his love for Christ.

There are many things to tempt us to deny our Lord. But the crown of life is only for those who are faithful until death.

One of the most interesting buildings in beautiful Washington is the Patent Office. Here you might see the models of

all the famous inventions which have been patented in the United States. It is an even better place to visit than a great museum because it tells the stories of how the dreams of many men and women have come true. One day not long ago a letter was found in the office of this building which bore the date 1833. The letter read something like this:

"Dear Sir: Because everything that can be invented has already been invented, it is inevitable that this office shall soon go out of business. Inasmuch as I will soon lose my position, I hereby resign to look for work elsewhere.

"Yours truly,

"So and So."

What a fool that young man was! There is always something new to be discovered, something great to be done, some good to be achieved. He lacked imagination.

Jesus knew that there had been great prophets, great preachers and teachers, but he was the greatest prophet and preacher and teacher because he always aimed for the highest. We boys and girls can be great and good if we look to Jesus and try to live as he did. The greatest dream we can have is that we may do something great for Christ.

77

THE ANGER TREE

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Text: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger . . . be put away from you." *Ephesians* 4:31.

In our church family there are many children. This is not Children's Day, for that comes the second Sabbath in June. But every day is Children's Day in the church family. Sometimes big people enjoy children's sermons, or sermons for children, too.

This sermon is suggested by a very peculiar sort of a tree I have read about. In Idaho, we are told, there exists a species of the acacia tree which is entitled to be classed as one of the wonders of plant life. This tree attains a height of about eight feet. When full grown it closes its leaves together in coils each day at sunset, and curls its twigs to the shape of pigtails. When the tree has thus settled itself for its night's sleep, it is said that, if touched, it will flutter as if agitated or impatient at the disturbance.

It is averred that the oftener the foliage is molested the more violent will become the shaking of the branches. Finally, it is further alleged, if the shaking is continued, the tree will at length emit a nauseating odor quite sufficient to induce a headache in the case of the person disturbing the tree.

In Idaho, it is called the "anger tree," and it is said that it was discovered by men who, on making camp for the night, placed one end of a canvas covering over one of the sensitive bushes, using it for a support. Immediately the tree began to jerk its branches sharply. The motion continued, with increasing "nervousness," until at last came a sickening odor that drove the tired campers to a more friendly location.

Curiosity prompted an investigation. One of the "anger trees" was dug up and thrown to one side. It is said that

immediately upon being removed from the ground the tree opened its leaves, its twigs lost their pigtails, and for something over a couple of hours the outraged branches showed their indignation by a series of quakings, which grew weaker and weaker, and ceased only when the foliage had withered.

It is evident that anger is not a very wholesome thing either for children or for a tree. The agitation of the little tree is not a moral fault but when a big person or a little one gets so angry that he "shakes himself to pieces" it is a great evil. One of the things the Bible tells us to do is to "put away anger." "But now ye also put off all those; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth." I think that both children and older people can learn a good lesson from the little "anger tree."

78

RHODA: THE GIRL WHO WAS CALLED MAD

Rev. A. McAuslane, D.D.

Text: "And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda," etc. *Acts* 12: 13-15.

I. This girl had a beautiful name, "Rhoda." Many Jewish and other parents gave to their children the names of certain plants, trees, and flowers. Hadassa, a myrtle; Susanna, a lily; Tamar, a palm-tree. The name of this girl means a rose. That is beautiful, because it leads us to think of the garden in summer time, and one of the prettiest flowers there. Have you such a name? Be content. It was given to you by others. They, not you, are responsible. Besides, to grumble about it is to do no good. The time may come when it will be your duty to give names to children. Select those only that are associated with lovely things. Let all the words which you employ in writing and speaking be of the same description.

II. This girl was a domestic servant. The dwelling in which she lived was called the house of Mary. She is brought before us as the person who should open the door when any one knocked. This fact leads us to believe that she is a servant in this house. In this respect she has four advantages which are superior to those who have other situations. (1) She is more free from care. (2) She is more free from danger. (3) She is more free from temptations. (4) She is more secure in her situation. Masters and mistresses value a good servant, and will keep her as long as she does her duty. To serve in a good family is exceedingly honorable. To show this the Bible has recorded some of the names and doings of servants.

III. This girl was a Christian. She may not have said

that she was; no one may have said it either; yet we think she was a Christian from her actions. (1) She was serving in a Christian home. (2) There was a prayer meeting in that home, and she loved to be there. (3) She was quite familiar with the voice of one of the Apostles. This proves that she had often listened to him. All these, more than any words she could utter, show that she was a Christian. Your parents, teachers, and above all Jesus, wish you to be Christians. These are his own words: "Suffer the little children to come unto me." It is much easier to come unto him now than it will be at any future period.

IV. This girl was very cautious. It was night. All around lonely and still. Some one knocking at the door. Did she go and open it at once? Instead of that she went to the door and said: "Who is there?" This teaches us that she was cautious. Be like her. Never open the door at night until you know who is outside. Be cautious in all other things —in writing to others, speaking about others, and acting in the presence of others.

V. This girl was accused of madness. The Apostle Peter had been in prison because he was good, and Herod the King was bad. Mark the way he was delivered by the angel. He was knocking at the door. When this girl heard his voice, she was so glad that she could not open the door. Just like a good young person. The same thing has often happened. She ran to tell those in the house who had been praying for the Apostle that he was at the door. Instead of believing her they said she was mad. This did not make her angry, for she knew that she was right. By and by the door was opened, and the Apostle entered. If you know you are right, and others say you are wrong, be not angry, but calm. The truth sooner or later will appear to others as it does to you.

79

AN ENEMY OF THE "NO GOOD" BUSINESS

(Temperance Sermon)

Rev. Edwin Hamlin Carr

"Fire! Fire!" screamed nine-year-old Jimmie Roberts, as he dashed in at the front door of his home—nearly knocking the door from its hinges, astounding his Grandmother, with whom he lived, and arousing the neighbors.

"Where is the fire, Jimmie?" said Grandma, as Jimmie danced up and down like a wild Indian.

"Oh, it is Mr. Ball's furniture store!" shouted Jimmie, tugging at his Grandmother and begging her to hurry. "And all the nice things are burning up! Hurry, Grandma! Isn't it too bad. All those nice tables, and chairs, and couches, and fine furniture burning up."

"Yes, it is too bad, Jimmie," said Grandma, as she hurried along, "too bad to have such fine things destroyed." And Jimmie heard all the neighbors who gathered about the fire say, "It is too bad. It is too bad. Such a great loss."

One week after the burning of the furniture store, Jimmie again rushed into the house shouting, "Fire! Fire! Grandma!" This time it was the saloon that was on fire. "Hurry! Hurry! Grandma hurry, I want to go down and see it."

To Jimmie's great surprise Grandma said, "You shall not go near it, I am glad it is burning."

Jimmie fretted, and cried, and pleaded, but it was of no use, for Grandma was determined. However, she was a nice old Grandma, and every one loved her; and she knew how to care for boys. So she took Jimmie gently by the hand, and said as she drew him lovingly to her, "Now, Jimmie, my lad, I'll tell you something, listen. You and I were sorry a week ago when the furniture store burned, but, Jimmie, I'm not sorry that this saloon is burning, and I'll tell you why."

Then she patted him lovingly and continued, "When the furniture store burned something good was burned, and it was a great loss, but this is a 'no-good' business, and it does lots of harm, Jimmie."

Then Grandma wiped the corner of her eyes with the corner of her apron at the memory of the damage this saloon had done to Jimmie's father, for he had died a drunkard.

"Now, Jimmie," continued Grandma, "just think what a terrible loss it would be if all the grocery stores, and all the shoe stores, and all the furniture stores, and all the good stores, not only in our town but in our county, and all in our state, and all in our whole Nation, should be destroyed. What an awful loss it would be. Everybody would be so sorry. But, Jimmie, if all the saloons, and all the distilleries, not only in our county, and state, and Nation, were destroyed, almost everybody would be glad. Jimmie, the saloon business is a 'no-good' business. I wonder why it is that the Nation permits a business which if it were destroyed almost everybody would be happy."

That evening Grandma sent Jimmie down to the grocery for some tea, and when he saw the ashes of the saloon, a great feeling came into his heart and he said to himself, "Grandma is right, and I am going to be a mighty enemy of the 'no-good' business."

Every boy and girl should resolve right now to be a mighty enemy of the "no-good" business.

80

CHRIST AND THE CHILD

TEXT: "Jesus called a little child unto Him." *Matthew* 18:2.

I. The wonder of it! There was no place for children in the philosophy of Plato and other sages. Infinitely greater and wiser than all of them, Jesus espouses the cause of the little ones.

II. The beauty of it! What a subject for a canvas! Picture the dear Son of God calling the child with softest voice and sweetest smile. Even mother had not called more tenderly. Note the response. No hesitation, no fear.

"Would you go to Jesus if he were here, and I told you to?" said a fond mother to her child. "Yes, mother, I'd go without telling," was the beautiful reply.

III. The lessons of it. Jesus still calls the children. He invites them to a knowledge of his saving grace. He has been pleased to save many in early youth. Samuel, Timothy, Zinzendorf. Rowland Hill was 18, Geo. Muller 20, C. H. Spurgeon quite a boy when they were converted.

IV. Let this embolden seekers. Jesus does not despise your youth, your ignorance, your weakness. I noticed once that some bold birds had built their nest in the royal crown surmounting the great iron gates at Sandringham. Do you think the King would have them turned away? I don't. And I am even more sure that the gentle Jesus will not cast you out if you come to him with your trust and love.

V. Let this decide hesitaters. Some one says, "Repentance can hardly be too soon."

Conversion after forty is comparatively rare.

"Tell them it is never too soon to love Jesus," said a good woman to a preacher, as he went off to a children's service.

Rev. Chas. Brown says, in his "Talks to Children" on the

second part of "Pilgrim's Progress": "It is a pity everybody does not start early."

Should not Jesus have the best? The fruit with the bloom on it, the flowers with the dew on them, the coins bright from the mint—such are glad, young lives.

Tons of flowers are landed in Cornwall from the Scilly Isles in earliest spring—the fairest flowers of all!

"The first, the first, oh, nought like it,
Our after years can bring;
For summer hath no flowers so sweet
As those of early spring."

81

HOW TO BECOME GREAT

U. T.

TEXT: 2 *Kings* 3:11.

Three kings went out to battle against another. The dispute lay between the first and the fourth; the second and third were "drawn into it." That sort of thing often happens in schools and families too, but it is always unwise to get mixed up in other people's quarrels.

These kings went out with a great army of men and horses, as well as other animals necessary for food and burden; but instead of taking a direct journey, they occupied a week in going a long way round, until at last they found themselves in a place where there was no water, and all the supply they had brought with them was gone; so they were in a dreadful fix.

Then one of the kings thought of God, for he was a good man, though he had done a wrong thing in joining this expedition at all. Even boys and girls think of God when they are in any danger. But is it not a pity they do not more frequently ask God first to guide them. Then it would not so often be necessary to ask him afterwards to deliver.

This applies especially to our young days when everything, like the springtime, looks bright and gay. Do you ever feel as if you did not want God then? But you will want him when the days grow dark and dull with trouble or with pain; and if you will want him then, you must "acquaint yourselves with him" in your strong and happy days. That is why Solomon says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not; nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." Therefore let the Lord who "giveth us richly all things to

enjoy" be your Friend and Guide even from your earliest days.

But what about these three kings? If you will read the whole chapter you will find more about the incident I have referred to. Jehoshaphat, who was a good king (though he often made mistakes), asked in his difficulty: "Is there not here a prophet of the Lord, that we may inquire of him?" And he received this reply, "Here is Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who poured water on the hands of Elijah." Not, "Elisha who had seen his Master ascend up to heaven," or who had done many wonderful works; but Elisha who had performed a very simple act at his master's bidding. It was that humble service which made him great, and reminds us of how Jesus washed his disciples' feet to teach them thus to serve one another.

So the man who had not been too proud to pour out water for his master to wash with was used by God to supply water for kings and their great armies. Dear young people, there is no knowing what great service God may some day call you to do if he finds you have been faithful in little things; but until he has proved you with these, he cannot trust you with greater. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." "His lord said unto him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.' "

By all means have your ambitions to do great things by and by; but to fit you for these, you must be faithful first in your daily duties, your lessons, in obedience at home and at school, in conquering your temper, envy, jealousy, and any other evil habits with which Satan tempts you. Then, if you are spared, you will, like Elisha, win the respect of those around you, be of great use in the world, and, above all, be well pleasing in the sight of God.

82

CHRIST, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.

Text: "I am the light of the world." *John* 8: 12.

The minister may possibly interest the electrician in the town, or the electric company, as I have had the good fortune to do, who would furnish, perhaps for nothing, the text of the morning in electric lights, "I am the Light of the world," which can be turned on at the proper time. Then the use of some professor of natural science or some one accustomed to the use of the lantern, is in order at this point and can be used in many parishes. The lantern will throw the spectrum on the wall to illustrate the beauty and variety of light in Christ, and by reason of recent discoveries the dark end can be illuminated to illustrate the power and beauty of the unseen and invisible spirit life. There are many substances which will illustrate also the value of phosphorescent or reflected light, notedly the opal and pieces of labradorite. The value of the soul being lighted can be illustrated by the use of the candles of different colors to show how Christ in the life is the same, whether it be of one race or another. Also the way in which light is handed on from one life to another may be illustrated by lighting one little candle and then lighting other rows of candles. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that light is the cleanest of all known things. An illustration which the children will understand perfectly can be made by starting a few weeks beforehand by planting some seeds in the same kind of dish, letting one dish grow in the sunlight and covering the other up after a certain stage, showing what the children are familiar with, the sickly, pale growth of anything which has had to grow in the dark. A board placed over a piece of sod in two or three days will turn it yellow.

83

A WONDERFUL GIFT OF GOD

(*Armistice Day*)

Rev. James A. Brimelow

On Armistice Day there took place one of the most wonderful things of which I have read for a long time. Our Nation brought from the fields of France the body of an Unknown Soldier, who was buried with all the honor and glory we possessed as a people and great men from nearly every country in the world gathered around his tomb with their garlands of love and devotion not only for his great sacrifice, but also for the sacrifices of all those who had died for the victory of right in the world.

It was estimated that there were about one hundred thousand people gathered together in the National Cemetery in Arlington, where the Unknown Soldier was buried, and one of that great number was our late President, Mr. Harding, who made a speech which I hope some day you will read. But one of the remarkable things about that speech was this: it was heard as distinctly in the distant cities of New York and San Francisco as it was in the place where it was delivered.

For days there had been certain workmen busy with an invention which was known as the telephone amplifier, which when completed was able to carry every sound that was made in that vast audience to those distant cities in our land. Thus, in so doing, uniting the three distinct groups of people in one great hour and in one great service. A most wonderful thing in every way.

But I want to tell you of a still more wonderful thing which God has put within each of our lives, which can hear the faintest whisper of his Voice. For conscience is God's great telephone amplifier in our own souls, which brings his voice down from heaven to our own distant world of earthly life.

I like to read that story of the boy Samuel. One night he was awakened out of his sleep by the voice of God speaking. Samuel thought that it was his master, Eli, who was calling him. So he ran to his master's room and said: "Here I am for thou didst call me." But his master said: "I called not, my son, go and lie down again." He did, and three times the voice called, and then his master knew that it was God calling him and told him to say, if it called again: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." And the voice came, and Samuel just listened and God opened out to him the wondrous words of his life. And God is seeking to speak unto us in the same way. Our little consciences carry his message unto us, and I think that one of the most wonderful days in our lives will be, when we come to know that if only we will listen God will make known unto us the wonderful words of his life, and the wondrous things of his wonderful world.

84

THANKSGIVING

Rev. Walter Deane

A mother found under her plate one morning at breakfast a bill made out by her small son, Bradley, aged eight. Mother owes Bradley: for running errands, 25 cents; for being good, 10 cents; for taking music lessons, 15 cents; for extras, 5 cents. Total, 55 cents.

Mother smiled but made no comment. At lunch Bradley found the bill under his plate with 55 cents and another piece of paper neatly folded like the first. Opening it he read: Bradley owes Mother: for nursing him through scarlet fever, nothing; for being good to him, nothing; for clothes, shoes and playthings, nothing; for his playroom, nothing; for his meals, nothing. Total, nothing.

This is the way I fear that we as children often treat our Heavenly Father. Like little Bradley, in taking everything we get for granted without considering what we owe to God for all the good things he has given to us. As this is Thanksgiving Sunday, shall we not call to mind some of the blessings we enjoy? Shall we not stop to think of the wonderful body we call our own? Our limbs, our hands, our fingers, our very nails, what a loss we would suffer without any of them. We run around and throw our arms about and handle balls and bats and with our fingers write, draw, sew and feed ourselves. How wonderfully all these are fastened together without nails or thread, like dolly's limbs. Then think of the sense of hearing. How sad it is when a child or even an old person is so deaf that he cannot hear. No song of bird, no music, no sound of human voice ever is heard. Then our sense of sight, how marvellous it is! No camera for taking pictures is more wonderfully made. We are taking moving pictures with our eyes every moment of the day. The films

are back of our eyes all ready, and we do not have to go to the photographer's to get them developed. Our sense of smell, too, is very necessary and helpful to us. Without it we are told we would scarcely be able to taste our food. Funny, isn't it? If we could not smell the appetizing odors of our food we could not enjoy as we do what we eat nor tell by taste a turnip from an apple. Then our sense of smell warns us of dangerous gases and unsanitary conditions that would be dangerous to our health and life. And certainly our sense of taste is a great blessing to us. We all love to be able to taste the delicious vegetables and fruits God has bountifully provided. And our sense of touch is also of great value to us in our daily life. And what of our health and vigor and freedom from pain? As we eat and play, and study and sleep, we may scarcely realize what wonderful processes are going on in our muscles and nerve centres and blood vessels. And these are all working with little or no thought or attention on our part, except that we sit down three or four times a day to good meals. And one more thought—our very life, our parents, our homes—what blessings! Shall we not then thank God this day for this whole wide world of beauty and light, fruit and flowers, of homes and loved ones?

85

NINE MEN WHO FORGOT

(Thanksgiving)

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

There were ten men. One man remembered; nine men forgot. I will tell you how it happened.

The Master was coming one day with his disciples near to a village when they noticed ten men coming toward them and calling out that word of warning which everybody in the Eastern countries dreads to hear, "Unclean! Unclean!" You know what that meant. It meant those ten men were all lepers. And to be lepers meant they could not live in their homes with their families and visit with their friends, but they lived out by the roadside where they begged their bread.

When Jesus saw these ten lepers his heart ached for them. Back of each man he saw a broken-hearted wife or mother and sorrowing friends. That man on the right had been a big, strong workman, a carpenter perhaps, but now the ends of his fingers are dropping off with this awful disease. Off yonder in the village in a little cottage is a sad, brave, little mother fighting hard to keep the wolf from the door. Oh, what it would mean to that home to have father back well and strong!

The next leper is scarcely more than a boy. Perhaps he is sixteen. What dreams his father and mother had for him! But one day a tiny blue sore appeared on their boy's arm and the priest said it was leprosy. The boy had to go away. There were no hospitals, as we have to-day, so he joined this miserable company. His father and mother have no one to support them in old age, so they are tottering to their graves in sorrow.

The next man is old, with long grey hair and beard. He

is somebody's grandfather. How he would like to put on clean clothes and his soft slippers and sit by the fire through the long evenings while the children climbed over his knee and played. But he is a leper and dares not come near his loved ones.

And so we might go on peering into the background of each one of the entire group. That must have been something like the picture Jesus saw. It was enough to move him to pity. He told them to go and report to the priest at the Jewish tabernacle. All those who had been shut out of their homes by disease had to go to the priest for what we would call "a health certificate" before they could go back to their homes to live.

The ten men started, as Jesus told them, but joy of all joy! as they went they were healed. It was what the Master had intended. He knew it was the burning desire of every one of their aching hearts.

One man, as soon as he saw he was healed of his leprosy, turned back to say "Thank you" to the Man who had healed him, and he was what we sometimes call a "foreigner." Then Jesus said something which I think came from a deep sense of disappointment. There were tears in his voice, I think. He said, "Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?"

Let us not throw stones at those nine men who forgot to be thankful enough to say so, until you and I look into our own hearts to see if we ever forgot that same thing. "Oh, if we had been cleansed of such a terrible disease, we would be very thankful, for it would mean our life happiness." That is what we think, but I wonder?

How much would you take for your two eyes? Did you ever think of them on Thanksgiving Day? If you were a cripple and could never run and play—but you are not. Are you thankful? Look at those rosy apples on the table. Where did they come from? Yes, from the farmer's orchard; but who made each one of those apples grow on a tiny twig, and flavored and colored it so perfectly? Do you say "Thank you" on Thanksgiving Day?

There are too many folks in the world who are like those nine men who forgot. They make the heart of God sad. There aren't enough people like the man who was so thankful that he took the trouble to say so. Which crowd shall we be in?

86

SIX JEWELS IN A CROWN

(*Thanksgiving*)

Rev. Graham C. Hunter

Text: "He crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." *Psalm* 103:4.

A king's son is called a prince and princes often own crowns which they wear on great occasions. In London, over the sea, in a big stone tower, there is a beautiful crown which belongs to the Prince of Wales. It is made of gold and has many beautiful stones in it. He never wears it, but leaves it in a glass case for people to look at.

You may never have thought of it, but you are a King's son and you have the right to wear a crown. You belong to your own father and mother, of course, but you also belong to the Heavenly Father and he is a king. An old song begins:

> "My father is rich in houses and lands;
> He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands;
> Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
> His coffers are full; he has riches untold.
> I'm the child of a King, the child of a King.
> Through Jesus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King."

Since you are the child of a king you have the right to wear a crown.

Let us play a game for Thanksgiving Day and pretend that you have a crown to wear. A crown is made of gold with jewels in it. Love is better than gold and we can pretend that the love of the Heavenly Father for you is the gold of your crown. Even when you are asleep the Heavenly Father is loving you all the time. When you get up in the morning and play or go to school, he is loving you, although

you cannot see him. The Bible gives us a Thanksgiving Day verse to remember, "He crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." That means that when the Heavenly Father loves you, it is like putting a crown on your head.

A crown has precious stones in it and so has yours. One precious stone in your crown is an emerald. With its rich, dark green it is one of the most costly stones, and this year hundreds of emeralds are being sold at high prices. Emeralds are the color of the grass when the life came back to it last spring. The Heavenly Father has given you something more precious than an emerald, and that is your life. He has given you your body and your mind. He has sent you to earth, you may be sure, for a purpose, to obey him and do his will. Let us thank him for our bodies, that we are alive.

The second stone is a pearl. The pearl is creamy, white and lovely. It stands for innocence. The Lord God when he made you, made you pure and innocent. When the Lord Jesus was here among men he took a little child in his arms, so pure and innocent, and said that he wanted every one on earth to be like that. That is the pearl of your crown. There are things that pry pearls out of crowns—bad temper, lies, bad words, cross thoughts. Keep your pearl clean and bright and shining.

The third stone is a blue stone, a sapphire. The sapphire comes from the mines of Ceylon and it's dark blue like the sky at night, sometimes flashes as if a star were shut up inside it. Blue makes one think of loyalty. We call a loyal person "true blue." You can think of the loyalty of the people of America as a beautiful blue sapphire in your crown. It is a wonderful thing to live in a loyal land where people obey the laws. I heard a man in Turkey tell how the government cheated the people and how everybody hated it. The Lord put you in this rich country for a purpose, to keep it free from ignorance and badness and to help all the world to be happy.

The fourth stone, the topaz, is yellow like the sunshine and stands for one's friends. We can all be thankful for our

friends. To have them is better than any topaz that ever was found in a mine.

A ruby is the fifth. It flashes like a drop of blood with a sunbeam inside it and it suggests sacrifice. Some people like rubies best of all. When King Solomon wanted to say that wisdom was one of the best things in the world, he said, "It is more precious than rubies." Since it is the color of blood, it makes us think of the sacrifices which the soldiers made in the war. They gave their lives—their bodies, that is—that the world might be free. Other people gave their time, others, at home, gave away great parts of their money to help the suffering people of other parts of the world. Sometimes people nowadays forget that much of the rest of the world is starving, cold and poor. If any one has forgotten, he had better be careful, or he will lose the ruby from his crown.

The most precious gift of all is a clear conscience, and to have that is to possess a diamond. A good man who lived years ago was called John Newton. He said that he felt like a prince because God had given him a clear conscience. These were his words, "The Lord supplies all my wants, and I live under his protection. My enemies see his royal arms over the door, and do not enter." He meant that temptation no longer troubled him because he obeyed God. If we obey God we will keep our consciences clear.

When a soldier has his uniform on he is likely to walk more erectly. Since you are a prince and own a crown, you must act like the son or the daughter of the Great King.

(Objects to be shown are an emerald, a pearl, a sapphire, a topaz, a ruby and a diamond, which a jeweler may be willing to lend. Or, have a crown drawn on a blackboard and jewels put in with colored chalk as the talk progresses.)

87

HARVEST THOUGHTS

Rev. James Learmount

I wonder how many of you have read Tennyson's beautiful poem, "Dora." It tells a story about how old Farmer Allan had made up his mind that his son William should marry Dora; how he refused, and was turned out of the house, and afterwards married Mary Morrison. Then the old man forbade Dora to speak to William. Then a sweet little boy was born, but William, the boy's father, died. Dora, who was a true, loving woman, at once ran off to Mary Morrison's to give her all the comfort she could and to see the fatherless baby boy. Then Dora said:

> "You know there has not been for these five years
> So full a harvest; let me take the boy,
> And I will set him in my uncle's eye
> Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
> Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
> And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

The first time the father saw not the boy, and Dora's heart failed her, and

> "The reapers reaped,
> And the sun fell and all the land was dark."

Dora, however, took the child once more and sat him on the mound, and made him more conspicuous by twining a wreath of flowers round the boy's hat. Then the farmer saw him and Dora, his heart melted, and he took the boy to his home, and sent Dora away from him. Mary says:

> "And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
> For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
> His mother."

The two women kiss each other, and journeying to the farm find

> "The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
> Who thrust him in the hollow of his arm."

The mother then pleads for her boy's return, and Farmer Allan, being in his harvest mood, repents of all his rashness, and forgives all.

And Tennyson finds the secret of the happy ending in the pleasant, thankful frame of mind produced in the farmer by the fat harvest.

Now another harvest is being gathered in, and the thought of this story of Tennyson has come to me. And surely it is right that God's mercies should make us thankful and tender and forgiving. The more I think about the world and its ever new mercies, the more love I feel towards God who gives them all:

> "Long ago the lilies faded,
> Which to Jesus seemed so fair,
> But the love that bade them blossom
> Still is working everywhere."

Through the busy thoroughfares of a large city a gentleman threaded his homeward way. It was quite dusk, and he, buried in thought, never noticed that a little figure hurried after and caught him up, until he felt a soft hand steal into his, and, looking down, saw the bright face of a child he knew.

"Good evening, sir," said a sweet little voice, belonging to five-year-old Jeanie.

"Why, child!" he exclaimed, surprised to see her in the streets so late in the evening, and alone, "how came you here by yourself? Is not your father with you?"

"No," she answered.

"But are you not afraid, my dear?"

"Afraid! No. Don't you know that God is everywhere?" was her quick reply.

How that child's answer comes to us at this time. Surely,

God is everywhere. We have felt that amid all the summer sunshine and beauty; we have seen him in the beauty of the fields that have waved with golden corn, and the trees that have been laden with fruit. God has been working all around.

Perhaps you do not feel so sure about that as I do. Perhaps you have got no further than the thought of the farmer who prepared the earth and sowed the seed. If so, look at it this way: It is very easy for a chemist to tell what a seed is made of. Indeed, he could make a seed, and put into it exactly what there is in the seed of nature, but would it grow if it were put into the ground? Never! There is something in nature's seed that man cannot put in. There is life; and no one but God can produce life. If you think back far enough about anything, you always come out to the Creator of all—God.

I have read that when the missionaries first introduced wheat into New Zealand, telling the Maories that bread was made from it, the natives were glad in their hearts. They waited, full of expectancy, until the corn was grown up tall and ripe; then they dug up the stalks, expecting to find crusted loaves growing at the roots like so many potatoes. Their disappointment was great when they found nothing there but little hair-like fibers, and they turned angrily upon the missionaries and charged them with deception.

A great many others, who are not heathen, are just as dissatisfied with God's bounty. But God knows best, and the work by which we get our bread, all sensible people know to be one of God's greatest blessings to the race. Let us do our duty and look for blessings still. "Every good and perfect gift cometh from above."

88

HAVING THE HEART RIGHT WITH GOD

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.

Text: "My son, give me thine heart." *Proverbs* 23:26.

Emphasis laid on a few words: First, give God the heart now. Illustrate, by means of several things which cannot be done at all unless they are done now. For example, two hearts cut out of white paper, one of them marked with the word Sin in ink the week before, and the other marked during the sermon with the same lettering in ink. Then immediately remove the last lettering with an ink eradicator, which can be bought in any stationery store, which will act almost instantly. Then try to do the same with the heart which has been marked the week before, and emphasize the difficulty of removing an old stain. The heart should be given to God not only now but the whole of it should be given. Nothing kept back. This can be illustrated by tearing a dollar bill in two and even in its torn condition it is good if pasted together and handed in to the bank, where they will give a new one for it, but it is not worth anything if you take half of it to the bank. So God wants the whole heart or none. The heart should be the best heart we can possibly give to God, which can be illustrated by a variety of ways. For instance, we have in Kansas a woman who has discovered a process for imitating fruit, exactly reproducing in a physical form the color, shape, and characteristics of any kind of an apple or peach, and she has made such an exhibit, comparing the perfect Alberta peach, for example, with the same kind of fruit which has begun to show disease, rot, scab. Often we try to give God the cheapest or the worst. Reference can also be made to the old Hebrew law which demanded of the Jew the best of the flock for sacrifice to Jehovah. Also the heart should be kept full all the time of the grace of God. This

can be illustrated by putting a cup of water, which has been colored, into a plate. Light a candle and put it in the middle of this water on the plate. After the candle is burning well, cover with a long-necked glass, a very large test tube is the best. The air will be exhausted by the flame and the equilibrium destroyed so that the pressure of the colored water outside, which represents the pressure of the world, will enter into the vacuum caused by the burning of the candle and the water will rise in the tube, showing that when the heart is empty of the grace of God the world will enter in. Lastly, some young man who is an artist in the Endeavor Society can be drafted to draw on two hearts which are alike, first the face of a child representing innocence, and the days of youth, and on the other a broken-down, wretched old man, and the appeal made as to which of these two should be given to God.

89

THE BOY WHO WASN'T A COWARD

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "My Son, when sinners entice thee consent thou not." *Proverbs* 1 : 10.

A foolish young man once vainly expressed himself in these words, "What a wonderful thing life would be if there were no temptations! As it is," he said, "each day brings with it so many temptations to evil that I am in hot water every hour. Oh, for one day of freedom."

A longing to be free from temptation is cowardly. All boys and girls are tempted. Temptation comes to test our strength, our faith, our love and our loyalty to Jesus Christ. But when we are tempted God knows all about our temptations, and he also knows just how hard it is for a boy or girl to face these temptations because "Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." But as Jesus did not yield to temptation and thus won the victory over sin and Satan, "He is able to succor all that are tempted." So here is a word of comfort and cheer; that no boy or girl is expected to fight temptation single handed, for he who has never been defeated is ever ready and willing to help us to win the victory. Satan knows this and it always makes his knees weak when he meets a boy or girl who says with confidence and courage, "I am not alone, for Jesus is with me."

Perhaps you have read in the Old Testament how Satan tried to tempt Job, and when he discovered that Job had the presence of God with him he said to God, "Hast thou not made a hedge about him on every side?" Satan declared the truth, and with a disheartened spirit he turned away from dear old Job.

Listen to this thrilling story about a boy who was tempted and because he would not yield to temptation his companions

called him a coward. It was a very warm afternoon in the month of August. Not a breeze was stirring, and the birds were too lazy to sing. It was dark, dull, and gloomy, and it looked as if it would turn to rain at any moment. Everybody seemed as though they just wanted to imitate the birds and keep quiet. But Fred Hatborn and his two companions, Dick and Will Haines, thought it was just a dandy time to go fishing. So all three boys went fishing. It was remarkable that they were able to catch so many trout and perch because it was not long before each boy had a good long string of fish, and Dick declared it was time to quit. "Let's go swimming," he suggested, "that will cool us off after our long walk." "All right," responded Will, but Fred to their astonishment, said he "couldn't do it." "Can't do it?" "Why not? Are you sick?" "What's the matter, old fellow? You never refused before?" "I know it," he replied, "but mother has been telling me of some boys who were drowned lately, and she made me promise not to go in swimming any more without her permission." "Stuff and nonsense," said Dick, "just as though it were any more dangerous now than it ever was! Women do have such silly notions these days, don't they, Will?" questioned Dick. "Indeed they have!" he replied. "I'd like to see myself tied to my mother's apron strings! She knows better than to make me promise things that I can't do. Why, a boy can't help swimming in hot weather. It's just as natural for him as it is for the fish themselves. Come on, Fred, I'll help you off with your coat." Will meant just what he said, and because he was larger and stronger than Fred he had the boy's jacket off in a "jiffy." "Now, no more of that!" exclaimed Fred, drawing himself up with courage and dignity. "You and Dick may swim as long as you please and I will wait for you, but I mean to keep my promise to my mother." When Will and Dick saw the set determination on Fred's face they knew they could not make him change his mind, so they called him a coward and told him with sarcasm they were mighty glad that they were made of better stuff.

What foolish boys they were to imagine that they were

manly when they were tempting another boy to do wrong? They must have forgotten that a boy shows himself to be noble and manly when he is brave enough to stand for the right, and to obey his mother.

Fred was contented to lie on the bank and was amused to see the grasshoppers jumping around about him. In a little while he heard a scream, a cry for help. Something had happened. Dick had taken suddenly ill, and had flung his arms around Will's neck to save himself. Will was a selfish boy and tried to loosen himself from his brother's grasp. He was afraid, he afterwards said, that if he had tried to help Dick he might be drowned too. Fred knew that something was wrong, and, springing to his feet, made one leap into the water, and in an instant was boldly making his way to his sinking companion. He was just in time. Dick was saved. Now, then, which of the two boys proved to be the coward, Will or Fred?

No boy is a coward when he obeys his mother. Other boys may laugh at you, and ridicule you when you take your stand for right, but a really manly boy can stand ridicule just as a soldier stands fire. Let every boy who hears this story learn the lesson that no boy can ever become a manly man if he disobeys his mother. Take the advice of the wise man: "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not." If you heed this counsel you will surely make a big success in life. Remember it is always the best policy to obey your mother every time and all the time. Will you do this?

90

CAPTURING THREE ROBBERS

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

Tommy Jones was not afraid of anything, he said, and so it is no wonder he found these three robbers and captured them. The first one he found hiding inside the door of his own heart. The robber had a very foreign name, although he acted as if he felt perfectly at home there in Tommy Jones's heart. His name you will want to know. It was Sel Fish Ness, and Tommy found that this little thief had been robbing him of bushels of happiness and scores of friends by making Tommy think all the time of what other people could do for him instead of thinking what he could do to help make other people happy. When Tommy found out what this little thief had been doing, he captured him and tried to put him out of his heart. But that was a hard thing to do. When he thought he had this little thief put out to stay, he found he had crept back in. If you think that isn't a hard battle, you just try it and see.

The second robber that Tommy Jones captured, he found hiding in another corner of his heart. He also had a very foreign name, although this thief claims citizenship under every flag in the world. His name is Dis O'Bey. Tommy found that this little thief had been robbing him of great quantities of peace. And when this intruder got into Tommy's conscience he felt just like a cinder did when it got into his eye. So out the door he went.

He was not so hard to put out, but oh! he was hard to keep out because he changed his coat and appeared as a friend. He would whisper to Tommy, "Why don't you do as you please and pay no attention to what your mother says?" Tommy opened the door a wee bit and back he came. Then Tommy's conscience felt like his stomach did when he ate

the green apples his mother told him not to eat, so Tommy took that thief, Dis O'Bey, and threw him out and told him to stay out.

The third robber was a sly little Miss with a very American name, although I am told she lives in the Old World too. She was just plain Miss Treat. But Tommy found that when she got control of his temper he brought tears to his mother's eyes, and made his playmates very unhappy, and made Spot, his dog, wish he had a new master. And sometimes Miss Treat persuaded Tommy to eat too much candy or too much cake and then his stomach wished he would be more careful what he sent down for boy-building material. And so that wicked little Miss robbed Tommy of joy, of friends, of love and of sleep.

But Tommy captured her and put her out and locked the door, but when he looked in her place, what do you think he saw? A' fine jolly fellow had come to take the place of the three robbers. When Tommy asked him his name, he said, "I am Master Happ I Ness," and then he added with great glee, "And, Tommy, I have come to stay."

91

THE MOST WONDERFUL MECHANISM

(Object Sermon)

Rev. H. E. Walhey

Objects: A clock face (something that has hands but no works), an alarm clock, an Ingersoll watch, a medium-sized gold watch, a small gold watch, a large screw and a thimble. Put these on a small table so that the audience can see them. Begin by referring to the clock face.

This is not a real clock. It only looks like one. (Turn it around so that every one can see the back.) I read of a German who had a clock that wouldn't run. The hands got twisted. The poor foolish man took the hands to a clock mender to have them fixed. "Go home and get the clock," said the man, "the trouble is in the works, not in the hands." Please remember the words of the clockmaker.

Have you ever thought much about the inside of a watch? (Pick up the alarm clock.) There is nothing very wonderful or intricate about this homely time-piece. It didn't take exceptional skill to make it and it didn't cost very much. But even so, I doubt if any one of you can make one like it. It was not made in a boiler works, or in a great factory where only ponderous machines are made, but in a factory by skilled mechanics with special tools and appliances.

This Ingersoll (hold it up) cost one-fifty when it was bought, and truth to say it kept good time for a long time. Just now it is much worn and virtually no good. For, remember, when a watch does not keep step with the sun it is good for nothing. When it pushes ahead of the sun or lags behind, it must either be corrected or thrown away. If one of these things is not done it will get you into trouble as sure as you are born.

I am amazed when I look into the finer type of watch (here show gold watch), and am quite speechless when I think of this tiny one (show lady's small watch). An experienced watch man tells us there are 211 parts in the ordinary watch. There are tiny jewels, that must be magnified to be seen, and screws not like this (show large wood screw), but so small that if you were to put a number of them on a piece of white paper they would look like grains of pepper. You can put 20,000 of them in a thimble (show thimble). Tiny as they are, each screw has a perfect spiral around it and a slot on the top.

The mainspring is well named, for it is the heart of the watch. It is made of the finest possible steel and with the utmost care. When uncoiled it is about 23 inches long. When it breaks, as it sometimes does, the watch stops. The driving power is gone and the wheels do not move. The hair-spring is the head of the watch. It keeps the wheels in tune. It is so thin and delicate that when a pound of steel is made into hair-spring wire it is eight miles long. As steel it costs $6; when hair-spring wire it costs $65,000. Is it surprising that some one has referred to the watch as "That wonder-box in your pocket"?

Of course you must not let it fall upon the pavement, nor expose the wheels to the dust-laden air, nor breathe into it, nor get into a magnetic field while wearing it, nor take it in bathing with you, and other things too numerous to mention, if you want it to keep time for you.

Now as you have seen, the watch is indeed a wonder-box, but I know of another which is really matchless in form and organization. Hear what the Psalmist said (139:14): "For I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Just so. The human body is wonderfully put together. The eye, for instance. There is nothing to equal or excel it in delicacy of parts or beauty of operation. Talk of wonder-boxes, here is a real one for you. The skillful surgeon can remove a sightless eye and put one in its place so like the real one that it seems real, but he can't make sight. Yes, a man may make a watch, or an eye, but only God can make a man or a tree or a flower—

or sight. Nothing that man has devised is comparable with the lowest order of life that God has made.

If the watch must not be abused because of its fine and delicate nature, how much more should the most wonderful mechanism in the world be guarded and revered. The watch is lacking in recreative and recuperative power. The body recovers in large measure from excessive strain wickedly or thoughtlessly imposed upon it by its owner, but there comes a time when it refuses to make good the wanton waste and abuse of its owner.

The creator of the body wants to be a guest in it. It must be kept clean and pure. If the body is foul and its beauty marred by sin, the master builder will not come into it. The body is spoken of as the Temple of the Holy Ghost; therefore, let no evil thing come into it.

Perhaps you have seen lives that are out of tune and out of time with their Creator and their fellow men. Their hearts incline to do evil continually. Everything in and about them is in disorder and ruin. I am sure the human "wonder-box" is God's finest handiwork. One writer calls the body, "The epitome of all mechanics, of all hydraulics, of all machinery. It has all the bars, levers, pulleys, wheels, axles and buffers known to science." Yes, there is no question about it. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made, and that my heart knoweth right well."

92

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS IN THE BUILDING OF LIFE

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.

Text: "Grow in grace." 2 *Peter* 3: 18.

A large variety of chemicals will show the importance of little things. For instance, poison like cyanide of potassium. A piece as large as a head of a pin will kill a man. A little pinch of methyl violet, so small that the children cannot see it, dropped into a tumbler of water will discolor it immediately. The same thing can be done with a little grain of permanganate of potassium. From one of the companies manufacturing pens, a card showing the way in which pens are made illustrates the sixteen different processes through which pens have to go before they are finished. Each process must be followed or the pen is not perfect. The lead casing which surrounds the telephone wires in the cities will illustrate the value of little things, for if through an accident this lead casing is punctured in any way and one drop of water enters the bunch of wires, it will put them out of service and cause the telephone company great trouble and expense. Another illustration of the importance of little things is a collection of photographs from Mr. Burbank's experimental farm showing how selections are made by noticing the minute difference between fruits or leaves of plants, and a seedless apple, showing the patience required in little things in selecting the fruit or trees which have finally produced the fruit covering a period of several years. Upon the blackboard can be drawn the timbers which must go into the house of life mentioned in Peter—Faith, Virtue, Knowledge, Self-Control, Patience, Godliness, Brotherly Kindness, Love. Each one of these timbers is made up of minute fibers, yet put together they make strength. We cannot grow in grace without paying great attention to the little things that make growth.

93

GOD'S PARCEL POST

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

A long time before Uncle Sam thought of establishing his nation-wide Parcel Post system, somebody else had established a world-wide Parcel Post system for sending seeds. Wise men tell us now that if it hadn't been for this wonderful world-wide Parcel Post system, many of our most valuable trees and flowers and fruits would have perished and ceased to live on earth.

Two of the most interesting things in God's Parcel Post system are the postmen and postage stamps. I need not tell you that the most familiar postman in his system is the Wind. But sometimes we find a dog serving as a postman, and sometimes it is a horse or a cow. Once in a while a man becomes a postman on God's Parcel Post routes and very, very often a bird carries the seed packages and delivers them.

But what of the postage stamps? Look at the seed pods that drop from the maple tree. Each package has a wing, spread out like a fan, on one side. You know a postman will not carry a package unless it has a stamp on it. That is the reason we call the wing on the maple seed a postage stamp. Mr. Wind, the postman, would not carry and deliver it where it is needed without that wing postage stamp affixed to it.

And what we have just said about the wing postage on the maple seed is true also of many others. The beautiful brown "cat-tails" you see growing in the swamp are really clusters of seed packages getting ready to be sent out on Mr. Wind's route. Each one of them is equipped with a tiny umbrella which serves as its postage stamp. Without it Mr. Wind would not carry the seed and deliver it postpaid. The milk-weed has the same kind of a stamp which assures its

delivery. Why don't you watch one some day and look at it closely?

If you want to know when the dog and the horse and the cow become postmen, look at the long switch of their tails when they come from the pasture. There you will find seeds of different kinds wrapped up in a burr that catches in the tail to be carried to some new place to grow.

If you want to know when people and birds become postmen in God's Parcel Post system, think of the cherries and mulberries and blackberries, which both man and the birds carry and deliver in a new soil. In the case of fruits and nuts, the postmen are paid well for delivering the seed. The blue jay carries a cherry farther than it could ever get by itself. Sometimes he carries the cherry a half mile or more. Then he stops on a fence post and collects the postage, which is the ripe, red fruit, and drops the seed just where a new cherry tree can best grow. If it is a blackberry or a mulberry, it is just the same. Squirrels like to be God's postmen when they can carry acorns and nuts.

We have a great many things to thank our Heavenly Father for, but let us not fail to mention the Parcel Post system he has provided, with its many postmen and queer and wonderful postage.

94

THE LITTLE BIRD

Rev. James A. Brimelow

The other morning after it had been raining heavily I went out to the post office. I was feeling just like the weather, miserable and gloomy. Rainy days have a way with them of making people feel that way. There are some people who say that rainy days are testing days and they reveal the brightness, or the gloominess of these little hearts of ours. And that morning my heart was just a little gloomy, for I was wondering when the sun would shine and when I could live out-of-doors. But as I was going along the road I was suddenly startled by hearing the voice of a little bird sitting upon a telephone pole, just singing for all it was worth. I looked at it, and for a minute listened to its glad song of rejoicing, and then made my way to the post office. But the voice of that little bird thrilled my heart with a new note. It made me forget the rain and the cold and think of the sun and beauty. It taught me the lesson of watching for the bright and pleasant things and not living upon the dark and dismal things. Dark and dismal days come. Life cannot be all sunshine. But if we see the sun behind the clouds, if we can at the very first moment utter our song of rejoicing, how different the world would soon become! For what is keeping the world out of its rich things is the spirit of silent grumbling; always remembering the things which are not pleasant and not the things which are beautiful.

So, children, let us not be like weather people. If the sun shines, our friends are kind and true, if we are continually receiving nice and good things from those who love us, then we are happy. We sing and play, we work and sleep, feeling that the world is just made for us. But when the rain comes and the air begins to feel cold, and we are all alone,

then we become sad and gloomy and we have no song of rejoicing for the world in which we live.

But God wants us to have a song for every hour of life. A song for the day of rain as well as the day of sun. For every day and everything which comes in the day has its little message if we only knew. Let us all try to be discoverers of the bright and beautiful things, the sun is still in God's heaven, and no matter how dark and stormy the days may be, there will come the hour when it will come back and gladden the heart of the world in which we live. God lives always in the bright things of life and he wants us to live as he lives. And it was the little bird on the telephone pole which taught me that lesson after that rainy morning.

95

CONCENTRATION

(Object Sermon)

Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin

Equipment. A strong magnifying glass, a piece of paper and strong sunshine.

Preparations. Have some boy to bring the magnifying glass and a girl to bring the piece of paper. The leader will have to depend upon the weather for the sunshine.

Assistant. A girl to hold the paper.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) I am going to ask Louise to come up here and hold this paper for me, while I hold the magnifying glass. All the rest of you watch that piece of paper. See that smoke rising from the paper. Now watch the smoke carefully. What is it doing now? Yes, there is a little flame there now. There, the whole paper is burning.

Will one of you explain how I was able to do that. Yes, the magnifying glass did it. All of the rays of the sun are scattered over many millions of miles. We only get a very few of them here. What this magnifying glass did was to take a number of the sun's rays and concentrate all of them on the one spot on the paper. It was so hot that it set the paper on fire.

Did you ever see a large group of boys and girls, where each one was trying to do something different from all the rest? Then all of a sudden, all the boys and girls concentrated themselves or centered all their energies upon one thing. Didn't that one thing become accomplished in a hurry? That was just like this magnifying glass with the rays of the sun. It did something when all those few rays were centered on the one spot.

Did you ever know a boy or girl who was always trying

to do a little of everything imaginable? They never got very much done. Then there was another boy or girl who centered all his or her interests and strength upon the one task and it was accomplished in a hurry. The one used a magnifying glass on his task while the other did not.

God is all-powerful. Since he is all-powerful, have you ever wondered why it is necessary for us to pray to him for certain things? If he already knows about it, what is the use of our asking him in prayer? God is like the sun. His strength, his power, goes everywhere. It is within easy reach of each one of us here this morning. Before we can make use of it, though, we must go to him in prayer and by the use of our magnifying glass center several rays of his power and strength on the one thing that we desire. Prayer is the magnifying glass that centers his strength upon the one thing we desire. If we do not pray, his rays will have no effect upon our paper or our lives. Boys and girls, never forget to pray, for that is your glass with which you can make use of God's power.

96

GOOD COURAGE

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "Be of good courage and he shall strengthen your heart." *Psalm 27*: 14.

There are many times when boys and girls lack good courage; they falter and fail in the things they attempt, they falter and lose heart, that means to say the attempt to do things half-heartedly. Nothing can be done successfully in a half-hearted fashion. To be whole-hearted in the things we do implies that we must have concentration as well as consecration—devotion as well as emotion—chivalry as well as confidence—courage as well as strength. The battle against sin and Satan demands courage. It is not an easy thing for boys and girls to turn away from the allurements of sin. One of the very hardest things that you have to face and endure in life is the ridicule of your friends and companions when you leave them because your conscience tells you what they are doing is wrong. It is hard but it is pleasant. If Jesus is in your heart, you can depend upon it that he will be on your side, and whatever happens he will give you strength and courage to win the victory. Do you remember the old Norse king's advice, "If your sword is not long enough go in closer." But going in closer means keeping cool and having good courage. Success in life depends largely upon how you train yourselves in youth. If you strive to have confidence, self-reliance, determination and courage, you will surely win many a victory. When you have built for yourself a fine, strong, beautiful, noble character—believe in yourself—stand upon your own resources—and in the strength of God and your own experience do something noble for God and your fellow companions.

There is a good story told by a war correspondent about

the courage and bravery of a Japanese soldier about the time when the Christians were besieged in Pekin. When the reenforcements sent to relieve the Christians had arrived, it fell to the lot of a Japanese regiment to blow up a certain gate. The artillery had done a lot of damage, but the breach was not sufficient to cause a charge upon the enemy. These strong, heavy wooden gates are sunk in the thick twelve-foot walls and are approached by means of a little foot-bridge across the moat that encircles the city. The Japanese general decided that a breach must be effected, but this could only be done by the dangerous means of dynamite. For this dangerous attack he called for volunteers. He wanted a man of courage to accomplish his purpose. A little corporal about four feet six inches in height was chosen for this mission. He was to blow the big gates to pieces. With coolness and courage he marched briskly, unconcerned over the bridge while the enemy shot at him from the top of the wall until he was out of sight in the recess occupied in the gate. There he worked fearlessly and courageously, planting the dynamite and attaching the fuse to the explosive. When everything was ready he lit the fuse and quickly made his way back to his own lines without receiving a single injury. No sooner had he got out of the way than a Chinaman opened a little door cautiously and rushed out to the lighted fuse and extinguished it with his feet. Then he went back and closed the door. Taking his own life in his hands, and defying defeat and death, the brave corporal set out again, and once more lighted the fuse. On his way back he was shot in the shoulder, and stumbled to the ground. He rose up with the blood running from the wound, and staggered his way to safety. Once more, however, the daring Chinaman was too quick for the slow fuse, and he stamped it out again. Then the brave corporal, in spite of his wounded condition, determined not to be defeated, made his way back to the half demolished gate, lighted the fuse, and, with his bayonet sword, stood by the little door and waited for the Chinaman. There was a moment of breathless suspense, and then with an awful roar the old wooden gate was blown to pieces, and with it

went the brave little corporal. Every boy and girl admires the courage of this brave soldier, and you may have the same courage. Put your trust in Jesus, be faithful in all things, seek the help of God—pray for strength in the trying hour. It is courage that counts in these days, and it will also count in the life to come. "Be of good courage and he will strengthen your heart."

97

HABIT

Rev. Bernard J. Snell, M.A.

Most of you children have seen a phonograph—a wonderful instrument into which some one speaks, and then it gives back the same words with the same accent, as many times as the wheel is turned. But within each one of us, in the brain, there is a more wonderful recorder than the phonograph. A recording angel lives in the brain; its name is "Memory"; it holds everything, and there is no such thing as forgetting.

In a hotel one day a boy who had (as ill-luck would have it) a diamond pin, was scratching on the window. A man said to him, "Boy! stop that." "Why?" "Because you can't rub it out." That is what happens inside in the brain. Nothing is rubbed out nor can be.

You know how your little baby at home imitates you in the signs you make and in the things you do. But do you know that you imitate yourself? We all are always doing that—imitating ourselves, until at last we find that we are in a groove and cannot get out of it. That is the way in which habits grow. An old favorite of mine, and indeed of most of us, as we go on through life—Dr. Johnson—said, "The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt, until they have grown too strong to be broken."

Did you notice, when you were at the Zoological Gardens, the colors of some of the animals? The leopard was spotted; the lion tawny; the tiger striped; do you know why? The leopard, for I do not know how many scores and scores of generations has lived in the forest. Its coat is spotted like the leaves and shadows of the leaves; so that when a hunter passes by he may scarcely see the leopard. And the lion's skin is tawny because the lions have lived in the sandy desert; and the tiger's skin is striped like the great grass of the

jungle. So that in their dwelling places, these animals, unconsciously, of course, have imitated what was outside of them. Indeed, if they had not done so, they would not have been able to live through to this day, as they have done through their powers of concealment. Much in the same way we almost as unconsciously imitate what is going on outside. It is not our coats that acquire marks, but our very selves, and there is no rubbing out.

You know that a lady gets into a riding habit when she is going to ride; it is very easy for her to throw off that habit. But it is not easy to throw off the habits of which I now speak—these habits are parts of ourselves, and we cannot take them off. They grow in us.

Now, you children are sent to school to learn good habits. We grown-up people are bundles of habits and little else, and you will be the same by and by. Those who love and serve God best become bundles of good habits. Sometimes at school it is terribly dull, keeping on and keeping on! Ah! you have probably heard of the railway engine which grew sulky and discontented with its lot; how it said to itself, "Here am I day after day running along these straight, level lines, and there is not a horse in all the kingdom that is not free to scamper over the fields and meadows!" And that engine became quite unmanageable, until one day it bounded clean off the line, and what happened! Well, it ploughed up the ground for a few yards and then stopped altogether, a wreck. And you and I, as we go through life, unless we are careful to go along the line which God meant us to travel, shall work mischief for ourselves and for those around us. Whether we like it or not, we are creatures of habit; and however hard your duties, the most difficult things become simple if you keep on, on!

I have heard, but I do not know whether it is true, that one of our bishops was one day on a railway platform, and a young man, wishing to take a rise out of him, said to the bishop, "Before the train comes, in two minutes, can you tell me the simplest way to heaven?" And the bishop said, "Nothing is simpler; take the first turning to the right and

keep straight on." There is nothing easier in the world if you keep straight on. Now remember that all bad habits are related to one another, and if you take one of the family in, you do not know how many you have to lodge. What do I mean? Here is the simplest example I can think of. Suppose you are lazy. To-morrow you will not be punctual at your post of duty, wherever it may be, and then you will have to apologize and make excuses and perhaps "draw the long bow," and perhaps, perhaps, to lie. One fault leads to another. That I suppose to be the reason why wise Plato had written up over his school door, "Let no one enter here who is ignorant of geometry." He thought that without accuracy there would be no chance of any of the virtues which he tried to implant.

Good habits are the court dress of heaven. We have been reading in the papers lately about the lovely dresses worn before the queen. When we stand before God, we have to wear a court dress. What is it? Why, a robe of righteousness. What is that? Habits of goodness. Virtue is just the habit of doing good; and into that habit Jesus helps us to grow.

98

PUTTING SHOES ON A GOOSE

Rev. Claude Allen McKay

I wonder if you ever saw a goose with shoes on? That's a sight you could have enjoyed if you had been living in a village in Illinois one summer evening when Mr. Flick drove a flock of geese from his farm into town. Each goose wore two pairs of shoes; a pair of water shoes which God had provided and a pair of road shoes which the farmer provided. There is a story which goes with each pair of shoes. Let me tell you the stories.

When Mr. Flick's big flock of geese was ready for market, he knew that if he drove them over the hard road of sharp stones and gravel, they would go limping into town with sore and bleeding feet. So he first put the geese into a pen where he had spread some melted tar and then he turned them into a pen where the ground was covered with fine sand. You know what happened. That provided each goose with a shoe made of sand and fastened on with tar. And that was the pair of road shoes which each goose wore to town.

Now for the story which goes with the pair of "water shoes," which each goose wore to town. You will know what I mean by the "water shoes" when you look closely at a goose's foot. You will notice a three-cornered strip of skin, perfectly fitted and fastened between the toes, making what we sometimes call a "web-foot." Immediately you will say, "A foot like that was never intended to walk to town over a hard road, but that foot is the very best kind of a water paddle." And you would be exactly right. The goose's foot would become more worn and crippled in walking two miles over a hard road than in paddling twenty miles on a river or lake.

Why? We are always saying "why," as we go about in this wonderful world God has given us to live in. Why does

a goose have just that kind of foot? Is this the answer? Doesn't the goose have a foot like a water-paddle because the goose does its most important traveling on the water instead of on the land? And if we should visit all the many creatures which God has in this world, we should find that each one of them has just the kind of a foot for the way it lives and for the kind of work it is expected to do.

Let us go to the barnyard and see if that is true. Look at the different styles of shoes. The cow, the sheep, and the pig wear about the same style of shoes, but not so with the horse. He wears a very different style. I wonder why? Look at the hen. Her shoe is not exactly like that of the goose. And up there in a tree clinging to a tiny twig is a bird. If its shoe was as clumsy as that of the goose or the pig it would tumble out of bed at night when it goes to sleep on a limb. There comes the dog and the cat. Their shoes seem somewhat alike, but how very different they are! Puss can climb a tree like a flash, but not so with Towser.

But suppose we visit the city park and take a look at the animals in the Zoo. Remember we are out studying shoes to see why there are so many different styles worn by God's creatures. Look at the elephant's big, broad, tough leather shoe. And let's look very closely at the camel's funny shoe. If the camel had to wear the same style shoe as the cow, it could never travel all day on the burning desert sand as it can do with its own queer shoe. And if Mr. Squirrel should by chance some morning put on Mr. Rabbit's shoes, it would be his last day, for he couldn't climb a tree to save his life.

Now for one closing minute, will you notice your own foot and see how perfectly it is suited to what you want it to do. And now look at your "front foot." I mean, of course, your hand. Just think what the hand can do! It wields a shovel, an ax, a broom, a needle and it takes a pen and writes the world's books and papers. With a brush it paints the world's pictures and with a chisel it carves the world's statuary. It binds up the wound and clasps the hand of a friend, or gently pats the cheek of a baby. This hand of ours has a story which it tells in every wonderful movement it makes.

It tells us of the wisdom and love of our Father Creator. Isn't this the answer to your "why"? And every time you see one of God's animal creatures, you will look at its foot, won't you, and you will whisper to yourself: "What a wonderful Divine Creator we have." And some day when you are reading your Bible, you will come upon this line, "O Lord, thou art our Father . . . and we all are the work of thy hand." And you will whisper to yourself again, "Isn't that wonderfully true!"

99

THE SEA WALL

Rev. T. E. Holling

In the beautiful city of Victoria, British Columbia, where I lived a few years ago, the greater part of the coast line is rugged and rock-bound; but there is a small strip of soft soil which was being gradually washed away by the sea. To make matters worse, the cemetery was located on that part of the coast and some of the graves were in danger of being washed out.

To protect the coast from the ravages of the sea a concrete wall was built, against which the waves dashed in vain.

Many young people's lives are something like that coast line. For the most part, they are well fortified by what nature has done for them, but often there is some weak place where they are exposed to the onrush of strong temptation.

What is the weak spot in your life? Perhaps an ungovernable temper, a jealous spirit, an envious disposition, a feeble will, not exactly truthful, a trifle dishonest, a fatal fault of procrastination, or one of a score of other defects.

Get busy and build a wall of defense along the weak places of your life.

In Asia Minor, long ago, stood the strong city and castle of Sardis. It was the city of Crœsus, the richest of men. Round it flowed the River Pactolus, whose sands were gold.

Only on one side might it be attacked, and there a strong guard was set. On the others sheer precipices guarded it, hundreds of feet from plain to castle wall.

Crœsus went to war with Cyrus, King of Persia, and was badly beaten. But he retired to Sardis. No one, he felt, could capture Sardis. No one ever had. So he went to sleep with an easy mind. In the morning he wakened to find the soldiers of Cyrus by his bedside and his strong city taken. What had happened?

Sardis stands on a mighty rock, but it is a soft rock, and the wind and weather eat into it constantly. On its steepest side cracks had weathered in the rocks and the watchful mountaineers of Cyrus marked the cracks, climbed them by night, clambered on the unguarded walls, came on the garrison from a quarter they did not expect and at an hour they knew not.

The early Christians living in Sardis had some weak places in their characters, and lest they should fall a prey to their enemies Christ sent them a message by his servant, John, which you will find in the third chapter of Revelation, "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain. . . . If therefore thou shalt not watch I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee."

Let the coast at Victoria, the castle of Sardis, illustrate and enforce this message of Christ.

"Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole."

100

TELLING LIES

Rev. Alfred Barratt

There is an old English proverb that says "a lie has no legs." This simply means that a lie cannot be of any use to any one along the journey of life. Telling lies is an instrument which Satan gives to boys and girls to use in the advancement of the kingdom of night. It is an instrument to tear down the walls of justice, righteousness and truth. But all good boys and girls never use this destructive instrument because they know that it will bring them sorrow—failure—and utter defeat in the end.

We read in the Book of Proverbs in the twelfth chapter of the 22nd verse, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord but they that deal truly are his delight." I do not know of anybody who has any faith in, or any respect for, a person who tells lies. Even the very people who tell lies themselves seem to despise others who are not truthful. It is a fact beyond contradiction that all through the ages there is nothing mentioned in the pages of history about any person or persons who did not respect a truthful man. But we do read over and over again instances of great men who were false being brought low and disgraced.

Telling lies undermines character. It is a dangerous practice, and has ruined many a boy and many a man. Telling the truth every time and all the time lays the foundation of a good character; it is the only sure way to the hall of fame, and the palace of prosperity.

It is always best to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. I know it is always hard for a boy to tell the truth the first time, but when you have told it you have won the victory and that will end it. Then, again, there is something else; it will be easier for you to tell the truth the second and the

third time, and every other time. A boy is never lashed by his conscience when he speaks the truth.

I remember several years ago having a ride on a "bob sleigh," and when we had reached the bottom of the hill I was standing talking with the other boys when another "bob sleigh" came down with great speed and struck me right on the shin bone and made a big black bruise. My word, it did sting! Well, a lie is just like that—it stings you and makes a big black bruise on your soul. It not only stings, but it stuns you, and you are less noble and have less respect for yourself—then you feel ashamed and wish you had told the truth.

The soul is very sensitive and refined, but when it has been bruised by sin it becomes hardened and loses its fine feeling. When I lived in England there was an iron foundry in the town where I lived, and flakes of soot would fall from the tall chimneys and light on my collar and cuffs, and even on my face, and when I tried to wipe them off there would come a long black smear. Lies make black smears on your soul just like that. Let me tell you a story about Abraham Lincoln. One day when Abraham Lincoln was a boy he was out in the lane, carrying an axe, when his step-sister ran behind him playfully and leaped upon his shoulders and began to dig her knees into his back. This brought Abraham to the ground and caused him to drop the axe he was carrying right on her ankle and made a big cut there. While he was carefully bandaging up the wound he asked her what she should tell her mother when she reached home. "That I cut it with the axe," said his sister. "Yes, that's the truth, but it is not all the truth; you tell the whole truth." She promised him she would and when she told her mother all about it she cheerfully forgave her.

Lincoln was a great man—he was honest and truthful, and after he was killed some one said: "Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see." People could always rely upon his word whenever he said "Yes" or "No" just once. That kind of respect does not come from telling the truth now and then, or telling a lie occasionally—that kind of respect

and confidence comes from telling the truth every time and all the time. Remember God is watching and listening to everything we do or say, and he is always proud of an honest and truthful boy.

Speak the truth, boys; speak the truth,
And let your hearts be true to God.
Stand for the right, boys, in your youth,
A coward lies and fears the rod.
Speak the truth, boys; dare to be true,
And life will bring success to you.

101

LIVING WITHOUT FEAR

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." *Psalm* 23:4.

If every boy and girl could really and truly feel the presence of their loving Saviour with them every moment of the day and every step of the way, then under all circumstances they would fear no evil. It is in times of sorrow and pain that boys and girls often get afraid.

A little boy who was only seven years old fell into one of the deep excavations for the New York subway one day, and was taken bruised and suffering to the nearest hospital. When the doctor began to examine his injuries little James took a deep breath. "I wish I could sing," he said, looking up at the big doctor. "I think I'd feel weller then." "All right, you may sing," said the doctor, and James began. So brave and sweet was the childish voice that after the first verse there was a round of applause from the listeners. As the doctor went on with the examination the boy winced a little, but struck up his singing again. The nurses and attendants hearing the sweet clear voice gathered from all parts of the building until James had an audience of nearly one hundred. Through all the pain of the examination the child never lost the tune, and everybody was glad when the doctor announced, "Well, I guess you're all right, little man, I can't find any broken bones." "I guess it was the singing that fixed me," said James. "I always sing when I feel bad," he added simply.

It is a wonderful thing to be able to sing when we are feeling discouraged and blue. But we cannot sing with a light heart unless we have confidence in our Heavenly Father. Confidence in God is the secret of a real happy life, and it helps us to live without fear.

Two boys were once talking together about Elijah's ascent into heaven in a chariot of fire. One boy said, "Wouldn't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?" "No," said the other, "not if God drove."

There is nothing to fear when Jesus is near. God is driving the chariot of our human life. He is directing our path, and the reins are in his hand. Let us not be afraid when the path is dark and sometimes dreary. Let us believe in his leading, and hope and trust in his love and power. Then no evil can befall us.

Several years ago a sea captain who was commanding a sailing ship between Liverpool and New York on one of the voyages had all his family on board with him. One night when all the passengers were fast asleep there arose a sudden storm which came sweeping over the waters until it struck the ship and threw her almost on her side, tumbling and crashing everything that was movable, and awaking the passengers, filling them with fear lest they were in danger of losing their lives. Everybody on board was afraid and many of them jumped out of their berths and began to dress. The captain had a little daughter on board. She was just eight years old, and the storm awoke her with the rest. "What's the matter?" cried the frightened child. They told her a storm had struck the ship and they were all in danger of being drowned. "Is father on deck?" she asked. "Yes, father is on deck," they replied. The little girl dropped herself on her pillow again without a fear, and in a few moments was fast asleep, in spite of the howling storm. She had confidence in her father because she loved him.

Isn't it wonderful to have such confidence in our parents? Boys and girls, remember this, will you, the very next time a storm comes across your pathway, that there is no need for doubts or fears, because your loving Heavenly Father is on deck. Just when you need him the most he is always very near to you.

Let me close with these beautiful lines by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"O love Divine that stooped to share
Our deepest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care:
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

"Though long the weary way we tread
And sorrows crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our heart still whispering 'Thou art near.'"

102

LOOKING GLASSES ON MT. TOM

Rev. Earl H. Thayer

One day last summer we went up Mt. Tom to get a better view of God's country. We looked out of the windows of the house there and saw the plains and streams and hills. The land before us was made more pleasing to look at by forests and the homes of people. We could not see as clearly as we would like, but we found some things that God and man had made, and looking through them we could see things that could not be seen before. After a time we looked about the room and discovered some looking-glasses. I stepped up to one and I saw a funny little fellow that looked like Van Loon and he looked like me and it made us laugh. Then I walked in front of another and I saw a fellow that looked like Mutt and he looked like me and we laughed again. I went around to another and there was a fellow that looked like Everett True and he looked like me. All these glasses made me look different, but I was no different. It was the same me all the time. The trouble was with the looking-glasses. They were curved. One was bent in such a way as to make me look short and fat, another so as to make me look tall and thin and the other big and stout. The looking-glasses were bent and so in them I looked different.

There are looking-glasses everywhere. Did you ever look straight into the eyes of your friend and see yourself there? You seem to look all right there, but sometimes to others you look different than you are. If he is jealous of you he tries to make you feel small and funny by calling you a shrimp or something worse. You are no different; his mind is bent. He calls you names to make you think you are different. Sometimes when one hates you he calls you a Mutt to make you feel thin and silly, but if he hates you his mind is bent

and he cannot see true. You are no different. Sometimes mother calls you her big boy or her big girl when her mind is bent with pride, but you are no different. How people see you and what they call you does not change you. There is only one who sees you just as you are, and he is God. You ought to try to please him. It is nice to please your friends, it is better to please mother, but it is best to please God. Jesus said, "I always do the things that are pleasing to him!"

103

GOD'S FIRE-ENGINE

(Story Sermon)

Rev. George W. Allen

Now, children, listen hard, because I am going to tell you a dandy story; and best of all it is actually true.

Many years ago when I was a little boy, my father and mother and I were greatly excited one night to hear the fire-bell clanging. We quickly hitched our horse to a wagon and started off to see the fire, which proved to be at the foot of a long, steep hill.

Now the town had a fine, big fire-engine, but it was too heavy for the horses to pull rapidly up-hill. On this eventful night, the horses were quickly hitched to it and away they went, clattering down the streets, the bell on the engine ringing for right-of-way, and the sparks shooting out of the smoke-stack like a thousand little sky-rockets.

In a very few minutes the old engine stood by the fire, puffing and wheezing as hard as the horses were; and then, after all that excitement and racing, there was no water for the firemen to use! The nearest they could find was a deep well on top of a desperately steep grade about two hundred and fifty feet long.

The driver immediately turned the horses up the hill, but, alas, it was too much. They were just "all in." They were willing enough, but were "winded" and couldn't pull the engine up the grade.

Then the fire chief ordered the horses removed, and called for volunteers among the men to drag the engine up to the well. Everybody was willing; and in almost no time that old machine was just surrounded with men. Some lifted on the wheels. Some got behind and pushed. Some took hold of the whipple-trees, and some grabbed the tongue. Every

man got hold where he could do the most; and at a given signal from the chief, each man just buckled down to his own task and that fire-engine went rumbling up the hill until it stood by the open well.

The hose was quickly stretched down to the fire, and the pump began to spit water at that building just like a cornered cat does at a bull-terrier. The situation was saved. Not one of the other buildings caught fire.

Now that little incident taught me that co-operation and teamwork is stronger than brute force.

Do you know there are many evils in the world that are destroying humanity just as that fire was burning that building? Cigarettes, dance halls, gambling machines, "home-brew," Sunday amusement parks, and cheap moving pictures, and many other sly and tricky evils are rapidly wiping out all traces of manhood and womanhood in people.

But there is one great force that is fighting these evils; and that is the church. The church is God's fire-engine, if you please, but the church is useless without Christ, as the engine was without water.

You'll be a volunteer, won't you? Sure you will! Just as those men crowded around that engine at the fire, so you, too, will rally around Christ's church and work with all your might to fight the evils of our day.

104

THE BASKET AND THE MIND

Rev. Ernest V. Colwell

Probably you cannot see much resemblance between this basket, which I hold in my hand, and your mind, but I am going to try and show you the ways in which they are alike.

But I think that I will begin by calling your attention to the great difference between them. The basket you can see, but your mind you cannot. The mind is the invisible thinking part of a man. It works out our problems for us. It is the directing, the deciding part of one's self. It tells us where to go and what to do.

The mind is like this basket in that it all depends upon what you put into it. A very fine box may hold very coarse things. There is a story told about a certain Eastern king, who had a very faithful servant whom he had raised from a lowly position to be the chief man in his kingdom. Some of the people got jealous of this man's prosperity and of his favor with the king, so they tried to do him harm by carrying tales to the king of a wonderfully beautiful chest which this man owned and which he used to open secretly at night; and they assured the king that he was putting money and treasure stolen from the king in that box. The king believed them and went instantly to this man's house and commanded him to open the box in his presence. At first the man objected, but finally at the royal command he obeyed, and the box was found to contain just the suit of old clothes which this man wore when the king first found him. He had kept them to remind him of the lowly estate from which he had risen; and used to look at them often to keep himself humble.

On the other hand a very coarse box may hold very precious things. It is said that a certain man was suspected of smuggling jewels into the United States without paying the duty

on them, but the officials could never find them, though they searched him thoroughly. At last some one suggested that they should search the crutch he carried—for he was a lame man—and they found it to be hollow and full of jewels.

So, you see, it all depends upon what you put into your mind. You can put into it, if you want to, old, coarse, dirty things; like that man's old clothes, or you can put into it beautiful, precious, priceless things, like the jewels the man had in his crutch.

But remember, you cannot more than fill it. This basket will not hold more than just so much, neither will your mind. I have somewhere heard of a boy who got to reading those flashy stories of detectives and adventure which are so common. Then one day he came home from school with very low marks in all his studies and the worst of it was that he could not imagine why it was so. His father, who had been watching him, told him to go and get a basket, carry it to the wood-pile, fill it with chips and bring it to him. So the boy did as he was told and brought the filled basket to his father, who now told him to take it down into the cellar and fill it with apples. "But," said the boy, "how can I? It is full already." "Well," said his father, "that is what you are trying to do with your mind. You have filled it full of these trashy tales, and then you try to fill it over again with your lessons. One or the other must go, for there is not room in your mind for both." Girls and boys, it must be chips, apples, silly stories or something better; which shall it be?

It follows then that there are some things that we ought not to put into our minds.

And one of the things that we ought to keep out is silly little vanities. Sometimes older people fill their minds with them, as well as younger ones. It always grieves me to see older people, who ought to know better, teaching girls and boys to be vain. Girls, beware of vanity in dress. Don't go to extremes. When I see a girl whose whole mind is taken up with her clothes, I think that she is just about as wise as I would be if I sat down to dinner, threw away the meat and made my meal off the sauce. Look at something more

than the outside. Think of the mind, the character and the soul as well as of the face. A girl who was dressed in the height of fashion and was shivering in the east wind said to an old Quaker friend of hers, "Oh, what shall I do to get warm?" The Quaker replied, "I cannot tell thee, unless that shouldst put on another ring." Despite the proverb, fine feathers do not make fine birds, or if it is true of the birds it most certainly is not true of girls and boys.

Again, don't put in bad or silly books. Nothing has more influence over us than our reading, our book friends. Parents, I may say in passing that it is a most serious thing for you to neglect your children's reading. You ought to select their reading till they have formed a wise taste. I am afraid of many of the books I see in your hands, girls and boys. Some of them are positively bad and will do you real harm; others of them are silly and will do you harm too. Don't forget that bad books will make you bad and silly. There is not room in your head for both good and bad books and the danger is that the bad books will crowd out the good ones.

Remember that we must become like the things that we are constantly putting into our minds. Nothing can prevent it. I went into a store the other day and I saw a great, big, staring, green bottle, and when I turned around here was another one, only this was blue, and there were others, some of them red, some of them yellow and other colors too. I said to the proprietor, "How do they make the glass of those bottles different colors?" He looked at me in a pitying sort of way, and said, "It isn't the bottles, it's the liquid we put in them which gives the color." So, you see, it makes all the difference what you put into your mind. When I was in London, England, I went into St. Paul's Cathedral and the guide told us to listen to the wonderful echo there; but I noticed that it didn't say anything that we didn't say first. So our life will echo our mind, and what our mind will be in the future depends upon what we put into it now.

105

GRINDSTONES

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "God is my strength and power." *2 Samuel* 22:33.

I wonder if you know anything about grindstones, and where the finest in the world are found? Nearly every boy is interested in grindstones. We see them in the blacksmith's shop, the carpenter's shop, in mills and factories, on the farm, in the modern shoe-repairing shop, and even on the jeweler's bench you will find a grindstone. But we never stop to think and ask the question, "Where do they come from?" Well has some one said that the best grindstones in the world are found in the Bay of Fundy. They are not easily got because they are down deep at the very bottom of the sea, and I know you can never guess how those men whose occupation it is to provide the world with grindstones ever succeed in getting them. It is very interesting to know, and if you will just listen I will tell you how they do it.

Grindstone rock is very hard and solid, and has to be blasted with dynamite before it can be brought to the surface and made into grindstones. The workmen are governed by the tide. They can only work when the tide is out, which, as you all know, happens twice every day. But they cannot do all the work themselves, they have to depend upon the tide or upon the power of God to help them because the tide is their best helper and does the hardest and most important part of the work. When the tide is out these men walk out to the place where the grindstone rock is, and they quarry the stones from the solid rock in very large pieces. In fact, they are so large that they cannot be moved by human strength, so they must have another source of strength. When they are ready to remove these huge pieces of rock to the place

where they are made into grindstones they fasten strong, heavy chains around them and attach them to a big flat-boat. When this is done the men get into the boat and wait for the tide to help them to complete the work that they have begun.

Then comes the great mighty rolling, roaring, rushing tide—rushing like a mad Niagara with a set determination to reach its destination. It is certainly a very beautiful sight to see the great white-crested billows rolling like great mountains rising sometimes higher than a house. And now the workmen have done their part there is nothing more for them to do. They have taken hold with the tide, or should I rather say, they have taken hold with God? and it is his mighty power that works with them and for them, because the lifting power of the sea is surely a part of God's strength and omnipotence?

The rising tide lifts the boat, and the huge rock that has been fastened to it comes up with it. That is just how God helps these men. God loves to help people. He delights to help boys and girls, and men and women. Those who take hold of his strength and power can never, never fail. When the farmer plants the seed he takes hold of God's strength. When the sailor spreads his sail in the wind he takes hold of God's strength. When the wireless operator sends out his message on the air he takes hold of God's strength. For the beautiful sunshine that makes the seed grow, the wind that drives the boat and the secret energy that carries the message to the ends of the earth, all these are from God. They are God's strength and power.

But listen again. There are a great many harder things than raising grindstones out of the sea. It is not always an easy thing to speak the truth, to be kind and good, and to do that which is right. It is not always easy to keep one's temper, to be unselfish and true, to say "No" to the tempter and to live honorably in the presence of your companions. These are the times when you need help, when human strength is of no avail, and that is just when God comes around and offers his help and strength. Every boy and girl can claim the strength and power of God like David did, and if you

will do this he will make you strong and courageous in every conflict, and victor at last over every foe. Will you try this strength and power in the future? Now don't forget the text, and say with David "God is my strength and power."

106

WITH YOU ALWAY

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "Lo, I am with you alway." *Matthew* 28:20.

This beautiful promise made by Jesus Christ should prove to be a great source of strength and courage and inspiration to boys and girls as they start out in the world on their God-given tasks. The reason why so many boys and girls fail and never accomplish anything in life is because they never seek the help, nor desire the presence of Jesus Christ. They prefer to go on in their own way, and they do not like to be told what is right and what is wrong. This is a mistaken course to take, because it leads into the paths of unrighteousness, and ends in the valley of destruction.

The boys and girls whose young hearts are just bubbling over with happiness and glee are those who constantly feel the presence of Jesus Christ with them in everything they do and everywhere they go. It always makes you feel good to know that you have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. No one can ever go astray, or ever fail in this life if conscious of the presence of him who says, "Lo, I am with you alway." But how different it is when you go alone. There is no joy in life, and no peace of mind. You can always tell the boys and girls who are going through life alone, because they are unkind, dishonorable, cowardly, untruthful, thoughtless, and cruel. They are mean and selfish, and their language is not always good to listen to, and their company is not worth seeking after. They are not happy and cheerful, but rather gloomy and sad, and even jealous of those who have the sweet and cheering presence of Jesus with them.

Then there is another thought. It is this, when Jesus is with you there is nothing to fear.

Perhaps you have heard about the incident that happened

in the days when there was a war between France and Spain. The Spaniards were driving the French before them and slaying them in large numbers. During this slaughter the Spaniards sent an insulting note to the French Commander, General Coligny, with the words, "We are more numerous than you, surrender." When General Coligny received the note he wrote his reply on a piece of paper and fastened it to an arrow, and shot it back into the Spanish camp. The note read, "Surrender? Never, we have a King with us." If Jesus is with you there will never be a time when you will have to surrender to the attacks of the enemy. Let Jesus come into your life and he will be a true and loving friend to you. To those who are weary and heavy laden this loving friend is near, ready and willing to help with his measureless resources. He will strengthen the weak shoulder for the load. He will give you his joy to cheer your heart. He will give you his peace to calm your fears, and, best of all, he gives you his promise, "Let not your heart be troubled. . . . Lo, I am with you alway."

Perhaps you have heard the story about the courage of General Gordon. If you have, it is worth listening to again. During the Crimean war the Russian army, forcing its way with severe fighting and heavy losses, landed into the English trenches. While they were fighting for dear life General Gordon stood on the sidewalk in very great danger of his life, with nothing but a stick in his hand encouraging the brave English soldiers to drive out the Russians. When the men saw him risking his life they shouted, "Gordon, come down, come down, you'll be killed." But he paid no attention, and a soldier who was near cried out, "It's all right, 'e don't mind being killed; 'e's one o' those blessed Christians." General Gordon had faith in the promises of God, and if you are trusting in Jesus as your strength and stay you will surely come off "more than conquerors through him that loved us." He says, "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." "Neither shall the flames kindle upon thee for I am Jehovah thy God."

"Give to the wind thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head,
Through wave and cloud and storm
He gently clears the way.
Wait then his time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day."

107

THE LETTER OF LIFE

Rev. Willard P. Soper

"Ye are an epistle of Christ, . . . written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in tables that are hearts of flesh." *2 Corinthians,* 3:3.

From your instruction in school and from your experience in life you have learned how to write a good letter. You know the requisites of an ideal personal letter. They are at least four.

The writing must be legible. The letter must be neat. The letter must contain thoughts that are of interest or of help, either giving information or encouragement. The letter must have these thoughts expressed pleasingly and in good language.

Such are elements in an ideal letter. And these are figurative for elements in an ideal life. Each one of our lives is, figuratively speaking, a letter—an epistle to be read and known of men. Each one of us is constantly writing the letter of life. There are some who are just writing the introductory words. To them the letter seems a big undertaking. They know not what to write. There are some who are in the midst of the letter of life trying to pen word after word steadily and thoughtfully, doing the duties of active life that lie nearest to them. Then there are those who have nearly finished the allotted letter of life and are about to have the envelope closed and sealed and addressed.

Throughout this letter of life, each day a line is written. How are you writing and how will you write each line? Will you try to have it in accord with the ideal letter?

I. Legibility. As it is not of great importance whether the letters are large or small, so the main concern is not whether we hold a great or small position in the world but

how we live whatever our position or province may be. If one is square, honest, upright then he can truly easily be read. If he has not these qualities he endeavors to keep his life writing blurred and indistinct because he is ashamed to be read and known of men. Sin can't stand the light.

Legible life writing is not that which is guided by impulse and is erratic and one moment far above the line doing things excellent and the next moment far below the line doing things evil. It does not go by fits and jerks. It has steadiness and regularity throughout to the very end. It is kept steady and straight by a purpose and the highest purpose.

II. Will your letter of life possess neatness? Think of its order and arrangement. There is the paragraphing—the proper dividing up of one's interest and one's time. Life's interests should take their places like soldiers falling into line, from broken ranks—the general, the colonels, the captains, the privates each in his place. But to hold to our main figure, give a big paragraph to your education. Give a big paragraph to your home, another to your community life, another to the church. In the midst of your daily work whatever it may be and in the midst of your pleasure, do not omit these other paragraphs.

Aside from proper paragraphing, there is needed for neatness, a lack of erasures. Our letter of life ought not to be filled with a lot of little evil deeds which though they may be erased, nevertheless leave a bad mark. Unkind words spoken in a moment of vexation, thoughtless deeds working harm, evil thoughts tempting character—such things though sometimes small tend to take the beauty of neatness from the letter of life.

Then there are the blots so large that they cannot be erased. They may be erased in the sight of God, but they leave such mark upon life that it is almost spoiled. The body may be broken; the intellect may be warped; the moral reason, that most godlike faculty, may be injured and conscience no longer able to do the thing it was intended to do. And along with these things there passes the reputation. "A good name is

rather to be chosen than great riches." One single blot, one single great mistake is ofttimes remembered longer than all the good things of life.

III. Our letter of life must have that which is helpful to others. We must live not for ourselves primarily, but for other selves. We do not own our lives, we owe them. The greatest good to the greatest number is a splendid aim. That means to serve rather than to be served. Be not guilty of making the chief aim of your life pleasure or wealth or fame or knowledge, but service, which of course must include character. It is our duty to work hard to make our lives in every way as strong as we can make them. But the main reason for a person's laboring with all his might to become a power physically, intellectually, socially, financially, spiritually or any other way is that with that power he may become of greater service to mankind.

IV. Again, will you in a kindly and tactful and straightforward way express those helpful things? There is an old saying, "It isn't so much what you say as how you say it." At any rate the way words are spoken and deeds are done counts for much. "Christian courtesy," says Robert Speer, "is just the width of the margin between common decency and our social ways." Strive to have a big width of that margin. Put yourself in the place of the other person before you say the word that hurts. Aim for a background of Christian culture that out of that background may proceed your words and deeds.

When we have mailed a letter, it has gone from our control. Doubtless you have experienced the feeling of regret for words written that you wish could be recalled but cannot be, before they have reached the appointed eyes and have done their work. You have known the feeling of regret for words spoken and deeds done in life's letter. Apologies may be given and accepted, but the wrong still may exist. Sometimes nothing can blot it out.

Let us have a care for each line of our letter of life. Each line should be just as perfect as we can make it. It can never

be torn up or erased and rewritten though God can forgive. With Shakespeare, "What's done is done and 'tis well 'twere well done."

"Life is a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night;
Though thou hast time
But for a line—be that sublime,
Not failure but low aim is crime."

108

WHAT'S THE USE OF PRAYING?

Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray." 1 *Samuel* 12:23.

I am wondering if the boys and girls who are hearing these story sermons are boys and girls who say their prayers. You cannot be Christians without prayer. Some people try to be, but they are miserable failures. They think they can be godly without God, Christlike without Christ, good people without reading their Bible and saying their prayers. But this cannot be. Did you ever see a tree without roots, or an eagle without wings? Well, then, you never saw a Christian who could not and would not pray. We need to pray. We could not live the Christian life unless we did pray. Montgomery wrote the truth when he wrote those beautiful words:

> "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
> The Christian's native air."

And yet in spite of this great truth some boys and girls ask this foolish question, "What's the use of praying?" It is an old question. Did you ever hear a boy or girl ask the question, "What's the use of breathing?" We all know that our bodies would die if we did not breathe. Breathing is the only true sign of life. It is good to breathe because while we are breathing we are living, and we all like to live. So now what breathing is to the body praying is to the soul. It is good to pray because while we are praying it is a true sign that our soul is still living. Jesus tells us to pray because he wants us to live. So you see it is very clear that a boy or girl who is a Christian cannot afford to quit praying, because the very moment you stop praying you cease to live the

life of a Christian. It pays to pray, for when you pray God listens. He loves to hear the children pray.

There is a story told about a little shepherd boy who was obliged to keep watch over the sheep, and so could not go to church. But in his heart there grew a longing to pray to God as they were doing in the church. He had never been taught to pray and did not know what to say, but he wanted to pray, and so, kneeling down, he began with closed eyes and folded hands saying the alphabet, "A, B, C, D," and on to the end. "What are you doing, my little man?" said a gentleman who was passing by. "Please, sir, I was praying," replied the boy. "But why are you saying your letters?" "Why," said the little fellow, "I didn't know any prayer, only I felt I wanted God to take care of me and help me to take care of the sheep, so I thought if I said all I knew he would put it together and spell all I wanted." "Bless your heart, my little man, he will! When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong," said the gentleman.

We are not all gifted to use nice language, but when we kneel in prayer God does not listen to the eloquence of the tongue. He listens to the desire of the heart. It is not always what you say, but just what you mean, that God listens to.

Have you heard about that old man's prayer in one of our city hospitals? The doctors were getting ready an old man upon whom they were going to perform an operation. He was stretched out on the operating table, and when at length everything was in readiness one of the doctors brought the chloroform. The old man raised his head and said, "Wait a moment"; then folding his hands and closing his eyes he began to repeat the little prayer which he used to say at his mother's knee:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take,
> And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The doctors bowed their heads reverently and waited, and when he had finished he looked up calmly and said, "I am

ready." Do you still say, "What's the use of praying?" I have learned to believe that it is always best to spend a little time in prayer. If we only knew it would cheer our hearts in the days of sorrow or trouble to be conscious of the fact that our Heavenly Father looks down upon us with a smile upon his face when we take time to pray.

There is a sweet story told by Robert Louis Stevenson of a storm that once caught a vessel off a rocky coast and threatened to drive it and its passengers to destruction. In the midst of the terror one daring man, contrary to orders, went to the deck, made a very dangerous passage to the pilot house, saw the steersman lashed fast at his post, holding the wheel unwaveringly and inch by inch turning the ship once more out to sea. The pilot saw the watcher and smiled. Then the daring passenger went back to the other passengers in the lower part of the vessel and gave out a note of cheer. "I have seen the face of the pilot and he smiled. All is well." Let us imitate the example of the shepherd boy and also that of the old man, and at all times and under all circumstances by prayer seek the face of our Heavenly Father, and then whatever happens we can say with the same confidence of that daring passenger on the vessel in the storm, "I have seen the face of my Pilot and He smiles, and all is well." Will you do this? Begin in the days of your youth to pray without ceasing, and your life will be filled with happiness the rest of your days.

109

FAITH IN OTHERS

(Object Sermon)

Rev. Leslie F. Dunkin

Equipment. A roasted peanut in the hull.

Preparation. Since this is to be a surprise for the boys and girls bring the peanut to the pulpit without their knowledge. Announce about three weeks ahead of time that on a certain date there will be brought to the meeting something that nobody has ever seen. This will be shown to the boys and girls and then will be placed where nobody will ever see it again. Announce this as often as possible previous to the time for it, as curiosity forms a strong drawing-card for this talk.

Assistant. A boy or girl to eat the peanut.

Presentation. (The Leader Speaking.) Will some boy or girl tell us what I promised to show you this morning? James, you tell us. Yes, I said that I was going to show you something that nobody had ever seen before and then I was going to put it where nobody would ever see it again. Now I will need some help to do all of this, so I am going to ask Florence to stand with me here to see that I do what I have promised and to help me.

Let's think for a moment about what I am going to do. I have promised to show you something that nobody has ever seen. It has been necessary for me to get this and bring it here without seeing it and without anybody else seeing it. Can you imagine how that can be done? No, the person who gave it to me had never seen it, nor has anybody else. Then, too, I promised to take this unseen thing and show it to you so that everybody here can see it. We will be the first ones who have ever seen it. After looking at it closely and examining it, I will then place it away where nobody will ever

see it again. No, we ourselves will never see it again, nor will anybody else. We will be the only ones to see it.

I am going to put my hand in my pocket and take that thing in my hand. There, I have it all closed up tight in my hand. Now how many of you believe that I have such a thing and can do as I said? Raise your hands. Now be honest. How many think I can't? Raise your hands.

Let's look at it. Yes, it is a peanut and somebody has seen this before. I will take the hull off. There is the kernel. Nobody has ever seen that before, has he? Look at it sharp. Now how many believe that I have showed you something nobody has seen before? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you can believe it now.

Now let's finish our promise. Florence, you open your mouth. There, I have put it in her mouth and she has eaten it. Will anybody ever see that peanut kernel again? No, nobody ever will.

How many believe that I can do as I promised at first? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you believe it now, because I have done it.

There is a little word called "Faith." Those of you who were sure I could do as I had promised before I did it had faith in me and my word. Those who were sure I could not did not have faith in me and my word. After I did it, then you had faith in me. Now if I were to say I could do something else that might seem impossible how many would have faith enough in me to believe that I could do it? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you have faith in me now.

110

THREE LESSONS THE CANDLE TAUGHT

(Object Sermon)

Rev. Henry F. Burdon

Preached the Sunday following a tremendous storm that put the lighting system out of commission. The object was a half-burned candle in a candlestick.

I was passing through an upstairs room in the parsonage the other day when my eye fell on this candle. The moment he caught my eye I seemed to hear him say—"Preach about me."

Now he is not a very attractive object, is he? A brand-new candle would look lots better, wouldn't it? But do you know I admire this old fellow very much. I will tell you why.

Do you remember what happened last Monday? We had a terrific storm—yes.

And what did the storm do? It broke the wires and blew down the poles and left us without electric lights. I suppose you did the same at your house as we did at ours—you got out all the lamps and candles and lighted them.

Well, this candle was one of them. He had been laid away in an obscure corner somewhere and forgotten. No one knew or cared where he was until there was no electricity. But when we pressed the button and there was no light forthcoming then we remembered the candle. He was brought out from his hiding place and put to work.

Now I said I would tell you why I admire this old candle.

1st—Because he did not sulk when he was taken out of the box and say, "Well, you didn't have any use for me when you had electric lights and I just won't help you now."

Haven't you seen folks like that? If they can't be first, they won't help at all. If somebody is asked to take part and they are not, they sulk about it. If they are asked to do

something that some other person has been asked to do and refused, they say—"Play second fiddle—I guess not."

The New Testament tells of a man named Diotrephes who "loved to have the preëminence among them."

Now that is not the best spirit. Jesus said, "If any would be great among you let him be your servant."

And I admire this candle—

2nd—Because it did not try to be an electric light or do the work of electricity, but was content to be a candle and do the work of a candle.

The electric lights give ten and fifteen and forty candle-power light. The electric power turns washing machines, runs vacuum cleaners, heats flatirons and all sorts of things.

All the candle could do was to give just one small candle power light. But how cheerful that little light was in the midst of darkness! He knew he could not do any of the tasks electricity does and he did not try.

And just here is the lesson we need to learn. If we can't do great things, let us be content to do and be just what we can. If we have only one candle power let us make that one candle power count mightily. God will honor the effort.

Have you heard the story of the king who built a great temple to God and had his name inscribed in a conspicuous place? In a dream he saw his name removed and another name in its place and the voice of God told him the other name was more deserving of the place of honor.

The king was very angry and his agents sought out the owner of the name. They found her, an old widow who could not do much to honor God, but every day she would give water to the tired, thirsty horses that hauled the great stones for the temple. She had but one candle power, but God honored her for using it.

And I admire this candle—

3rd—Because it was willing to give itself to help us.

To give light the candle had to give itself. Just as soon as the match lit the wick the candle began to disappear. Every ray of good cheer it gave to us meant the sacrifice of itself.

That is true of all service. No service worth the name is

ever done without we spend ourselves in the doing. And in self-spending for others we honor God.

You remember that Lowell says—

> "Who giveth himself with his gift feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me"

—that is Christ.

This is why the half-burned candle seems so much more attractive than the new one.

111

THE WASP

Rev. T. E. Holling

Is there any insect prettier to look upon than a beautiful wasp? The busy bee that gives us honey is not nearly so handsome in appearance. The wonderful head, the gauzy gossamer wings, the exquisitely striped body of the wasp arrest our attention and excite our admiration. But beautiful as it appears to the naked eye, it reveals its grace of form and glory of color to a great degree when put under a microscope.

And yet nobody likes the wasp; of all insects this is perhaps the most unpopular. Everybody tries to get out of the way of the wasp and few people feel any compunction of conscience if they kill it.

One of the first things I discovered about the parsonage where I have lived for nearly a year was a hornets' nest near one of the windows of the sun parlor. The painter came a few days after I arrived to paint the outside of the house. His first business was to try to get the hornets to depart so that he might paint in peace. But they were loth to leave. He tried to drive them out, to drown them out, and to smoke them out, but they showed a determination to stay. It was only after a protracted fight that they were driven away in defeat.

Why all this hostility to the beautiful wasp? It is because of the sting. And what causes the wasp to sting? Why, when it is irritated and made angry. It is a bad temper that spoils the wasp's beauty.

There are young people who have attractive beauty, but, alas! it is spoiled by the sting of a sharp temper. Their beauty attracts, but their temper repels. Is there anything that will take the sting out of an otherwise beautiful life? Much may be accomplished by one's own watchful effort, but to get the

poison of evil out of one's nature there is the promise and power of divine grace. Let Jesus come into your heart, bringing the sweetness of his saving grace, taking away unlovely tempers, and in their place causing his own spirit to dwell.

112

THE NEW EYE-GLASSES

Rev. James M. Farrar, D.D.

Text: "Bear ye one another's burdens." *Galatians* 6:2.

Did you see that very large man who walked past your house yesterday? What a splendid fellow he would be to carry our burdens! We could pile a number of them on one of his shoulders and then some more of them on his other shoulder, and he could carry them right along for us. Then did you notice his big arms? He could just take his arms full of our burdens and carry them for us. Did you see his hands? Why, we could hang a burden on each of his ten fingers and they would not seem heavier than your little ring. The Bible says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." If we had more big, strong men we could have all our burdens carried for us.

By the way, did you see that little girl who passed the house yesterday? What a pretty little girl she was. But she did not have big, strong shoulders and her arms did not seem able to carry any heavy burdens. Her tiny little fingers are so small that even a little burden might break one of them. She seems to need that tiny ring to hold the finger on her hand. It is not about this big man that I want to talk to you, for he may not be carrying any burdens except his own. But I want to tell you about that little girl. She is the greatest burden-bearer in this community. If you had a pair of those new eye-glasses and could look through them at that little girl you would be astonished at what she is carrying. You have not heard of these new eye-glasses? You have heard of the X-ray, that strange light that enables us to see a fat man's bones and to look clear through some people who think they know how to keep a secret. The new eye-glasses enable us to see what people are carrying.

The old eye-glasses were, "Set a thief to catch a thief." If any one is a thief he is the one who can see a thief and know all the mean things he is doing. But there are so few mean people that it does not pay to make these old eye-glasses. A new eye-glass firm has been organized, and is called "The Junior Congregation Eye-Glass Company, Unlimited." The new eye-glasses are, "Set a burden-bearer to catch a burden-bearer." If a boy or girl has learned to bear the burden of others, that is the boy or girl who can see all who are burden-bearers and to know all the good things they are doing.

Now, if you had a pair of these glasses you would be able to see that little girl with burdens on both shoulders, burdens on top of her head, burdens in both arms. Each finger carrying a burden as large as that big man would feel able to carry on his shoulders. This little girl had read her Bible and had read your text, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Then she began to ask, "Can I bear any one's burdens?" At first she thought that she could only carry some tiny burden, but she was willing to carry a tiny burden for mother. She found she could carry this burden, then she added to it some other person's burden, then some other person's burden, then some other one's heavier burden. She soon found that she was able to carry every one of them. Now, something even stranger than that. When she took those burdens she found that she could run faster, skip the rope oftener, sing better, and that her school work seemed to be lighter. All her other burdens seemed to grow lighter whenever she took a burden of some other person upon herself. I am going to tell you a story, and if you do not learn all about this little girl in the story, go to mamma and ask her to tell you the rest. The story was written by some one who wore the new eye-glasses. Here it is:

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." These words came in Lena Graves' morning Bible reading, and they impressed her deeply. She realized that there was a lack in their home life, although the Graves family was affectionate and. in the main, thoughtful of each other. Yet there was a flaw. She determined for this one day to

try to treat every one she met just as she would like to be treated under the same circumstances. It was an experiment, of course, but would it not be following out the Scripture message she had just received?

Before going downstairs she resolved that through the day she would say every kind word she could honestly utter. She began at the breakfast table. "How light these muffins are!" she exclaimed, as she broke open the one on her plate. Mrs. Graves looked relieved. The family was apt to be critical, and she was dreading remarks upon the coffee, which was not quite so clear as usual.

Her next opportunity came as she started for school. Bridget was scrubbing the front steps, and the young girl paused to say, "You did up my lace collar beautifully, Bridget. I really believe it looks better than when it went to the laundry."

"That's a good thing, sure," answered Bridget, with an unwonted smile. And as Lena vanished, for some reason she went back and scrubbed a corner of the upper step which she had passed over slightingly.

After the algebra class Lena lingered for a moment at the teacher's desk to say, "That explanation of yours helped me to see into this seventh example perfectly. Thank you." The pale, discouraged teacher looked up, surprised. She had a sudden, refreshed feeling, such as always comes when a bunch of violets was dropped on her desk. Not many words of appreciation came her way, and the joy went through the rest of the school's routine.

And so it went on all through the hours of that eventful day. At its close, Lena felt a rare happiness she had never known. The next morning mamma was delighted to find that Lena had made her own bed and tidied up the room. Then when mamma went to her room she found the bed made to a perfect spread and the dusting all done—mamma fainted. But she "came to," feeling better and has not had a sick headache for three months.

Then came a new world into Lena's vision. She saw boys and girls, men and women, as she had never seen them be-

fore. So many of them were carrying burdens for other people. The old world seems new. The old, sad world was glad. She never again called her old father "Dad." He seemed like a young big brother, helping to carry her burdens. She became a member of "The Junior Congregation Eye-Glass Company, Unlimited." You could often hear her say, "New eye-glasses for sale. Price, the life, suffering and death of Christ."

THE END